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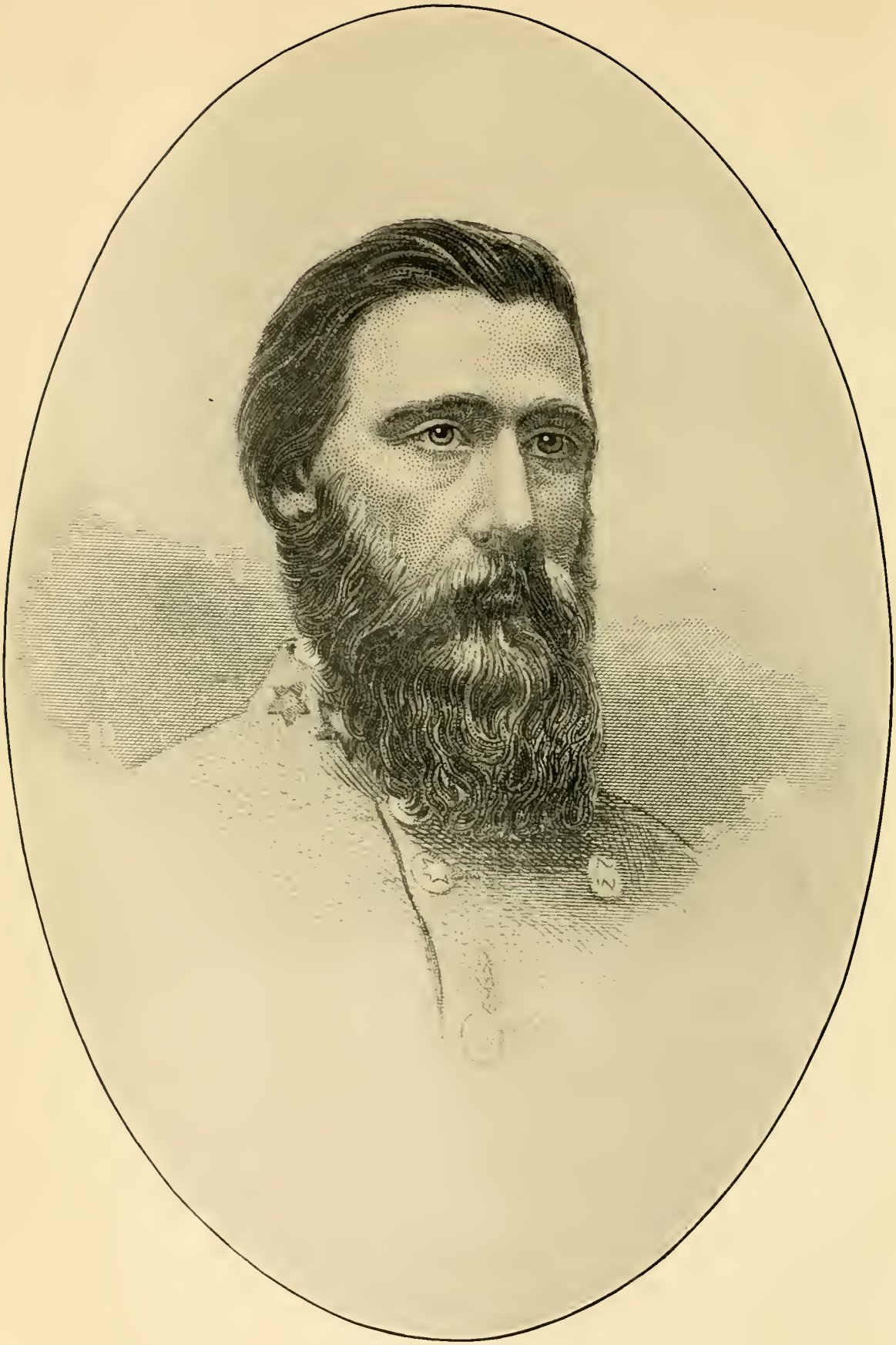


GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD

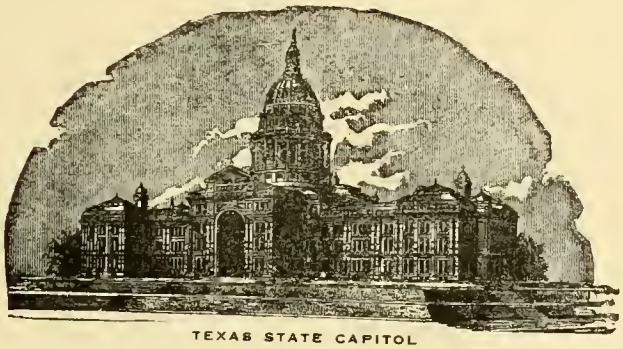
First Colonel of Fourth Texas Regiment. Glorious Commander of Hood's Texas Brigade—Army of Northern Virginia. Later, full General.

UNVEILING AND DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

TO

Hood's Texas Brigade

ON THE CAPITOL GROUNDS AT AUSTIN, TEXAS
THURSDAY, OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVEN
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN



TEXAS STATE CAPITOL

AND

MINUTES OF THE THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL REUNION OF

Hood's Texas Brigade Association

HELD IN SENATE CHAMBER AT AUSTIN, TEXAS
OCTOBER TWENTY-SIX AND TWENTY-SEVEN
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN

TOGETHER WITH A SHORT MONUMENT
AND BRIGADE ASSOCIATION HISTORY
AND CONFEDERATE SCRAP BOOK

ACTUAL COST OF THIS BOOK IS FIVE DOLLARS PER VOLUME
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F. B. CHILTON
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SOMETHING GOOD ON EVERY PAGE

Hood's Texas Brigade

DID THEIR DUTY EVERY DAY DURING FOUR TERRIBLE YEARS OF BLOODY WAR

WHEN NOT FIGHTING, DYING OR DEAD—THEY WERE ALWAYS READY TO RESPOND WITH ALACRITY TO EVERY DEMAND OF THEIR COUNTRY OR CALL OF THEIR GOD

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INTRODUCTORY

THERE are little incidents and happenings which we all like to recall as we lovingly turn back the pages of our lives—the echo of an old song, the remembrance of noble words spoken by noble lips, the proud recollection of hand-clasps with men and women who have written their names big upon the scroll of human destiny—these are the things which we preserve forever in the amber of our memory as the years flow silently by.

Ah, how vividly do we recall those stirring days when the South was fighting for honor and glory against overwhelming odds! Memory, like a dim veil is dropped before our eyes and on the faded panorama of the past, the forms of the gray-coated Confederates loom up once more, and as the curtain drops upon the final scene at Appomattox, the voice of the one great actor breaks the stillness: "Men, I have done the best I could for you." And the thought of having seen Robert E. Lee in the flesh and shaken his hand, is saddened by that other thought which Shakespeare so beautifully puts in the mouth of Hamlet: "He was a man. Take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

The old veteran alone in his library sees again the strong sides of Missionary Ridge; sees the bright red flash of the artillery once more and hears the dull boom followed by the crash of Musketry. Quick, he must be in it; the boys in gray are being repulsed. A lean arm is stretched toward the battered old sword on the wall and then falls nerveless to his side again—it is but a memory; the battle is a thing of the past—the old soldier is merely "fighting his battles o'er again."

And so this volume is the outgrowth of some of these memories of the past which were once real enough. With a recollection of curious souvenirs of Confederate days—all woven into a tribute to the gallant Confederate Veterans and to the noble daughters of the Confederacy. The pages from which many of these extracts were made have become familiar to every true Southerner, but there cannot be too many repetitions of those blood-stirring incidents which today, after all the lapse of years, still make the pulse beat faster and the Southern heart grow fonder.

There is a pleasant, antiquarian flavor in this collection of memories, and they exhale a rare perfume that blows sweet and fresh from the sunny lands of the South. In imagination, we hear the merry laugh of "Jeb" Stuart as he dashes away in pursuit of a troop of blue-coats; and then for a moment, through a mist of tears, we catch a glimpse of the sad, ascetic face of "Stonewall Jackson," or thrill again at the thought of handsome John Morgan riding to his death with a song on his lips. For, through all the chicanery of politics, through all the blood and horror of a four-years' war, they carried themselves like heroes. Beaten? Not a bit of it. Overpowered is a better word to use. "Why, we just wore ourselves out licking you," said General Robert Toombs of Georgia, years afterward in talking to a Northern officer. And witty "Bob" Toombs told the truth.

The men who wore the gray will be enshrined in our hearts forever. Their memory can never fade. As the Roman matron in the long, winter evenings told her listening children "How brave Horatius kept the bridge in the good days of old," so will the Southern mother always tell her sons and daughters of the glorious days of the Confederacy when Lee and Jackson, and Hood and Stuart and Morgan held the bridge against the whole Northern army.

Sons, daughters and children of the Confederacy keep a perpetual remembrance of the deeds of those who suffered for us that it may aid in the establishment of the truth, and hasten the triumph of virtue. Let us never forget the splendid men who fought to uphold a principle. Their heritage was one of blood. Ours is the glory of their fame, and a love that endureth forever.

S. B. M.

PREFACE

OUTSIDE of truth—and nothing but the truth—this book will not bear the scrutiny of critics. It has not been collected, written or arranged by one who ever has or ever could arrange even a good scrap book. No effort has been made to gratify the curious or the fastidious, but our earnest prayer has gone forth that within these leaves will be found much to interest my dear comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade, whose welfare here and hereafter is very precious to the compiler of their Minutes of Reunion and Dedication at Austin, Oct. 26 and 27, 1910. No fiction, no anecdotes — nothing but the truth. There is no literary merit attached to this volume; there has been no attempt to make this book like any other on earth. It has an individuality of its own, and there never has been another like it. It is a plainly told story of the most remarkable body of intrepid soldiers that ever fought and died for pure principles. The facts here included come from many sources, and in the telling by so many different people, there is necessarily much seeming repetition because it is all about one command, and the relators and speakers are telling the same story their own way. But to the earnest seeker for the truth and knowledge as to the awful horrors of war this book will appeal as no other ever did, or ever will. Follow the actual names of our noble dead through battle after battle where they are wounded many times and then finally read their names among the killed and wonder at the sublime courage that marked Hood's Texas Brigade through four years of bloody war. There is not on earth another such record as the chroniclers within this book—each and every one—from War Department at Washington, from highest chief, from ablest speaker and best historian—in unstinted measure freely give to Hood's Texas Brigade. Read the inscriptions on their monument; see what President Davis, Generals Lee and Jackson, Hood and many others said in days when war was on; read what every history and every book-writer, without exception, says of their actual feats; read what gifted poets have sung in words that breathe; pore over their awful casualty list; stand awestruck over the few left alive to surrender at Appomattox—and then know not the half has been told of the heroism, suffering and death of that famous body of volunteer soldiers: Hood's Texas Brigade.

Houston, Texas,
February 1, 1911.

F. B. CHILTON

Dedication

THIS volume pays merited tribute to the most gallant brigade of soldiers the world ever saw; is compiled in their honor; is an added memorial to the sacred memory of their glorious dead; and is, with grateful hearts and ever lingering, pleasant memories, most affectionately inscribed to their true friend, unselfish and generous benefactor

Hon. John Henry Kirby

by the author and his appreciative comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade. For, without his help, the perfection of their earthly aims and hopes might never have been attained.

PRESS OF
REIN & SONS COMPANY
HOUSTON, TEXAS

THE CONFEDERATE GRAY.

BY LILITA M. LEVER.

O what could I tell that hath not been told
  Or sing that hath not been sung,
Though my heart were changed to a harp of gold
  With quivering strings new strung?
I should only echo the martial strain
  Of the bards of yesterday,
Or my words should fall like the drip of rain
  On graves of the martyred Gray.

I should sing again of the starry cross
  That floated so proudly o'er,
Undimmed in the gloom of defeat and loss,
  Till the bugle rings once more
And the drum beat sounds through the hostile hiss
  Of the bullets in the fray,
Where our knighthood courted Death's icy kiss
  For the glory of the Gray.

I should tell once more how the stars by night
  Kept watch with their vision clear
O'er the sleeping champions of Truth and Right,
  Who at roll call answered: "Here!"
And the dirge should sound down the empty years
  For the brave souls passed away,
For the widow's sighs and the orphan's tears
  And the shroud of blood-stained Gray.

Or the maiden's sobs for her fallen love
  Asleep in his youthful prime
With naught but the daisies in bloom above
  For his epitaph sublime;
I should thrill my harp with the passionate pain,
  The yearning of one sad day,
When she watched at the rose-wreathed gate in vain
  For her soldier boy in Gray.

Or my soul should soar to the prouder theme
  Of the Southland's stainless name,
Like a pearl enshrined in the rainbow gleam
  Of a high and deathless fame;
But I could not win from its storied past
  One chapter or sad or gay
That shall not be baptized with tears at last
  For memory of the Gray.

Peal forth, O ye bugles, a welcome clear!
  Ye fifes and ye drums, ring true!
Uprear, O ye Southrons, that emblem dear,
  The cross in a field of blue!
Lo! the dead march on with their noiseless tread
  In the living ranks to-day,
And a glory shines round each silvered head—
  God's benison on the Gray.

(This poem has literary and poetic merit, and for its pure sentiment should find a place in all Confederate literature. It was dedicated to the United Confederate Veterans in Reunion at New Orleans in April, 1906. Miss Lever is now Mrs. Lilita Lever Younge, of New Orleans, and a writer of note. Her father was a Union soldier, her mother a loyal Southern woman.)

A Distinguished Federal Soldier Writes as to Confederate History Being Preserved.

"I was a Northern man, and my sympathies were with the Union cause; but I would not be a good American if I did not join in expressions of admiration, praise, and honor for the gallant men of the Confederacy who, against such tremendous obstacles and odds, put up the bravest, the most gallant and heroic fight ever recorded in history.

"The glories of Marathon and Thermopylæ, the heroism and genius of Themistocles, Miltiades, and Leonidas pale into insignificance before the deeds of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Joe Johnston, not to speak of a score of others. That war has made the history of the United States of America immortal. For the noble devotion, the heroic self sacrifice, and the sublime courage humanity is capable of were never before so exemplified to the world as in that struggle. Certainly no better work can engage the survivors of the war and the descendants of the heroes who have passed away than in lovingly preserving every scrap of history and tradition and being fully prepared to refute all slanders and misrepresentations.

"We are proud of our great country, North and South, and as true Americans we look on the bravery and valor of the Confederate soldiers as reflecting honor and glory on our whole country and race."

The Following Sketch Shows Some of the Trials of the Brigade

The first severe test of manhood that came to the Fourth and Fifth Texas Regiments came to them in August, 1861, as they marched across the then trackless plains of Western Louisiana. They were sent across in four camps of five companies each, without arms.

The route was from Niblett's Bluff on the Sabine to New Iberia on the Teche River. Rain had begun to fall before the head of the column reached Nibletts and the prairies were flooded.

The section in which I was interested was 12 days on the march and a heavy rain fell every day, save one. The sun was hot and the water on the ground was warm. The men often waded knee-deep for long distances. Bridges were gone and no man escaped a ducking each day. Sometimes it was barely possible to get firm ground for camp. The men were poorly equipped for such conditions and the foundations were laid for serious sickness and a heavy death list later in the year; hundreds died because of this severe exposure. I shudder when I recall the horrors of that awful march and often at sight of a dark thunder cloud recall the suffering of those men.

The 32 companies of the three Texas regiments that formed Hood's Texas Brigade averaged 140 men each, counting rank, file and recruits, a force of 4,480 men, most of them in the prime of life or younger—a few of them were gray-haired.

Every known pursuit then followed in Texas was there represented. Two of the First Texas companies were largely from cities, so was a Fifth Texas Company. Nearly all were used to the open air life and readily adapted themselves to camp life, yet there was no great number of cowboys with us, the cowboys naturally drifting to the "critter" companies.

The one great feature of these men was the perfect feeling of comraderie that prevailed. Each company had men of wealth among them. Each company had many poor men, some very poor men among them, but in their messes there was no grouping based on wealth, nor in promotion in our ranks; there was no selection of rich men or rich men's sons.

Merit ruled and ruled unerringly. The weakling in body fell by the wayside. The weakling in spirit was rated down to such level as his weakness marked out for him.

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE

A HISTORICAL SKETCH

Hood's Texas Brigade is reputed to have suffered greater losses in proportion to its numbers than any similar body of troops in American history. Organized in the early months of 1861, it served throughout the war between the States in the very center of strife, on the consecrated soil of Virginia, and only gave up the struggle when Lee's exhausted legions laid down their arms at Appomattox. Hood's Brigade was in the forefront of every large engagement, with the exception of Chancellorsville, in which the Army of Northern Virginia participated, and in addition did desperate fighting against Sherman and Thomas in Georgia and Tennessee, participating in the desperate fighting at Chickamauga and the siege of Knoxville. In the maelstrom of Gettysburg the brigade occupied Lee's extreme right, and on the second day, especially, was in the very hottest of the battle. The loss in both officers and men was appalling.

The Texas brigade was recognized by the Confederate Government and by its generals in the field as one of the most intrepid and dependable fighting machines in the whole army, and its fame since the war has known no diminution. Historians and students of the war are unanimous in according the highest honor to this brigade of Texans.

TROOPS COMPOSING THE BRIGADE.

During the first two years of the war the brigade was composed of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas Regiments, the Eighteenth Georgia and Hampton's South Carolina Legion. It was commanded by General John B. Hood, a West Point graduate who, previous to the breaking out of hostilities, had been a Lieutenant in the United States Army. In October, 1862, the Third Arkansas was transferred to the organization to take the place of the Georgia and South Carolina troops.

In the meantime General Hood had been promoted to a Major Generalship and Colonel J. B. Robertson of the Fifth Texas was advanced to the command of the brigade. He remained in command until the spring of 1864, when he was transferred to Texas and General John Gregg, a Texan, was transferred from another brigade to succeed Robertson.

General Gregg was killed at Darbytown near the close of the war and the command devolved upon Colonel R. M. Powell of the Fifth Texas, who was in command at the surrender of Appomattox in April, 1865.

The First Texas was at the beginning composed of twelve companies, recruited in East Texas, who at the commencement of hostilities straggled to Virginia separately. After reaching Richmond they were organized into a regiment, of which Louis T. Wigfall was made Colonel, Hugh McLeod, Lieutenant-Colonel; and A. T. Rainey, Major.

The Fourth and Fifth Regiments, likewise, went to the theater of war as unattached companies, to be formed into regiments afterward. The men of the Fifth went from South and Southeast Texas, while the Fourth was composed of companies organized in various counties of East, Central and Southwest Texas. Of the Fourth Texas John B. Hood was made Colonel, John Marshall of Austin, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Bradfute Warwick, Major. Major Warwick was a Virginian who had seen service under Garibaldi in Italy. This was the regiment to which the Tom Green Rifles belonged, the first company to leave Austin for the war.

J. J. Archer, formerly a Lieutenant in the United States Army, was made Colonel of the Fifth Regiment, J. B. Robertson, Lieutenant-Colonel, and W. B. Botts, Major.

These three regiments were the only Texas troops who served in the Virginia Army throughout the war.

In the course of the war General Hood rose through the grades of Brigadier-General, Major-General and Lieutenant-General to full General. He was ever known as a fighter rather than a soldier who depended on waiting tactics. He was seriously wounded in the arm at Gettysburg and lost a leg at Chickamauga. After the war he engaged in business in New Orleans, where he died during the yellow fever epidemic in 1879. He was born in Kentucky in 1831.

THE REGIMENTAL OFFICERS.

Colonel Wigfall of the First Regiment became a Brigadier General, but soon resigned to become a Confederate Senator from Texas. McLeod died early in the war, which caused the promotion of A. T. Rainey to Colonel, H. M. Black to Lieutenant-Colonel, and P. A. Work to Major. Black was killed at the battle of Eltham Landing; Rainey was wounded at Gaines' Mill, and was not again with the regiment.

Major Work was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and on account of disabilities received in service, resigned in 1864. Major Dale of the First Texas was killed at the battle of Sharpsburg. At the close of the war F. S. Bass was Colonel of this regiment, and R. J. Harding Lieutenant-Colonel. Colonel Bass died several years ago, but Colonel Harding, who is now living in Jackson, Miss., is now in Austin, with his wife and daughter, to attend the reunion of the brigade and the dedication of the monument.

Captain Powell of Company D, Fifth Texas, was promoted to Colonel, and is now living in St. Louis, 84 years of age. He has written that he would like to attend the reunion but is too old to travel so far. He was wounded a number of times during the war. Captain Upton of Company B was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and was killed at Manassas. Captain Whaley of Company C became a Major and was killed at Freeman's Ford on the Rappahannock River.

Of the regimental officers of the Fourth Texas, Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall and Major Warwick were both killed at the battle of Gaines' Mill. Captain Key of Company A became a Colonel and was wounded a number of times. Captain Carter of Company B, the Austin company, became a Lieutenant-Colonel and was killed at Gettysburg. Captain Townsend of C became a Major and lost a leg at Manassas. Captain John D. Bane of D became a Colonel; he was wounded several times but survived the war. He died some years ago. Captain Winkler of Company I rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Martin of K became a Major.

SURVIVORS ARE FEW.

Captain E. H. Cunningham of San Antonio is the only survivor of the original Captains of the Fourth Regiment. Major A. G. Clopton of the First Texas, who will make one of the responses to the address of welcome today, and who is now past 80, and Colonel P. A. Work of Kountze, Texas, are the only surviving Captains of the First Regiment. Colonel R. M. Powell, alone of the original Captains of the Fifth Texas, is now living.

"It is doubtful," said General W. R. Hamby the other day, "if among the officers of the three regiments who survived the war there was a single one who escaped being wounded."

At the beginning of the war the three regiments numbered about 3,500 men; they lost in killed and wounded during the war more than 80 per cent. of the total enrollment. Less than 300 are now living.

TOM GREEN RIFLES.

The Tom Green Rifles, Company B, Fourth Texas, after its organization in February, 1861, in Travis County, started to San Antonio to assist in the capture of the United States garrison at that place, but before reaching there a courier arrived saying that it had already surrendered. The company was in camp of instruction on the San Marcos River for several weeks, then went to Houston and thence to Richmond, Va.

The original officers were B. F. Carter, Captain, who was disabled at Gaines' Mill, and who since the war was for years commissioner of the general land office; W. C. Walsh, First Lieutenant, later made a Captain; J. T. Laurin, Second Lieutenant, who was promoted to a Captaincy, was wounded twice and died in Mississippi several years ago; R. J. Lambert, Third Lieutenant, who was killed at Gaines' Mill.

The original company consisted of 148 men, of whom ten are now living: General A. S. Roberts, General of the Texas State troops after the war; Captain W. C. Walsh, Val C. Giles, Dr. L. D. Hill, General W. R. Hamby and S. F. Stone of Austin; E. B. Millican of Lampasas, John F. McGee of San Marcos, G. H. Crozier of Dallas and A. R. Masterson of Brazoria County.

THREE TEXAS BATTLE FLAGS.

These battle flags of the three Texas regiments will figure in the exercises today, and their torn folds will be objects of much interest and veneration to the old soldiers and all others who know anything of the ordeals of blood through which they went.

The original battle flag of the Fourth Regiment and the Lone Star flag of the Fifth Texas had been so riddled with shot and shell by October, 1862, that they could hardly be recognized as flags, and, as the men naturally were extremely proud of them and were anxious to preserve them, the two flags were sent by Colonel S. H. Darden to Texas and presented to Governor F. R. Lubbock to be preserved in the archives of the State. An entry in the journal of Chaplain N. A. Davis, made at the time, is of interest in this connection:

TORN TO SHREDS.

October 7 and 8 I was again in the camp and Generals Longstreet and Hood were reviewing the troops. On the 8th, as I sat looking on while one regiment after another passed in review (eighteen in all), I saw one flag in which were many holes made by the bullets of the enemy.

I watched it until it had gone some distance past. It was a matter of great interest to me to see an object upon which the history of the recent battle was so plainly and truthfully written.

From the manly step of the ensign one could easily see that he was proud of his colors. It was a "Lone Star" flag and belonged to the Fifth Texas Regiment, and after the parade I learned that it had been pierced forty-seven times and seven ensigns had fallen under it.

By the time I turned from looking after it, another was passing me. I knew it. It was an old acquaintance. Many times had I seen it on dress parade, but never with such mingled feelings of pride and sorrow. It called to mind all the hardships and suffering, fire and blood through which we had passed.

It was made and presented by Miss Lula Wigfall to Colonel Hood for the Fourth Texas Regiment, with the motto, "Fear not, for I am with thee. Say to the North, give up, and to the South, keep not back," which was engraved on the spear head.

Nine ensigns had fallen under it on the field, and it had brought off the battle scars of sixty-five balls and shot, besides the marks of three shells.

It was the only flag to be seen that had gone through so many battles and had so many marks of honor. It was understood that this was the last time it would appear upon parade, for it is an object of too much pride to the regiment and honor to the State of Texas to be kept in camp. On tomorrow it is to be committed to the care of Captain Darden, to be sent home to report our conduct in the hour of our country's struggles, and to be deposited among the archives of the State. And knowing that hundreds would desire to see it, I had a drawing made and here present it to our friends and relatives at home, that they may see the battle flag around which the old Fourth rallied in so many struggles for our country's liberty, and beneath which so many of our brave men have fallen.

It is with great pride that we can send it home without a single stain, and to it the men of the Fourth can point for the records of their deeds as long as Texas exists an independent and sovereign State.

FLAG OF FIRST TEXAS.

Of the flag of the First Texas Regiment, Val C. Giles of Austin, who was a member of Company B, Fourth Texas, has written the following interesting account:

Hanging on the wall in the Texas State Library is a wornout, faded, silken relic of the eventful sixties—a Lone Star Texas flag, so tattered and torn by war and time that the casual observer will pass it by unobserved. It has a history, but is silent now, as silent as the gallant fellows who carried it, fought for it and died under it in the old cornfield at Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862.

Triumphantly it has waved over the old First Texas Infantry on the banks of the Potomac at Yorktown, at Eltham's Landing, at Seven Pines, at Gaines' Mill, at Malvern Hill, at Freeman's Ford, at Second Manassas, at Boonsboro Gap and went down in blood on the battlefield at Sharpsburg. The First Regiment was so proud of this flag that they carried it in a silk oil cloth case and never unfurled it except on review, dress parade or in battle.

The whole brigade was proud of it and when we saw it waving in the Virginia breeze it was a sweet reminder of home, a thousand miles away. It was made and presented to the First Texas Infantry by Miss Lula Wigfall, while her father, Louis T. Wigfall, was Colonel of the regiment, early in 1861. Later on she made a beautiful battle flag out of her mother's wedding dress and gave it to the Fourth Regiment while they were in winter quarters on the Potomac. This flag is now in the possession of the Daughters of the Confederacy and can be seen in their room in the Capitol building.

The First Texas Infantry was one of the few regiments in Lee's army that had twelve full companies in it. At the beginning of the war, numerically, it was one of the strongest regiments in the Army of Northern Virginia, but disease and bullets greatly diminished its numbers before it reached the fatal field of Sharpsburg.

When this old Lone Star flag in the Texas Library was returned to the State by the Secretary of War, it was labeled "Texas Brigade flag, captured at Antietam, Maryland."

Knowing that Hood's Texas Brigade, the only Texas troops that served in the Army of Northern Virginia, had no "brigade flag," General William R. Hamby and myself, members of the Fourth Texas Regiment of that old brigade, visited the Capitol to see if we could discover wherein lay the mistake. General Hamby's recollections of Hood's Brigade and our eventful campaign of 1862 is remarkably clear. He re-

members precisely the order in which the Texas troops entered the battle of Sharpsburg. Although he had not recovered from a wound received at second Manassas, he went into that battle barefooted and came out of it unscathed and well shod! I know that our brigade Quartermaster issued no shoes or clothing of any kind during Lee's first raid in Maryland, but I never asked him where he got his shoes.

As soon as Judge Raines, the affable librarian, pointed out the flag we both recognized it, although it had been more than forty years since last we saw it. There is no doubt about it, this is the Texas flag lost by the First Regiment in the battle of Sharpsburg.

Colonel P. A. Work, who commanded that regiment at the battle of Sharpsburg, in his official report says, in speaking of the flag: "During the engagement I saw four bearers of our State colors shot down; first, John Hanson; second, James Day; third, Charles Kingsbury, and fourth, James Malone; others raised the colors until four more were shot down. The colors started back with the regiment as it retired and when lost no one knew it save him who had fallen with it."

Chaplain Nicholas A. Davis of the Fourth Regiment, in his book entitled "Campaign from Texas to Maryland," says: "The First carried its old flag through every battle until at Sharpsburg, where the ensign was shot down unobserved in the cornfield as the regiment was changing its position to prevent being flanked, and it fell into the hands of the enemy, who, we learn from some of our men that were made prisoners, rejoiced over it exceedingly. Mounting it upon a music wagon and running the stars and stripes over it, drove it through the camp to the tune of Yankee Doodle, and then to McClellan's headquarters where they delivered themselves of spread eagle speeches on the subject of capturing a Texas flag. Well, let them make the most of it, for it is the first Texas flag they have got and I guess many of them will bite the dust before they get another."

Following is an extract from the New York Herald of September 20, 1862:

"While our lines rather faltered the rebels made a sudden and impulsive onset and drove our gallant fellows back over a part of the hard won field. Here, up the hills and down through the woods and standing corn, over the plowed ground and the clover, the line of fire swept to and fro as one side or the other gained a temporary advantage. It is beyond all wonder how men such as these rebel troops are can fight as they do. That those ragged and filthy wretches, sick, hungry and always miserable, should prove such heroes in the fight is past explanation. Men never fought better. There was one regiment that stood up before the fire of two or three of our long range batteries and two full regiments of infantry. Although the air was vocal with the whistle of bullets, there they stood and delivered their fire in perfect order."

HOOD'S MEN ARE IN 39th ANNUAL SESSION.

Veterans of Honored Cause Clasp Hands and Recall Old Memories. Many Addresses Heard. Session a Feast of Good Things. Battle Flags Presented. Concert at Night. Business Transacted.

A person happening in on the old soldiers in the Senate chamber before the House was called to order would have been impressed anew with the strength of the tie that binds together men who have campaigned and fought, and slept side by side through four years of bloody war. The enduring tenderness of that tie is a proverb, but it is necessary to attend a reunion of these old men to get the full force of the statement. The handshakers, the joyous exclamations at the sight of a long-absent comrade, the glad tears and fond embraces all attest the deep sincerity and genuine warmth of feeling welling up in the hearts of these survivors of a glorious era.

Here gathered together were the majority of the 200 surviving veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade, tottering old men, come from the four corners of the State—and some of them from beyond its borders—they and their wives, daughters and sons, drawn by the common impulse of love and sentiment. Old and young, man and woman, entered into the spirit of the occasion, for all honored the cause and admired the heroism of the men who fought for it.

Many an old scene, trivial or heroic, was gone over fondly for the hundredth time, for to these grandfathers, like lovers, the old story is ever new and grows dearer with repetition and the flight of time.

Some of the best things that happen at a Confederate reunion are those spontaneous and unforeseen incidents of which the printed program gives no hint.—*Austin Statesman.*

DEDICATE MONUMENT TOMORROW.

Parade Thursday Morning. Address by Hon. John H. Kirby and Governor Campbell. Business Session. Visit Woman's Home.

TODAY'S PROGRAM.

9:30 a. m.—Enrollment of members and their descendants.

Distribution of badges.

10 a. m.—Called to order by the President.

Invocation by the Chaplain.

Annual address of the President.

Address of welcome, Mrs. W. T. Wroe, President Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C.

Address of welcome, Mayor Joseph D. Sayers, ex-Governor of Texas.

Response, Major A. G. Clopton, First Texas Regiment.

Response, Major F. Charles Hume, Fifth Texas Regiment.

Reading minutes of last meeting.

Report of Secretary.

Recess.

2:30 p. m.—Reading letters and telegrams.

Report of standing committees.

Unfinished business.

Recitation, "Hood's Texas Brigade," Miss Decca Lamar West of Waco.

Presenting the old flags of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas.

The last roll call.

Memorial address, Captain W. E. Barry, Fourth Texas.

4:30 p. m.—Visit the Confederate Home.

8 p. m.—Music.

Address, "The Women of the Confederacy," Miss Katie Daffan, past President Texas Division, U. D. C.

Promenade concert of Southern melodies, under the auspices of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C.

With an elaborate program in the Senate chamber at the Capitol, the thirty-ninth reunion of the Hood's Texas Brigade opened this morning at 9:30 o'clock. The annual address by the President and addresses of welcome and responses will be the features of the morning hours, while the afternoon and night will be taken up with business, the memorial address, recitations and a concert and reception to be given by the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., which will make the time pass pleasantly for the old soldiers.

Many of the men have been enjoying the first few hours of the reunion telling the stories of the old camp fires built within sight of the enemy on the hill across the way and by whose side they sat many a time watching the movements of the pickets of the Northern troops in the silence of the night. The old men gathered in groups last night at their headquarters and talked over these old times and the scenes which they lived through but out of which hundreds of their old comrades never came.

The merchants of Austin have decorated their places of business along the line of march on the avenue and all completed in time for the parade tomorrow morning at 9:30 o'clock. The parade will be one of the greatest that the city has witnessed in a long time. The local military as well as a large number of other organizations will be out in full force to do honor to the memory of the famous fighters of the Hood's Texas Brigade. The parade will form at Fifth Street and move to the monument on the Capitol grounds, which will then be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies and addresses by prominent speakers, among whom will be Hon. John H. Kirby of Houston and Governor T. M. Campbell. In the afternoon regular business will be attended to, after which a visit will be made to the Confederate Woman's Home.—*Austin Statesman.*

OFFICIAL MINUTES OF 39th ANNUAL REUNION

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE ASSOCIATION AND DEDICATION OF THEIR MONUMENT, OCTOBER 26TH AND 27TH, 1910.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26TH.

There were present 126 comrades, who were registered as follows and received a beautiful souvenir badge emblematic of both reunion and monument dedication:

General W. R. Hamby, Company B, Fourth Texas, Austin, Texas.

Captain W. C. Walsh, Company B, Fourth Texas, Austin, Texas.

Lieutenant Campbell Wood, Company D, Fifth Texas, San Antonio.

R. W. Murray, Company F, Fourth Texas, San Antonio.

Major C. P. Nance, Company G, Fifth Texas, Antioch, Tenn.

W. L. Bailey, Company C, Fourth Texas, Houston, Texas.

Tom Bigbee, Company G, Fifth Texas, Cameron, Texas.

J. C. Quick, Company C, Fourth Texas, Hensley, Texas.

Dr. L. D. Hill, Company B, Fourth Texas, Austin.

N. C. Arnett, Company I, Eighteenth Georgia, Dallas.

J. P. Smith, Company K, Fifth Texas, Gibtown, Texas.

R. A. Ashley, Company K, Fifth Texas, Rockdale, Texas.

E. G. Sessions, Company I, Fourth Texas, Rice, Texas.

John Pickett, Company I, Fourth Texas, Corsicana, Texas.

J. H. Plasters, Company G, Fourth Texas, Temple, Texas.

J. Conley, Company H, Fourth Texas, Deanville, Texas.

E. H. McKnight, Company I, Fifth Texas, McKnight, Okla.

Captain John N. Wilson, Company K, First Texas, Nacogdoches, Texas.

W. W. Stephens, Company I, Fifth Texas, Temple, Texas.

J. H. Kimbrough, Company K, Fourth Texas, Brownwood.

J. B. Corwin, Company F, Fourth Texas, Paint Rock, Texas.

C. J. Jackson, Company G, Fifth Texas, Nolanville, Texas.

A. J. Sherill, Company G, Fifth Texas, Ben Arnold, Texas.

D. Flaniken, Company I, Fifth Texas, Tolbert, Wilbarger County, Texas.

J. A. Bolton, Company H, First Texas, Jacksonville, Texas.

William Schadt, Company L, First Texas, Galveston.

G. A. Meak, Company L, First Texas, Mount Selman, Texas.

A. J. Wilson, Company K, First Texas, Fort Worth.

H. P. Traweek, Company C, Fifth Texas, Burnet, Texas.

J. L. Tarkington, Company H, Fifth Texas, Tarkington Prairie, Texas.

Captain J. T. Hunter, Company H, Fourth Texas, Ada, Okla.

Captain R. W. Hubert, Company K, Fifth Texas, Hortense, Texas.

J. A. Huffman, Company G, Fifth Texas, Cameron, Texas.

E. K. Goree, Company H, Fifth Texas, Huntsville, Texas.

Rev. J. H. Stevens, Company I, Fifth Texas, Temple, Texas.

A. B. Hood, Company I, Fifth Texas, Somerville, Texas.

J. R. Glaize, Company D, First Texas, Linden, Texas.

Captain George T. Todd, Company A, First Texas, Jefferson, Texas.

J. A. Bradfield, Company E, Fourth Texas, Dallas.

J. B. Polley, Company F, Fourth Texas, Floresville.

J. W. Baker, Company D, Fourth Texas, Red Rock.

J. L. Boatner, Company C, Third Arkansas, Calvert, Texas.

J. T. Reeves, Company D, Fourth Texas, Caldwell, Texas.

J. W. Sneed, Company C, Fourth Texas, Rosebud, Texas.

J. A. Chesher, Company H, Fifth Texas, Carlisle, Texas.

Geo. B. Lundy, Company M, First Texas, Crockett, Texas.

J. G. Locke, Company M, First Texas, Corrigan, Texas.

C. A. McAlister, Company F, Fourth Texas, Paint Rock.

J. W. Norford, Company I, First Texas, Oceola.

Captain W. T. Hill, Company D, Fifth Texas, Maynard.

J. C. Hill, Company D, Fifth Texas, Maynard.

T. J. Robert, Company B, Fifth Texas, Eagle Lake.

J. M. King, Company D, Fourth Texas, Cuero.

J. W. Dallas, Company I, Fifth Texas, Brenham.

J. W. Gee, Company E, Fifth Texas, Bryan.

G. W. Clampitt, Company I, Fifth Texas, El Campo, Texas.

O. H. Tindell, Company C, Fourth Texas, Calvert.

Frank Ezell, Company H, First Texas, Jacksonville.

W. J. Towns, Company M, First Texas, Salado.

H. C. Jackson, Company G, Fifth Texas, Corn Hill.

Dr. J. C. Loggins, Company G, Fourth Texas, Ennis.

T. G. McNeily, Company K, Fourth Texas, Ennis.

R. W. Tubb, Company K, Fourth Texas, Rosebud.

M. V. Smith, Company D, Fourth Texas, Luling.

S. Lassater, Company C, First Texas, Tyler.

John Duren, Company I, Fourth Texas, Corsicana.

S. T. Stone, Company B, Fourth Texas, Austin.

J. L. Nix, Company G, Fourth Texas, Barksdale.

Rev. John W. Stevens, Company K, Fifth Texas, Houston Heights.

W. A. Naburs and wife, Company G, Fifth Texas, Cameron.

E. W. Poole, Company G, Fifth Texas, Cameron.

R. S. Miller, Company I, Fourth Texas, Lufkin.

Ed. R. Crockett, Company F, Fourth Texas, Austin.

Jack Sutherland, Company F, Fourth Texas, Floresville.

W. W. Templeton, Company I, Fourth Texas, Cameron.

W. H. Boles, Company I, Fourth Texas, Lone Grove.

George Allen, Company F, Fourth Texas, Austin.

Pulaskie Smith, Company I, Fourth Texas, Lafayette.

Val C. Giles, Company B, Fourth Texas, Austin.

W. G. Jackson, Company I, Fourth Texas, Austin.

John C. West, Company E, Fourth Texas, Waco.

J. B. Gee, Company E, Fifth Texas, Austin.

T. J. Calhoun, Company C, First Texas, Austin.

J. G. Sherill, Company G, Fifth Texas, Rosebud.

W. E. Copeland, Company H, Fourth Texas, Rockdale.

A. M. Henson, Company D, Fifth Texas, Gatesville.

W. H. Pittman, Company A, Fourth Texas, Austin.

W. J. Watts, Company G, First Texas, Palestine.

John T. Woodhouse, Company G, First Texas, Wichita Falls.

Captain W. B. Wall, Company I, First Texas, Crockett.

R. H. Pinckney, Company G, Fourth Texas, Hempstead.

H. D. Maloney, Company D, Hampton's Legion, Corsicana.

G. W. Irwin, Company C, Fifth Texas, Rosebud.

Captain J. E. Anderson, Company C, Fifth Texas, Jewett.

Lieutenant J. M. Alexander, Company K, Fifth Texas, Livingston.

L. W. Miller, Company G, Fifth Texas, Tanglewood, Texas.

H. W. Berryman, Company I, First Texas, Alto, Texas.

Dr. W. P. Powell, Company D, Fifth Texas, Willis, Texas.

P. K. Goree, Company H, Fifth Texas, Midway, Texas.

A. S. Roberts, Company B, Fourth Texas, Austin.

J. H. Flemister, Company C, Third Arkansas, Confederate Home.

T. G. May, Company H, Fourth Texas, Ennis.

A. A. Aldrich, Company I, First Texas, Crockett.

W. S. Johnson, Company A, Fourth Texas, Austin.

J. M. Polk, Company I, Fourth Texas, Confederate Home.

Malley Reeves, Company I, First Texas, Murchison, Texas.

John H. Drennan, Company C, Fourth Texas, Calvert.

Lieutenant Boling Eldridge, Company C, Fifth Texas, Brenham.

R. K. Felder, Company E, Fifth Texas, Chappell Hill.

Calhoun Kearse, Company D, Fifth Texas, Huntsville.

Captain F. B. Chilton, Company H, Fourth Texas, Houston.

Lieutenant W. E. Barry, Company G, Fourth Texas, Navasota.

Major A. G. Clopton, Company D, First Texas, Jefferson, Texas.

Sam R. Burroughs, Company G, First Texas, Buffalo, Texas.

Major F. Charles Hume, Company D, Fifth Texas, Houston.

Captain W. H. Gaston, Company H, First Texas, Dallas.

Colonel R. J. Harding, Company B, First Texas, Jackson, Miss.

H. S. Tarver, Company I, Fifth Texas, Brownwood.

J. J. Hall, Company K, First Texas, Streetman, Texas.

W. H. Matthews, Company K, Fifth Texas, Livingston.

James B. Sargeant, Company H, Fourth Texas, Orange.

R. T. Wilson, Company H, Fifth Texas, Singleton, Texas.

John F. McGehee, Company B, Fourth Texas, San Marcos.

M. S. Dunn, Company D, Fourth Texas, Austin.
John C. Bonner, Company B, Fourth Texas, Austin.
Pitzer Smith, Company D, Fourth Texas.

The following veterans, relatives and honorary members received their badges as such:

Mrs. H. W. Berryman, Alto, Texas.
Mrs. M. E. Powell, Willis, Texas.
Miss M. Powell, Willis, Texas.
Mrs. J. H. Drennan, Calvert, Texas.
Mrs. James Connaly, Deanville, Texas.
Mrs. Bolling Eldridge, Brenham, Texas.
Miss Sallie M. Cox, Tyler, Texas.
Miss Fannie B. Goree, Navasota, Texas.
Miss Ann C. Goree, Austin, Texas.
Miss Eddie Lee Goree, Austin, Texas.
Miss Annie Gaston, Dallas, Texas.
Mrs. Nettie Lassater, Tyler, Texas.
A. G. Sessions, Puebla, California.
E. M. Sessions, Puebla, California.
D. E. Sessions, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Robert Lee Pickett, Corsicana, Texas.
Ernest Ray Pickett, Corsicana, Texas.
Chas. L. Tarver, Dallas, Texas.
Benj. E. Tarver, Santa Anna, Texas.
Louis T. Tarver, Brownwood, Texas.
Mrs. W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas.
Mrs. J. C. Hill and daughter, Maynard, Texas.
Mrs. W. R. Hamby, Austin, Texas.
Mrs. Edward Robinson, Austin, Texas.
Wm. R. Hamby, Jr., Austin, Texas.
Edward Hamby Robinson, Austin, Texas.
Robert M. Hamby, Austin, Texas.
Children and grandchildren of Comrade F. B. Chilton:
Mrs. Austin Y. Bryan, Columbia, Texas.
Mrs. J. F. Spann, Navasota, Texas.
Lys. B. Chilton, Jr., Austin, Texas.
Miss Shelley Chilton, Austin, Texas.
Bowers Chilton, Houston, Texas.
Mabelle Chilton, Houston, Texas.
Irene Chilton, Houston, Texas.
Grandchildren:
Austin Y. Bryan, Jr., Columbia, Texas.
Chilton Bryan, Columbia, Texas.
Lillian Spann, Navasota, Texas.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Governor T. M. Campbell, Austin, Texas.
Major George W. Littlefield, Austin, Texas.
Hon. John Henry Kirby, Houston, Texas.
Mrs. Val. C. Giles, Austin, Texas.
Mrs. W. T. Wroe, Austin, Texas.
Mrs. O. B. Colquitt, Austin, Texas.
Mrs. I. D. Affleck, Brenham, Texas.
Col. E. M. Phelps, Austin, Texas.
Major J. D. Sayers, Austin, Texas.
General W. L. Cabell, Dallas, Texas.
General Adam R. Johnson, Burnett, Texas.
Lieutenant Al. Musgrove, Austin, Texas.
Mrs. J. D. Roberdeau, Austin, Texas.

REGISTERED VISITING VETERANS.

R. C. Houston, Company G, Eighth Texas, Sommerville.
W. P. Zuber, San Jacinto Veteran, Austin.
W. F. Caldwell, Company G, Sixteenth Texas, Austin.
Sam Maverick, Company G, Eighth Texas, San Antonio.
L. W. Clampitt, Moreno Battalion Cavalry, Austin.
J. J. Phipps, Company A, First Tennessee, Dripping Springs.
R. D. Goree, Gould's Battalion, Knox City.
C. C. Patton, Company B, McCord's Regiment, Blanco.
A. W. Rowe, Company B, Seventeenth Texas, Austin.
J. A. King, Company H, Fourth Alabama, Pandora.
C. L. Prewitt, Company I, Third Texas.
R. L. Dunman, Company K, Eighth Texas, Coleman.
T. Henderson, Company H, First Mississippi, Rogers.
J. D. Fields, Company B, Fourteenth Kentucky, Manor.
M. L. Reed, Company I, Thirty-first Mississippi, Hanley.
Lee Giles, Company G, Eighth Texas Cavalry, Austin.

Roll of comrades present having been completed and badges issued, reunion was called to order by General Wm. R. Hamby, President of the Association. Opened with eloquent prayer by Rev. J. W. Stevens, Chaplain of Association.

ADDRESS OF GEN. WM. R. HAMBY.

The address of William R. Hamby, President of the Hood's Texas Brigade Association, was devoted largely to an eloquent defense of the Southern soldier and the justness of the cause for which he fought, declaring that it was not a "lost cause," but that the principles for which the Confederacy contended are becoming more and more recognized and vindicated. They are the eternal principles, declared the speaker, which underlie the Constitution and which can know no defeat.

The address follows:

These reunions bring together comrades who shared with each other the dangers, the hard-

ships and the privations of war and who in 1865 returned to the walks of civil life with the consciousness of having through all the vicissitudes of that great struggle always tried to do their duty. You meet to talk over the scenes and incidents, and associations of camp life and to talk of deeds of which the proudest on earth might well be proud, for wherever duty called as long as the flag of the Confederacy waved, there was Hood's Texas Brigade.

Comrades, it is now more than forty-five years since you stacked your arms at Appomattox and returned to your homes foot-sore, weary, hungry and ragged, but as each year passes the glory of your record shines with increasing brightness. Forty-five years ago when the Confederate flag, which you had served so well, was forever furled, but few of you had reached your manhood. but as we look around us today we see the beardless boy has grown into the gray-haired grandsire, the youngest of whom is fast approaching his three-score and ten. The most of your comrades have heard their last tattoo and are awaiting the reveille for roll call on their last parade grounds where we, too, must soon report for inspection and where we will all be judged by our record as God gave us the intelligence to know our duty and the strength and the courage to do it.

The South accepted the defeat of her armies in the utmost good faith and not one man in ten thousand would change the result if he could, and I feel that I voice the sentiment of every Confederate soldier when I salute the Stars and Stripes as the flag of our country; the only flag and the only country to which we owe allegiance, but that does not mean we fought for a "lost cause." The soldiers of the Confederacy rebelled against Federal power, but they were not traitors. Those who still call us traitors and rebels think treason is the child of the South and that it was conceived in the sin of slavery and was born in the iniquity of secession. They overlook the fact that treason, slavery and secession are all children of New England. The first of all the colonies to legalize traffic in human slavery and to pass laws for the regulation and control of trade in African slaves was Massachusetts. The first speech ever made in favor of the dissolution of the Union was made by a Congressman from New England. The first convention ever held on American soil to consider the question of secession was held in New England and was participated in only by representatives from New England States. They did not then think that secession and the right of local self-government were treasonable heresies.

During the war of 1812-15 the people of New England treasonably gave aid and comfort to Great Britain and denounced the United States for prosecuting the war. The Governor of Massachusetts and the Governor of Connecticut treasonably refused to furnish their quota of troops to defend the honor of the flag of their country and to repel from American soil a foreign invader, while the Governor of New Hampshire apologized for having done so.

It was on Southern soil where the first declaration of civil and religious liberty was ever proclaimed in America. It was on Southern soil where the first written constitution ever framed in America was adopted. It was a Southern man who wrote the Declaration of Independence. It was a Southern man who led the rebels of 1776 to victory. It was a Southern man who led the American army to victory again in 1815. It was a Southern man who led the American army to victory upon foreign soil in 1846. It was a Southern man who proclaimed that distinctive American idea known as the "Monroe Doctrine," which is respected and obeyed by every foreign power. It was under the administration of Southern men as Presidents of the United States that were added more than three-fourths of all the territory that now comprises the States of the American Union. The Union was as dear to the people of the South as to those of the North, but they wanted a Union of sovereign States, not a centralized government of supreme federal power, and when they resorted to arms it was to assert their constitutional rights. Because the Federal armies triumphed; because the Confederate flag went down in defeat does not mean that the principles for which the South fought were wrong or that we were fighting for a "lost cause." John the Baptist was beheaded by Herod and Christ was crucified by Pilate, but the cause for which they gave their lives is immortal. For nearly 2,000 years Christianity has been fighting Satan, but because the world is full of error, sin and hypocrisy shall we say the cause of Christ is a "lost cause?" The flag of the Confederacy was bathed in the blood of our men and the tears of our women, was buried in 1865, but the principles it represented and for which so many of our comrades gave their lives, can never die.

While the Southern Confederacy has been buried in the tomb of dead nations, and buried so deep the resurrectionist can never reach it, yet no principle of government has been more fully discussed or more distinctly affirmed in recent years by the Supreme Court of the United States, which is the final interpreter of the Constitution, than the doctrine that the Federal Government has no powers except such as are

delegated to it by express grant from the States, and that any tendency to enlarge those powers by loose construction should be restricted; that the Federal Government has no inherent power outside of the enumerated powers of the Constitution; that the Federal Government is of limited authority and its officers are restricted to those distinctly enumerated in the Constitution; that the States with all of their just powers are essential to the preservation of our liberties. These are the great principles for which the South fought for four years, and yet we hear men talk of the "lost cause." God forbid that any man who wore the uniform of a Confederate soldier should ever give utterance to that detestable term. No cause was ever lost whose purpose was just and honest.

The men who fought at Lexington, at Concord and at Bunker Hill were denounced as traitors, but the men at Yorktown were hailed as patriots. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War our fathers were rebels, but when success crowned their labors they were heroes who had given freedom to their country. Before that war the people of the different colonies were separated by distances, estranged by sectional differences and by prejudices of race and of creed, but when Virginia said the "cause of Massachusetts is the cause of all," prejudices and differences were buried from the granite hills of New England, and from New York, from South Carolina and from Georgia was heard one universal shout of fraternity and patriotism.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War the thirteen colonies were each under allegiance to Great Britain, but no more connected with each other than the Dominion of Canada is now connected with the government of Australia, and the Declaration of Independence was for thirteen separate and distinct nations. The treaty of peace betwen the colonies and Great Britain at the close of that war acknowledged the independence of the thirteen colonies, naming each one separately and distinctly to be Sovereign States, and transferred the sovereignty of the king to the sovereignty of the people. The people created the States, and the States created the United States, and no principle of government is more thoroughly established than that which declares the creature can never become greater than the creator.

After the adoption of the Constitution, it was found necessary to perfect that instrument with certain amendments to more fully express and define the rights of the States and of the people and to fix the powers and limitations of the Federal Government. The Ninth amendment says: "The enumeration of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people," but the Tenth amendment, with prophetic vision, declares that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." The sovereignty of the States is not a matter of concession; it is a sacred right which can not be alienated, and every attempt to restrict that right is a violation of the Constitution. The basic principle of the Declaration of Independence is that all free governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and it specifically says. "Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." If these principles had not been thoroughly recognized by the fathers of our country, the Union would never have been formed, and it was to preserve them and not to destroy the government that caused the Southern States to withdraw from the Union.

The men of the South were taught that the sovereignty of the State was the seed of the Union and that the Constitution was the ark of the covenant in which was carried the liberties of the people. We believed then, as we believe now, that except for the powers expressly delegated to the Federal Government the States were and of right ought to be sovereign, and upon this issue the lines of battle were formed.

The South has no apologies to offer for the history her sons made during the war between the states. They fought for the right, as God gave them the intelligence to know their duty and the strength and the courage to do it, and it is a matter of regret that any one should feel called upon, when speaking of the war and its results, to use the apologetic expression that the men of the South "believed" they were right. We lost our confederacy, but we cemented a constitutional union of sovereign states and planted the seeds of State sovereignty so deep that time can never root them up. A new light has dawned upon the people of our whole country, the East and the West, the North as well as the South, now recognize that there is no higher human law than the constitution of our country, and that no man can be a good citizen who does not honor and respect that constitution and who does not obey the laws made in obedience thereto.

No greater error was ever given currency than the charge that slavery and secession were

the causes of the war between the states. They were merely incidents of that great struggle. Of all the men who fought beneath the Confederate flag; of all the men who died upon the field of battle fighting for the sovereign rights of local self-government, I do not believe one-tenth of them ever owned a slave and certainly they could not have been fighting for the perpetuation of slavery. In the beginning of his administration Mr. Lincoln declared he would be guided by the constitution and the laws of his country, and that he did not have the power nor did he have the desire to interfere either directly or indirectly with the institutions of slavery; that slavery would be as safe under his administration as in the days of Washington, but after many thousands of lives had been sacrificed and hundreds of millions of dollars had been spent in the efforts of the Federal government to preserve and perpetuate the Union, and in violation of the laws it was his duty to see were faithfully executed but in recognition of a "higher law" than the constitution he had sworn to support, he issued his emancipation proclamation in September, 1862, as a military necessity. That proclamation declared that slavery should cease to exist in any of the Southern states unless they returned to their allegiance to the Union by the first of January, 1863, but slaves in the border states and in Southern states inside the Federal lines were omitted from its benefits. That proclamation was not issued because of love for the negro or in vindication of human rights as declared by the advocates of the "higher law," but was strictly a military necessity. It encouraged and fostered a spirit of unrest and insubordination among the negroes inside of the Confederate lines which in turn aroused the gravest apprehensions among the soldiers for the safety of their loved ones at home, and as opportunity offered the negroes flocked in droves to the Federal camps in expectation that the Federal government would confiscate the property of all the Southern people and give to every negro "forty acres and a mule."

Different social and economic conditions between the North and South created different conceptions of government. These different ideas drifted further and further apart and what at first was only a friendly controversy, was finally carried into legislative halls and into the pulpit and steadily became more and more hostile. For more than fifty years "the irrepressible conflict" had been aggressively fought and holding convictions so radically different it was only a question of time when the conflict must be tranferred to the field of battle. The Federal armies preserved the Union, but with all their numbers and power they were not strong enough to change customs and laws of the Southern people.

During the years of reconstruction when degradation and disaster seemed to run riot the men of the South showed that true nobility of character that make a great and noble people. Patiently and courageously they successfully met every obstacle that was placed in their pathway. No matter how dark the clouds; how great the calamity, nor what the danger, their true courage rose to that highest attribute of man which fears nothing but conscience and bows to nothing but duty.

After the close of the war the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments were added to the constitution, and while not discussing the ways and means of the adoption of these amendments, which were the direct results of the war, yet they do not in any way abridge the right of local self-government or the sovereignty of the states. The men of the North fought to preserve the Union; the men of the South fought to preserve the principles upon which the Union was formed, and to this extent both were successful. The Union was preserved and made stronger than ever before; the constitution, unchanged and unchangeable still, guaranteed the sovereignty of the state and the right of local self-government. The men of the South did not fight for conquest, for power or for any new ideas in government; they stood for the sovereignty of the states and the people; for local self-government; for home rule, the only correct and just principles of free government.

Secretary Stanton and General Miles had the physical power to imprison President Davis and to load him down with chains, but the Federal authorities dare not place him upon trial, even before a jury of their own selection, because they knew that under the constitution of the United States he was not guilty of treason, and that he could not be convicted. The decisions of the supreme court, the highest tribunal on earth, have construed the constitution in entire harmony with the interpretation placed upon that instrument by the people of the South and we appeal with confidence to the truth of history for the vindication of our actions and motives, and when the passions and prejudices and the hate and bitterness that has assailed the soldiers of the Confederacy shall have been buried their achievements will shine as clear and as brilliant as the setting sun of a stormy day.

If men of the North fought bravely and successfully to preserve the Union, the men of the South have struggled nobly and grandly to preserve the principles upon which the Union was formed, and I long to see the day when the last

vestige of the animosities of the war will be forever buried and the heroic deeds of both sides will be the pride and common heritage of all the American people.

Comrades, we are all growing old; our hearts beat slower and our footsteps are shorter; the storms and tempests of life will soon be over with all of us. The sun is sinking low; nearer and nearer the starlight appears; the most of our comrades have already stretched their tents on their eternal camp ground, and when the last of us shall be closing the line in our march to that mystic land beyond the skies, who can say the work of the Confederate soldier was in vain? The spirits of those who have gone before us rise like the morning light and tell us they did not die for a "lost cause." May God bless you, my comrades, with His most precious blessings and benedictions and when your last sun has set on this earth may you awake in that blessed day, that radiant morning that has no evening.

The address of the President, William R. Hamby, was well received and was punctuated with generous applause. Especially pleasing was his earnest declaration that it was not a "lost cause" for which the Southern soldier fought, but that its principles were being vindicated with the passing years. "If the men of the North fought to preserve the Union," the speaker declared, "the men of the South fought to preserve the principles on which the Union was founded."

The old soldiers were welcomed on behalf of Albert Sidney Johnston chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in a feeling address by the chapter President, Mrs. W. T. Wroe. Mrs. Wroe referred touchingly to her own sacrifice of a father and a mother to the Southern cause, and affirmed her undying interest in all persons and things connected with the Confederacy. There could be no doubting the genuineness of the welcome extended by Mrs. Wroe.

Ex-Governor Joseph D. Sayers was introduced as one who admired Hood's Brigade as warmly as would be possible were he a member. Governor Sayers in extending welcome declared that Austin had a peculiar interest in the Hood Brigade, not only because its monument stands here but because of the gallant Carter and his Tom Green Rifles who marched away from here in the opening days of the conflict. Most of the address was devoted to a review of the Brigade's war record for a period of three months from June to September, 1862. The losses of the three Texas regiments at Gaines' Mill, he declared, were 275, or 55 per cent of a total of 428 men; at Fraser's farm the First Texas lost in killed and wounded almost an entire company; at Second Manassas the losses were 366, and at Sharpsburg 63 per cent of a total of 605 fell. In this, one of the greatest battles of the war, said the speaker, the First Texas lost 186 out of a total of 226, or 82 1-3 per cent, this being a far greater proportion of loss than that sustained by the celebrated "Light Brigade" of the British at Balaklava. "Hood's was the greatest brigade that ever enlisted under any flag in any cause in any country," declared the distinguished speaker. "They certainly have long deserved a monument."

A response to the address of welcome was made by Major A. G. Clopton of Jefferson. He spoke in glowing terms of Austin's proverbial hospitality, declaring that he had known the place since he attended the secession convention here, and before. "Then it was a small town," said he; "now it has grown to be a great city." Speaking of General Hood and the results of the war, he declared that Hood was opposed to the surrender at Appomattox, favoring a fight to extermination. He believed that the South would be reduced to vassalage. "He no doubt modified that opinion during his lifetime," the speaker said, "and if he had lived till now he would completely reverse it; for he would see that the cause for which he fought—state's rights—still lives."

The following persons occupied the platform during the morning session: General W. R. Hamby, president; E. K. Goree, secretary; Rev. J. W. Stevens, chaplain, who delivered the invocation; Mrs. W. T. Wroe, Ex-Governor J. D. Sayers, Major F. Charles Hume, Major A. G. Clopton and General W. L. Cabell.

The program was interspersed with music, and a medley played by Mrs. Cecelia Townsend of Austin pleased the audience immensely, particularly when the strains of Dixie caught their ears.

The senate chamber was appropriately decorated with Texas, Confederate and United States flags, and with palms and ferns.

AFTERNOON SESSION—2:30 P. M.

From the standpoint of the old soldier the afternoon was a continual feast of things good for the soul. A few of them can be referred to only briefly.

The reading of telegrams and letters from distant comrades was of the most intense interest. Letters from W. A. George, in whose possession the Fifth Texas flag had been for forty years, were of particular interest. This flag, with the torn banners of the other two Texas regiments, was presented to the association. A telegram from Mike Powell, colonel of

the Fifth regiment, was read, as was one from Hon. O. B. Colquitt, expressing regret.

An address by General W. L. Cabell of Dallas was a feature of the meeting.

The memorial address was delivered by Captain W. E. Bairy of Navasota, and at the end of his speech he called attention to the fact that one of the two survivors of the battle of San Jacinto, W. P. Zuber, was in the house; amid much enthusiasm he moved that Mr. Zuber be made an honorary member of the Brigade. The aged man was assisted upon a table—for the audience would not be denied a speech—and he thanked them for the honor, saying that he took it not all to himself, but rather as a proxy for those who have preceded him across the silent river.

The poem, "Hood's Texas Brigade," was read with much feeling by Judge West of Waco, father of Miss Decca Lamar West, who was unavoidably detained at home.

Several excellent musical selections were rendered, routine business was transacted and the veterans and ladies took a trolley ride to the Confederate Home.

An elegant address was delivered by Major F. Charles Hume, who reviewed the part played by the brigade in the civil war. Major Hume said:

SPEECH OF MAJOR HUME.

Ladies, Citizens of Austin: In acknowledging this sweet, yet stately welcome, I may, without irreverence, speak alike for our brothers who are dead and for those who survive; for we know that could the battlefield and the grave yield up life again the men who fought with us in that far time of suffering and glory, we should now have here to thank you all who once constituted that militant force called Hood's Texas Brigade.

You who have been so generous and gracious as to make this occasion possible and to bid us here in honor to enjoy it, will not think us boastful when we say that the name you commemorate was one to conjure with in the old days. When in the stress of unequal conflict the thin Confederate line was well nigh broken, and skill and courage had dealt the last resisting blow to the heavier force of the advancing enemy, a staff officer would spur his spent horse to the officer in command with a message like to this: "General Longstreet's compliments; he directs that you hold your ground—the Texas brigade is moving to your assistance." And then, the message speeding like electricity, the nearly beaten troops, as if by miracle, grew steady—lost the sense of fatigue and apprehension—closed the drifting line—renewed the struggle as if the strength of each was as the strength of ten, and assumed the offensive—shouting that battle cry which was never heard by friend without exultation, nor by foe without distress.

A STORY OF GRANT.

The brigade was of that tempered quality that held it strong and true even when worn, like fine steel, to a mere fragment. When Grant, in 1864, was making his last effort to reach Richmond by the direct line and the armies confronted each other in the trenches, I persuaded my small company of scouts to go with me from the Williamsburg country to my old comrades of the Fifth, and to share their fortunes until our service should be required elsewhere. We were heartily welcomed; and I am proud to recall that the scouts proved themselves worthy of their new association. Reporting to Captain Farmer, then commanding the Fifth, he and I were soon engaged in a free and informal talk. Remarking upon the startling reduction of the brigade by battle, I said it would seem that such and so frequent experiences must chill the courage of the survivors. The captain, his eyes flashing with a soldier's pride, answered: "Hume, I used to fear that myself—but, my God! you should have seen them at the Wilderness!"

As they were in winter quarters on the Potomac—on the retreat from Yorktown—at Eltham's landing, where, as rear guard of the army they drove back the flanking troops of the enemy—they remained throughout all the years that were to come, until, at Lee's command, they stacked their arms at Appomattox. Through the heat and dust of summer—through the chill autumn streams—over dim mountain roads lighted only by the flames of battle—they had made their mental way to that fateful field.

CHERISH THEIR MEMORY.

I may not enumerate battles—there were too many; nor catalogue deeds of special brilliancy and heroism—these were too frequent; nor signalize this man or that with eulogy—all deserve, I trust, your prayers and tears and memory.

And it will be an evil day when they shall be no longer cherished in the homes, the schools, the history, the literature, the traditions, the songs, the love of the people whose rights they strove to save. The race that so sins dies—and should die.

And pray remember this: That whatsoever is said, now or hereafter, the men of the brigade which you memorialize, and their Confederate

brothers, fought for the rights of their states and people existing independent of the Federal constitution and the Federal government—the right to live under their own laws and institutions—to resist unto death the invasion of a foe, armed with torch as well as sword and committing the double infamy of despoilment and murder—to protect from his intrusion and violence the homes that sheltered them and the people of their blood and love.

It may be that those of our brothers who fell were favored of God, and that the death damp on their upturned faces was but His chrismal seal. For

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds.
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods,
And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast?

MUSIC AT NIGHT

With a delightful musical program interspersed with Southern melodies by the Austin Business League band, under the direction of Dr. H. E. Baxter, the old veterans of a thousand hard-fought battles were entertained at the senate chamber at the capitol. After a selection by the band, which was in the army uniform, a solo by Mrs. H. Guest Collins so delighted the old soldiers that they insisted on another selection, which was rendered, after which a quartette selection by Mrs. J. W. Morirs, Mrs. H. Guest Collins, Mr. Judd James and Mr. H. L. Clamp received repeated applause. A band concert during the reception followed, at which the Albert Sidney Johnston chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy acted hostess.

After Major Hume's address regular business began.

Minutes of last Reunion at Jefferson, Texas, June 26th and 27th, 1909, were adopted without reading.

Report of Secretary was received and ordered filed with minutes.

President General Hamby read the following letters and telegrams, and same were ordered filed with minutes of Association.

From John D. Murray, Company F, Fourth Texas Regt.

From R. J. Burgess, Company D, Fourth Texas Regt.

From Ed Buckley, Eagle Pass, Texas, Company L, First Texas Regt.

From J. W. Trowbridge, Company E, First Texas Regt.

From Captain A. C. Jones, Third Arkansas Regt.

From Winfield S. Bush, Company I, First Texas Regt.

From Milt Livingston, Company C, Fourth Texas Regt.

From A. M. Erskine, Company D, Fourth Texas Regt.

From W. A. Jones, Company C, Fourth Texas Regt.

From G. H. Crozier, Company B, Fourth Texas Regt.

From A. M. Lemmon, Company I, Fourth Texas Regt.

From John G. Gates, Company I, First Texas Regt.

From J. M. Blaylock, Company A, First Texas Regt.

From F. A. Weems, Jacksonville, Ga., Eighteenth Georgia Regt.

From Colonel R. M. Powell, St. Louis, Mo., Fifth Texas Regt.

From General Albert L. Meyer, U. S. Army, San Antonio, Texas.

From Captain E. H. Cunningham, San Antonio, Texas, Company D, Fourth Texas Regt.

From T. F. Meece, Livingston, Texas, Company K, Fifth Texas Regt.

From A. H. Carter, Eagle Lake, Company B, Fifth Texas Regt.

From Marshal Hamby, Palestine, Company G, First Texas Regt.

From J. D. Smith, Granite, Okla., Company D, Fourth Texas Regt.

From Ben L. Dyer, Opelika, Ala., Company A, Fifth Texas Regt.

From D. M. Campbell, Houston, Texas, Company D, Fifth Texas Regt.

From M. Pomeroy, Clara, Millstreet, Cork County, Ireland, Company A, Fifth Texas Regt.

From A. F. Wiggs, Bonham, Texas, Company F, Fifth Texas Regt.

From J. E. Landes, Chappell Hill, Company A, Fifth Texas Regt.

From T. L. McCarty, Oklahoma City, Okla., Company L, First Texas Regt.

From R. R. Stratton, Midway, Texas, Company H, Fourth Texas Regt.

From Mrs. Willis Alston, communicating death of her husband.

From Mrs. Minnie B. Webb, communicating death of her father.

From George W. Donaghey, Governor of Arkansas.

From M. N. Ansel, Governor of South Carolina.

From Joseph M. Brown, Governor of Georgia.

From O. B. Colquitt, Governor of Texas.

From Thomas A. Pope, G. A. R. Veteran, Cameron, Texas.

From S. A. Cunningham, Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

From J. T. Bowman, for O. B. Colquitt, Austin, Texas.

From Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Texas.

From Miss Katie Daffan, San Augustine, Texas.

From Mrs. M. F. Farris, Huntsville, Texas.

From Mrs. C. G. Barrett, Huntsville, Texas.

There being no standing committees to report, unfinished business was taken up.

Rolls of the various Companies of the three Texas Regiments, now in possession of Secretary E. K. Goree, were ordered turned over to General W. R. Hamby, through him to be further corrected by selected members of the 32 Companies, and then to be bound into a book and deposited in office of State Librarian at Austin. General Hamby accepted the trust.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

Yes, the war is over,
The drum and fife put by,
And cannon's smoke no longer wreathe
Dark clouds upon our sky.
Southern rights are washed beneath
The surge of human blood;
Yet, faithful to the wretched end
Our bonny banner stood.

CHORUS.

We love it, we love it;
Nor holds broad earth an art
That can destroy that bonny blue flag,
Tattooed upon our heart.

Though its path was four years long,
And every track a grave,
It ne'er has trailed upon the ground,
Or once did pity crave.
From hand to hand 'twas hoist on high,
With many a dying cheer,
And oft its mournful folds have borne
The soldier's last fond tear.

CHORUS.

We love it, we love, etc., etc.

Many a noble patriot hand
Upon its staff grew cold,
And oft the clammy dews of death
Have drenched its cherished fold,
Many a heart's last beat has died
Upon its rustling way,
Content and proud in its support
To find an honored grave.

CHORUS.

We love it, we love, etc., etc.

Preserve our flag, it yet will be
The chosen pet of fame;
No nobler standard ever yet
Has worn its dazzling name,
The grandest deeds of chivalry,
Speak from every bar,
And the world must honor that bonny blue flag
That bore the single star.

CHORUS.

We love it, we love it,
Nor holds broad earth an art
That can destroy the bonny blue flag
Tattooed upon our heart.

—Chattie Beall.

Washington, D. C.

During presentation of the old flags of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas, interest became so great that a recess of ten minutes was taken in order that all might touch and kiss the sacred relics.

A resolution was offered thanking Comrade W. A. George for the preservation and presentation of the Fifth Texas flag, and authorizing Capt. W. T. Hill to deposit same in Confederate Museum at the Capitol.

Memorial address by Comrade W. E. Barry was fully up to that standard that has marked each preceding reunion for many years wherein none has been found to take from our able comrade his sacred duty. Following is a list of those who have passed away since last reunion:—

W. O. Morgan, Co. I, Fifth Texas Regt.
S. A. Jones, Co. D, Fourth Texas Regt.
Arthur H. Allison, Co. C, Fifth Texas Regt.
A. W. Nicholls, Co. B, Fourth Texas Regt.
B. F. Bullock, Co. H, Fourth Texas Regt.
Charles S. Settle, Co. A, Fifth Texas Regt.
John Dick, Co. I, Fifth Texas Regt.
Hugh Parker, Co. I, Fifth Texas Regt.
Geo. A. Branard, Co. L, First Texas Regt.
Leonard Gill, Co. E, Fifth Texas Regt.
Willis Alston, Co. D, Fifth Texas Regt.

A. B. Green, Livingston, Co. K, Fifth Texas Regt.
Frank Strohmer, Co. B, Fourth Texas Regt.
Louis Coleman, Co. A, Fifth Texas Regt.
Elias Newsom, Co. G, First Texas Regt.
Capt. J. D. Roberdeau, Co. B, Fifth Texas Regt.
W. H. Lessing, Co. B, Fourth Texas Regt.
J. W. McCoy, Co. K, Fifth Texas Regt.
Frank X. Webb, Co. G, Fourth Texas Regt.
Mark S. Womack, Co. G, Fourth Texas Regt.
A. J. Procella, Co. K, First Texas Regt.
I. Honnisberg, Co. H, First Texas Regt.
J. J. A. Capps, Co. H, First Texas Regt.
W. H. Watson, Co. C, First Texas Regt.
Geo. A. Hodges, Co. D, Fourth Texas Regt.
S. W. Sewell, Co. H, Fifth Texas Regt.
Cadmus Wilburn, Co. F, Fifth Texas Regt.
Hugh Carter, Co. K, Fourth Texas Regt.
D. A. Tilton, Co. F, Fifth Texas Regt.
J. M. Pool, Co. G, Fifth Texas Regt.
Lt. E. M. Bean, Co. G, Fifth Texas Regt.
J. B. Small, Co. G, Fifth Texas Regt.
W. A. Watson, Co. H, Fourth Texas Regt.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS OF COMRADE W. E. BARRY

President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It was with a profound sense of the high honor conferred upon me by our President that I consented to address you on this sacred and solemn occasion.

It is a duty we owe to ourselves and to our dead, that we should lay aside all business cares and spend a short while in memorial service, and pay a loving tribute to the memory of our beloved and honored dead. It is with a trembling hand that I sweep the silent chords of memory, and I again see in the splendor of their young manhood, so many of our comrades, who gave their young lives for that heroic cause so dear to all of us. No truer or purer patriots ever gave themselves for a nobler cause.

No braver men ever went forth to battle for the right, and breasted the storm of leaden hail, than our own dear loved comrades. You read and study the pages of ancient and modern history, and you will not find recorded there, any deed that will surpass the resistless charge at Gaines' Mill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, the rock ribbed heights of Gettysburg, and the blood stained field of Chickamauga. In all these bloody holocausts how nobly did we sustain our reputation and in many other battles and skirmishes did we uphold the honor and glory of Texas. We exhibited to the world that we were worthy sons of a noble parentage, who had immortalized themselves at the Alamo, Goliad and San Jacinto, and on all the battlefields of Mexico. Let me pause a moment to tell you who made and helped to make the glorious history of Hood's Texas Brigade. The 1st Texas, the 4th and 5th Texas Infantry, the 18th Georgia, lovingly called the 3rd Texas and Hampton's Legion (the last two regiments in 1862 were assigned to other brigades), and that splendid regiment, the 3rd Arkansas, came to us, and afterwards bore a conspicuous part in all the battles in which we were engaged, and is entitled to share in the renown we won on so many bloody fields.

What a long roll of our dead sleep upon these illustrious fields! Texas, Georgia, South Carolina and Arkansas sons sleep side by side in unmarked graves. Can we forget those dead heroes? Can we forget these private champions of that glorious cause? Can we forget the weary marches, in Winter's storm or Summer's sun, the pangs of hunger, the ghastly wounds, with weakened bodies and tottering steps, but with dauntless souls facing the storm of battle, sinking to rise no more? Our brave comrades sleep well in unmarked graves and our God knows where they rest, and glory stands sentinel over the bivouac of our dead.

The remnant of that glorious band is here today, with bowed heads and faltering footsteps waiting, listening, for the grand reveille to sound. The resurrection will come, the unknown graves will give up our dead, and we will meet again, for our comrades bore upon their brows the seal of immortality.

My old comrades of a hundred battle fields and skirmishes, we too will soon be at rest. Who will be next to meet over the river our comrades who have gone before? Who ever it may be, tell Lee, Jackson, Longstreet and Hood, in all the civil walks of life we have done our duty and kept the faith. I can not close until I lay some tribute of homage to the memory of our mothers of those bloody days, when Southern chivalry was in full flower. By their sex they were prevented from engaging in the fiery ordeal of battle, but were our ministering angels in our sufferings, our solace in the hour of defeat, ever cheering us on to duty and to glory. I thank God our mothers were Christian mothers, who consulted no Delphian Oracle, or went through no wild orgies, in dedicating their sons to the service of their country. But with a mother's prayer like a benediction resting on our heads, they sent us forth to battle. I pray God the people of this state will erect a monument, with the stately form of woman, representing our sainted mothers, that will surpass in height and grandeur all other monuments of our State, which will hold communion with the Stars, and the

morning sun will kiss with tender reverence that form as it looks down upon the dome of our State Capitol.

My old comrades, our great wish has been fulfilled—the monument erected to Hood's Brigade will speak to future generations and will implant in their hearts noble patriotic sentiments, and will be found battling for right as their fathers did and leave untarnished the glorious heritage we have left them.

Following conclusion of Comrade Barry's able address Association adjourned to meet after monument dedication and unveiling which takes place tomorrow at 10:30.

UNVEILING AND DEDICATION OF MONUMENT TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE MONUMENT.

Launched in 1907 at the reunion of Hood's Brigade at Navasota, the movement for a monument to the heroes who died in its battles has been continually gathering force until today the superb shaft will be unveiled in the presence of thousands of spectators, commemorating the deeds of the famous brigade. The resolution was introduced by Captain F. B. Chilton of the Fourth Texas, who has been president of the monument committee ever since. By private subscription the $15,000 which it cost has been raised, the State not contributing one cent and only giving the space on the capitol grounds for its erection. Personal appeals to comrades and patriotic friends have been made and the money came pouring in. Among the largest gifts are that of Major George W. Littlefield of Austin, $1,000, and Hon. John Henry Kirby of Houston, $5,000. The efforts of Miss Katie Daffan, then president of the Texas division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, netted $1,000 on a tag day which the ladies conducted for the purpose.

The monument is forty-four feet high, thirty-five feet of which is the granite shaft and the other nine feet being the statue of a private soldier of the brigade in bronze. The base is sixteen feet. The monument is of Georgia granite, made by the McNeel Marble company of Marietta, Ga. Chiseled on the faces of the shaft are quotations from President Jefferson Davis, General Robert E. Lee, General Stephen D. Lee, General Hood, General Albert Sidney Johnston, General Stonewall Jackson and others.

HOOD'S BRIGADE MONUMENT.

(BY KATIE DAFFAN.)

And now the concerted action and the untiring energy of the monument committee who have labored so constantly to erect a monument to honor the memory of the immortal Hood's Brigade, is about to be rewarded in their completed work.

Assisted by many of the grateful, liberal citizens of this state, and the diligent loyal Daughters of the Confederacy, this committee has labored on and on, sometimes boldly stimulated in their efforts, often discouraged, now and then delayed, but a steadfast purpose and unswerving love have now, and on a beautiful autumn day in this good year 1910, this substantial evidence of the gratitude of the human heart in a beautiful symbolic monument, will be given to the State of Texas and received into her keeping by the governor, himself a son of a Confederate soldier.

Well may the sons and daughters of Hood's Brigade look with pride though with dimming eyes upon this shaft which commemorates the self-sacrifice, the long marches, the camp nights and the battle fields which their fathers shared.

Well may they give praise to those who have so well performed the duty of leadership in this difficult, delicate matter of creating a sufficient fund to erect this magnificent monument.

To General Hamby, a member of the brigade, and to Captain Chilton, president of committee, are due especial gratitude for their continued and painstaking effort to bring this work to early completion.

Many of those members who loved their brigade will look down from their eternal homes in the skies upon the scene of the unveiling, this expression of their comrades' and their children's appreciation. Many of the beloved members of the brigade will be present, journeying from their distant homes.

Every son and daughter of the brigade who can possibly do so, should and doubtless will be present, and if there are those who are kept away by uncontrollable causes, their hearts will beat time to the real meaning of this expression of patriotism.

For with one voice, the children of Hood's Texas Brigade give undying praise and love to

those who have never rested until this last tribute has been paid to their fathers.

Our state is rapidly becoming her own Westminster Abbey, for our own are being commemorated in classic marble and bronze, for these monuments our object lessons in history, are being placed over our state where our eyes may behold and our hearts give praise.

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

Today should prove a memorable occasion in the history not only of Austin, but Texas as well. It is the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to Hood's Texas Brigade and it is an occasion worthy of special note in consequence. Thousands upon thousands of Texans, both young and old, are in attendance. The aged and the decrepit, the young and active vie one with the other in the matter of attracting attention and throughout it all the attention is attracted to the occasion and the honor due the same.

Thousands of school children are present, many more thousands of Texans and Austinites are in attendance and as an honor guard to one and all are the old veterans who, having gone through all the ills of war, are prepared to play honor guard to such an attendance in time of peace.

The occasion is memorable in Austin's record, will prove memorable in history and is an occasion of which all Texas is proud.

Great is Hood's Texas Brigade, and still greater is its record, of which all Texas is proud, and the ovation to be tendered it today is but a slight testimonial in that line as demonstrative as it will be.—Austin Statesman.

In honor of which the city of Austin, through duly accredited officers, gives out following:

FINAL PARADE DETAIL.

Judge Charles Rogan Gives Out Revised Line of March and Places to Assemble.

Judge Charles Rogan, chairman of the committee on arrangements, has made every arrangement to carry out the parade, but has rearranged the order of the parade as noted below:

ORDER OF THE PARADE.

Band, Dr. H. E. Baxter.
Firemen.
Representatives Hood's Brigade, the governor and other state officials, including the judges of the supreme court, the court of criminal and civil appeals.
The sponsor and her maids.
Military companies.
University band
Hood's Brigade.
The Confederate Veterans.
Representative students of the University.
Public school children.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS.

George Wolters in charge of the local firemen.

A. J. Eilers in charge of the automobiles.

Major R. C. Roberdeau in charge of the sponsor and her maids.

General Henry Hutchings in charge of the military division.

Captain Ben McCulloch in charge of Hood's Brigade and the Confederate Veterans.

Professor A. N. McCallum in charge of the public school children division.

A. J. Eilers will call for the state officials and other invited guests in front of the state capitol at 9:15 a. m. and will convey them in their regular order to their positions near the center of Congress Avenue between Fourth and Fifth streets.

George Wolters will assemble the fire companies and firemen on the east or right side of Congress Avenue between Fourth and Fifth streets.

Major Roberdeau will arrange the automobiles conveying the sponsor and her maids in rear of automobiles in charge of Mr. Eilers.

General Henry Hutchings will assemble the military companies on the west side of Congress Avenue between Fourth and Fifth streets.

Dr. Baxter's band will take its place immediately in front of the local firemen.

The University band will take its place on West Fifth street near Congress Avenue and will follow the military companies in the procession.

The members of Hood's Brigade and the Confederate Veterans will also assemble on the south side of West Fifth street between Congress Avenue and Colorado street.

Public school children will assemble on East Fifth street between Congress Avenue and Brazos street.

To insure promptness everybody is requested to be in their respective places promptly at 9:30.

The following have kindly proffered their automobiles for use in the parade and they are requested to meet A. J. Eilers in front of the capitol at 9:15 o'clock sharp. Mr. Eilers being in charge of this division will arrange the order of seating the state officials and other invited guests.

Howard Taylor, seats 4; John Pope, 4; Burt Posey, 6; N. C. Schlemmer, 4; Will Scarborough, 4; A. J. L. Stark, 4; Howard McKean, 4; George Pendexter, 3; John Brydson, 4; Hy Cordz, 4; E. H. Perry, 4; Theodor Low, 4; Mrs. Barnhart, 3; D. H. Doom, 4; W. H. Badger, 4; Otto Ebeling, 4; Captain Lucy, 3; M. H. Reed, 4; J. W. Graham, 4; C. H. Page, 4; Louie Page, 3.

VEHICLES BARRED FROM THE STREETS.

Mayor A. P. Wooldridge has issued a proclamation and the city council has passed a resolution looking to the safety and comfort of the old soldiers who are city's guests. The two documents follow:

PROCLAMATION.

"The John B. Hood Brigade association parades tomorrow morning, 27th inst, at 9:30 a. m. on Congress Avenue from Fifth street to the capitol building.

"For the protection and convenience of the old soldiers and others participating in this parade, all vehicles of every character and description are here directed to keep off of Fifth street for one block to the east and for one block to the west of Congress Avenue and off of Congress Avenue from Fifth street to the capitol, from 9:15 a. m. until the procession passes.

"The enforcement of this proclamation has been turned over to the city marshal and his assistants.

"A. P. WOOLDRIDGE, Mayor."

October 26, 1910.

RESOLUTION.

" Resolved by the City Council of the City of Austin:

"That all the streets entering or passing through the state capitol grounds on the east side of the capitol building, may be closed to vehicles (other than those in the parade) from the hour of 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. of October 27, 1910, during the ceremonies pertaining to the unveiling of the John B. Hood monument."

SOLDIERS IN LINE AGAIN.

Veterans of Sixties March with Vim of Youth in Magnificent Parade. School Children in Line.

In one of the largest parades that the city of Austin has ever seen in her history, the survivors of the Hood's Texas Brigade were escorted up the avenue to the capitol grounds where the unveiling ceremonies of the monument took place. Flags of all kinds fluttered in the breeze, particularly those of the Confederacy and of the United States, side by side in the morning air, typifying a strong and united people.

At the head of the procession were Chief Laughlin and Sheriff Matthews, representing the city and county constabulary, and the Austin Business League Band, under the direction of Dr. H. E. Baxter, all fitted out in the army uniform in harmony with the occasion. Following was Fire Chief George Wolter, mounted as one of the marshals of the day, the fire department following him in numerical order, with hook and ladder in the lead. All of the men of the companies were in their places in uniform. On Protection No. 3 Judge John W. Hornsby of Houston rode at the especial invitation of the company, which he helped to organize years ago. He declared yesterday that he appreciated very highly the honor done him by his old fellow members. Hook and Ladder, Washington No. 1, Colorado No. 2, Protection No. 3, East Austin No. 4, South Austin No. 5, North Austin No. 6, West Austin No. 7, Tenth Ward No. 8, was the order in which the companies marched up the street in the parade.

In the automobiles were: Major George W. Littlefield, ex-Governor J. D. Sayers and Hon. John Henry Kirby, in the second; the City Council included Mayor Wooldridge, Councilmen Bartholomew, Powell, Gracy and Hart, in the third; Governor T. M. Campbell and friends in the fourth; and prominent committeemen in two or three others, followed by about a dozen other cars containing friends of Hood's Brigade.

The Harper Kirby Rifles under the command of Captain John W. Lane, and Troop C, the cavalry organization, were followed by the Confederate soldiers, the surviving members of Hood's Texas Brigade, under command of their senior officer. The old soldiers were followed by their sons, many of whom had come from a distance and brought their families with them. The public school children, 5,000 strong, marched up the street in the desire to do honor to the old men who had so long and faithfully fought the battles of the old South throughout all the struggles and sufferings of the Army of Northern Virginia under General Robert E. Lee. The High School headed the procession with their flags flying and with the banners of the school flung out to the breeze. Bickler School bore the banner of the First Texas Infantry at the head of its column. The deaf and dumb, 400 strong, in columns of twos, passed up the street.

The parade was over a mile in length, as a large part of the column had reached the capitol grounds and taken up their positions about the time that the rear had marched out from Fifth street to the Avenue. It was undoubtedly

the biggest parade that the city has seen in years. For the first time in years the school children of Austin took part in celebrating the deeds of their fathers in a way that tended to impress the great facts upon them. The teachers marching alongside the columns composed of their classes, were headed by the principals of the schools, the larger schools taking their places near the head of the columns. The deaf and dumb were in uniform in the parade. So well did they keep their positions in the line that Mayor Wooldridge afterwards said: "That certainly shows the value of discipline in a school."

The old men of the brigade, about 200 of them now left, took their places in line as they had done hundreds of times before and obeyed the commands of their officer with all the vim of their younger days. The order loud and clear, "Column half left march," brought the desired change of direction as quickly and readily as the same command given by Captain John Lane brought the Harper Kirby Rifles into line. When the column was required to halt for a few moments they executed the "mark time" with the same spirit that they had displayed in the '60s when they were young men and some of them mere boys.

Quite a large crowd was on the Avenue during the parade and followed the procession to the capitol grounds for the ceremonies when they took place. The street corners were crowded in spite of the efficient work done by the police department in keeping the carriages off of the street from 9:15 o'clock until after the procession had passed. As a consequence of the order of the council and the proclamation of the Mayor, the streets were kept free from any wagon or vehicle of any kind and no accident happened.

As soon as the procession had reached the capitol the windows of the building became alive with boys, who sat out on the wide granite ledge running around the building in order to see and hear what was going on. The Harper Kirby Rifles performed efficient service there by chasing these boys back into the building and preventing a serious accident or death.

General Henry Hutchings, Fire Chief George Wolters, Colonel E. M. Phelps and Judge Charles Rogan were in charge of the parade.

At the capitol grounds a panoramic picture was taken of the crowd.

STATUTE PRESENTED TO THE STATE.

MONUMENT TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE UNVEILED AT AUSTIN.

(*Houston Post Special.*)

AUSTIN, Texas, October 27.—The climax of the thirty-ninth annual reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade was reached today when the drapery concealing the statue surmounting the monument erected in honor of the dead of the brigade was drawn aside by Miss Lollie Wood of San Antonio, sponsor. The exercises of unveiling and dedication were witnessed by a gathering estimated at 10,000 persons. When the Texas flag which draped the sculptured figure was drawn aside the shouts of the throng mingled with the strains of "Maryland, My Maryland." Before drawing the cords which were to release the drapery, Miss Wood said:

"In memory, honor and undying love to the gallant dead of Hood's Texas Brigade, as well as for those of the Eighteenth Georgia, Hampton's Legion and the Third Arkansas, and for those of the Fourth Texas which at Gaines' Mill was the first to penetrate the enemy's lines and pluck victory from the jaws of defeat, of the Fifth Texas which at Second Manassas, after annihilating the Fifth New York Zouaves, passed on until victory was won, and the First Texas which at Sharpsburg held the cornfield against the Federal troops until it had lost 82 per cent of its men, it is my proud privilege to unveil this monument."

Assisting Miss Wood were her maids of honor, who stood near her, Miss Julia Branard, Miss Sarah Maude Cox, Miss Bowers Chilton, Miss Bessie Eilers, Miss Annie Gaston, Miss Annie Giles, Miss Edith Goldstein, Miss Fannie Goree, Miss May Harding, Miss Mamie Keith, Miss Christine Littlefield, Miss Jennie Nagle, Miss Annie Price, Miss Hester Robertson, Miss Maggie Shepherd, Miss Ellerbee Wood and Miss Doris Young.

INVOCATION.

Rev. J. W. Stevens of Houston Heights, Chaplain of Hood's Texas Brigade Association and member of Company K, Fifth Texas Regiment, invoked a Divine blessing, as follows:

"Almighty God, Thou great Creator of all things and ruler of all the earth, the giver of all good; we give thanks to Thee this day for Thy goodness and mercy to us, Thy creatures,

that so many of us are permitted to meet together in our annual reunion, as a surviving remnant of a once invincible command to do battle for the right; once more to look into each other's faces, to grasp each other's hands, as the survivors of a cause so dear to the heart of every one through whose veins courses the warmest blood of a true Confederate soldier. We thank Thee, our Father, that in the days of our young and buoyant manhood we went forth to do our duty, as true patriots in a cause for which we do not have to apologize; that we belonged to an army that did not carry a torch, nor ever insulted a woman. But planting our feet firmly upon the eternal principles of the constitution of our fathers, and conscious of the righteousness of our cause, we willingly presented ourselves, "a living sacrifice," upon our country's altar, and freely poured out our best blood in defense of our homes, against the onslaughts of an insolent, invading host, whose battle cry was devastation and hatred, and whose line of march was marked by the smoke of devastated homes and burned towns and cities.

"And as we assemble here today to do honor to our deceased comrades, who gallantly poured out their life's blood, as a willing libation to the cause they so loved, in the dedication of this beautiful tribute to their memory and patriotism, we would invoke Thy smiles and benediction upon the work of our hands, this day consummated, as we unveil this monument to the gaze of the world, may prove an inspiraton to our children and to all future generations to emulate the bravery and devotion to duty of Hood's Brigade of Confederate Soldiers. The ravages of time will crumble into dust this beautiful shaft, but we thank God that the brave deeds of Hood's noble band of men is so indelibly engraved on the pages of history, that while time lasts and history is read, brave men and patriots will reverence her noble record.

"And now, gracious Father, as one by one of us who still remain shall pass away from the toils and cares of life, may a band of holy angels as a guard of honor attend us across the river, where under the shade of the trees we will join Lee, Jackson, Hood and the innumerable hosts of our comrades of all ranks, who have gone on before, there to bask in the sunlight of His countenance forever, who doeth all things well.

"These things we ask in the name of Christ. Amen."

The first speech of the day was delivered by General William R. Hamby of Austin, president of the brigade. General W. R. Hamby spoke as follows:

GENERAL HAMBY'S ADDRESS.

Ladies, Comrades and Countrymen:

In an address to the soldiers of the Texas Brigade soon after they reached Virginia, in 1861, President Davis said: "The troops of other states have their reputation to gain; the sons of the Alamo have theirs to maintain." Nearly four years later, after the Texas brigade had lost more than three-fourths of their total enrollment, in killed and wounded, and when the ranks of all commands had been greatly depleted by the casualties of the war, and when many brigades were not as large as a regiment, and when regiments were not as large as a company, an order was issued by the Confederate war department for the consolidation of small brigades and regiments into more compact and effective organizations. At that time the Texas brigade was composed of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas and the Third Arkansas. They were the only troops from states west of the Mississippi river in the Virginia army, and had less than 500 men able for duty, but proud of the record they had made, they sent Major Martin of the Fourth Texas, "Old Howdy," of blessed memory, to see the president and protest against being consolidated with troops from other states which would cause the Texas brigade to lose its identity. After hearing the appeal of Major Martin and recalling the words of General Lee at the recent battle of Darbytown that "the Texas brigade is always ready," when informed by staff officer it was the only command in line and ready for the assault he had ordered, Mr. Davis then said: "Go back to your command, Major Martin, and tell your comrades as long as there is a man to carry their battle flag the Texas brigade shall retain its organization."

Some years after the war Hon. Jno. H. Reagan, jurist, statesman and patriot, with a long and honorable record in the service of the republic of Texas, in the Federal congress before the war, postmaster general and secretary of the treasury of the Confederacy during the war, and United States Senator after the war, said: "I would rather have been able to say that I had been a worthy member of Hood's Texas Brigade than to have enjoyed all the honors which have been conferred upon me. I doubt if there has ever been a brigade or other military organization in the history of the war that equaled it in the heroic valor and self-sacrificing conduct of its members and the brilliancy of its services."

TRIBUTE PAID BY LEE.

In a personal letter to myself from General Stephen D. Lee, written only a few weeks before his lamentable death, he said: "It was my

fortune to hear the volleys of Hood's Texas brigade, one of the first volleys of the war, which is still ringing in my ears. I saw them pierce the Federal line at Gaines' Mill. I saw their magnificent charge at Second Manassas, and I witnessed the glory the brigade won at Sharpsburg. I saw them sweep the enemy from their front. I saw them almost annihilated, and even then I saw them contribute the greater part to the repulse of Hooper's corps, then of Mansfield's corps of the Union army. I saw them hold off Sumner's corps until reinforcements came. I saw them pursue the enemy. I saw them broken, shattered and falling back before overwhelming numbers; the few who were left giving the rebel yell with more spirit than the hurrahs of the Union troops advancing upon them."

When a regiment or a brigade claims to have lost heavily in battle you ask for the list of killed and wounded; judged by this standard no brigade on American soil ever achieved greater distinction or wrote its name higher upon the scroll of fame, and it would be a reproach to the State that sent them forth to battle and whose name they bear if no monument had been erected to their gallant dead and in honor of the proud record made by Hood's Texas Brigade.

All the civilized nations of the world have their monuments and their memorials to perpetuate in loving memory the patriotic service of their heroes and their statesmen. Monuments are milestones that mark our civilization and our patriotism; they awaken old reflections and dormant sympathies and keep alive the life-giving principles of freedom; they tell of the consecrated love of a grateful people to their honored dead; the lessons they teach are elevating and ennobling; they inspire the people with reverence and animate them with love and devotion to their country; they give stability to national pride as the surest means of perpetuating the remembrance of the glorious achievements of their sons; they arouse the patriotism and stimulate the pride and teach the people to look to their own country for real glory. A land without monuments is a land without gratitude; a land without gratitude is a land without patriotism; a land without patriotism is a land without liberty. Our country may be encircled with fortresses and bristling with the cannon and bayonets of a standing army, but our real safety depends upon the patriotism and the martial spirit and valor of our people.

Comrades: God has blessed us with life and health and strength to see this blessed day when we shall dedicate this monument which shall tell of men of deeds, not words; men whose every heart throb was for country; men whose actions and motives were consecrated by the highest and noblest inspirations that can animate the human heart. It will tell to coming generations how our comrades fought and how they died. It will tell how they served a nation that was born in a flame of glory; that was baptized in the blood and tears of its people and that died amidst their anguish and their sorrow.

We are not here to revive war memories, but to shed tears of love and tenderness to our dead comrades and we honor ourselves when we preserve and perpetuate their memory. Because we are Southern men; because we honor and reverence the memory of our dead comrades we are none the less Americans and should danger threaten our country from any source whatever the sons of the South would be the first at the sacrifice and foremost in every conflict.

This monument was erected by comrades and friends to tell to coming generations the imperishable fame and glory of Hood's Texas Brigand what it dared to do for duty. Many of our comrades sleep in unknown and unmarked graves; we can not cover them with flowers, nor can we shed our tears upon them, but we can dedicate this monument in loving memory of them and consecrate it as a memorial to American valor, American patriotism for our comrades who died to preserve and perpetuate the principles upon which the American Union was formed.

ALL PREJUDICE FORGOTTEN.

In dedicating this monument let us hope that whatever passions and prejudices that once may have animated us will be forever buried and that our motives and our actions may be characterized by the highest, the noblest and the purest inspirations. In the language of Robert E. Lee, the world's greatest soldier, it will tell the men of the Texas brigade fought grandly and nobly; that no brigade did nobler service or gained more honor for their state. Whether it was in the countless skirmishes in which they were engaged or in the storm and tempest of battle at Gaines' Mill, at Malvern Hill, at Manassas, at Boonsboro Gap, at Sharpsburg, at Fredericksburg, at Gettysburg, at Chickamauga, at Petersburg, at New Market Heights, at Fort Gilmer, at Darbytown; or whether as the advance guard of a victorious army or as the rear guard of the overwhelmed but undismayed fragments of the Confederacy, wherever duty called, wherever the flag of the Confederacy waved, there was Hood's Texas Brigade until that flag was forever furled upon the banks of the Appomattox. Not until the Federal

army was almost within the suburbs of Richmond did the sublime courage of the ragged, barefooted and starving men of the Texas brigade shine forth in such heroic achievements. With a scant supply of meat and half rations of cornmeal, and with flour a luxury almost unknown; by day and by night, either in the assault or in the trenches; always on duty, the entire brigade only a skirmish line, yet each day as the line grew thinner and hungrier their dauntless courage challenged the respect of their enemies and the admiration of the world as they trod the paths of duty and of glory in their march to the grave of the Nation they had served so faithfully and so bravely.

All that was mortal of the Southern Confederacy was buried more than forty-five years ago, but the moral power and grandeur of the Southern soldier is immortal.

TO MEMORY OF HEROES.

Let me appeal to you, sons and daughters of Texas, children of the Confederacy, to cherish the memory and emulate the virtues of those men in whose honor this monument has been erected; in the race for success in life; in the eager rush for commercialism, do not forget the great principles for which the South fought and to which your fathers bravely and faithfully consecrated the hopes and aspirations of their young manhood.

In behalf of our comrades, the living and the dead, we want to extend to all of our patriotic friends our most grateful appreciation for their generous assistance, but especially do we thank Major George W. Littlefield of Austin, and Hon. John H. Kirby of Houston, the patriotic ladies of the Texas division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It gives me pleasure to say that President Chilton of the Monument Committee was its chief promoter and his whole heart has been in the work, and I congratulate him and the Monument Committee upon the completion of the labor of love and with all my comrades rejoice in what we will now unveil, a monument to which all Texans can point with pride.

Standing at rest this typical soldier of the Texas brigade accepted the results of the war in the utmost good faith; while he is at peace with God and man yet he stands ready for any duty to which his country may call him. In the gleam of the morning and the gloam of the evening forever will stand the sentinel in bronze typical of comrades who have gone into their bivouac, for the bugle call of the Great Commander that shall summon them to God's eternal dress parade.

Immediately following the conclusion of General Hamby's address the drapery fell and Hood's Texas Brigade monument stood unveiled to the gaze of thousands.

General Hamby again spoke as follows:

"With uncovered heads, standing in the presence of this stainless monument to the memory of the men of Hood's Texas Brigade, who fought for the principles upon which our Government was founded and who sacrificed their lives in heroic devotion to those sacred rights, we appeal to the truth of history and to the intelligence of the civilized world for the vindication of the actions and motives of the people of the South. The spirits of our dead comrades rise like the sun in his noontide majesty and tell us they did not die for a 'lost cause.'

"May God bless and sanctify this monument which has been erected in honor of our dead comrades. May the archangel who stands at the right hand of the Almighty Father bless it and with all the army of the heavenly host sing an anthem for the honor and glory of Hood's Texas Brigade."

In presenting monument of Hood's Texas Brigade to State during dedication and unveiling ceremonies at Austin, Oct. 27th. Hon. John H. Kirby, as orator, was introduced by Capt. F. B. Chilton, President of Monument Committee, who was called for, and, taking the stand, spoke as follows:

"Mr. President of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, Ladies and Gentlemen, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and every human being, whether he wore the gray or the blue, who has this day honored us with their presence, in response to dedication of yon beautiful monument to our dead comrades, in behalf of survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade I greet you and thank you for your presence on this eventful occasion. In justice to myself, I will state that it was only just now that I was apprised that I had anything to do with the program or was expected to perform any part therein, and I appear before you without thought or preparation as to what I shall say. However, the duty which has been assigned me is an easy one—that of introducing a distinguished and honorable native son of Texas, who will speak in behalf of Hood's Texas Brigade in presenting our beautiful monument to the State.

"The task is so easy that were I simply to announce him by speaking his name, you would all be familiar with and recognize the man. Therefore, my introductory remarks shall be few and principally directed to a duty that is necessary to the occasion, that of turning over yon monument to Hood's Texas Brigade Association in order that through their accredited representative same can be within a few moments turned

over to the great State of Texas, after which I will hold a few moments of sweet communion with my comrades.

"Gentlemen of Monument Committee of Hood's Texas Brigade, the time has come when my official relations with you ceases, since the result of your labor stands in magnificent evidence before us.

"Governor Thos. M. Campbell, Governor of Texas, has been an appreciated and indefatigable worker and has responded willingly to every call that has been made upon him. His contribution was a liberal one and his purpose earnest.

"Senator John G. Willacy not only made a splendid contribution, but was so liberal as to offer his time in visiting and speaking at all the principal towns of Texas, at his own expense, to raise money for the monument.

"Hon. John H. Kirby and Maj. Geo. W. Littlefield, having had wonderful success with their personal affairs, brought sure success to monument affairs as soon as they touched them. They hitched themselves to the wheels of our hopes and pushed them forward to rapid fruition. These four members of committee are honorary members of Hood's Texas Brigade and we are proud of them as our comrades.

"Capt. W. H. Gaston, the boy Captain of Company H, First Texas, so elected by the voice of his bearded comrades, who knew him well, and who led them in many a desperate charge and thereby proved the wisdom of their choice, has been a member of the committee since its first organization. He was its first Treasurer and so continued until active operations were removed to Austin, when Gen. W. R. Hamby was made Treasurer.

"Capt. W. T. Hill, that grand old Roman of Company D, Fifth Texas, who commanded his company on so many bloody fields and who during the whole war lost but few days from duty except when wounded, who was in command of the Fifth Texas Regiment at Appomattox, and who has not only given largely of his means, but who has been wonderfully successful in his collections, is a most cherished member of the committee.

"Last, but not least, comes Gen. W. R. Hamby, Treasurer of the Committee, upon whom has devolved very heavy labor and who has never been found wanting in a single instance. When my long illness made it necessary, he performed for me every duty with perfect fidelity to our sacred trust. To have been without Gen. Hamby would be to have been without my right arm.

"Speaking to you collectively as members of the committee now to be discharged from duties that have so long bound us together, I wish to express to you that my glory in the success we have attained is heightened by my appreciation of my pleasant official connection with you. I planted, you watered and the good Lord gave the increase.

"As down life's vale I wander, and as upon our great monument success I ponder, no greener leaf will be found or brighter page turned in memory's tablets than that whereon is inscribed my remembrance of Monument Committee of Hood's Texas Brigade, to whom I now bid a fond farewell.

"It is also my duty as well as pleasure to express the obligation Hood's Texas Brigade is under to the McNeel Marble Company of Marietta, Georgia. To them we owe a large debt of gratitude. When I saw poor prospects ahead and hardly knew how to proceed, they came nobly to my aid. Native sons of Texas, their hearts were with us and as adopted sons of Georgia—that gave us that gallant Eighteenth Georgia Regiment—they were anxious to become identified with our monument. They made me a splendid offer to erect it and stipulated that in case their offer was accepted that they would contribute $5,000.00 of the amount to the monument fund. Well did they carry out their contract. They gave us a magnificent granite monument in due time and it was no fault of theirs that statue was defective. They cheerfully stood all cost of procuring another, and the delay in our original unveiling was a sore disappointment to them. To McNeel Marble Company I extend the lasting remembrance of this Association of survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade.

"My comrades, it is a solemn occasion that has brought us together, and while it is easy to recognize its solemnity, it may not be so possible for me to rise to its mental requirements. Yon lofty statue that stands as a mute witness to the proceedings of this hour, speaks to you and me of another day in the dim and distant past and we recognize that we have met to bury on their native and adopted soil nearly 4,000 heroes of Hood's Texas Brigade. Did I say to bury them? If so, we must retrospect and in doing so roll back the stone from the charnel house of memory and bring the scenes of other days before us.

"One-half a century has passed since inception of the war. Fifty years ago next week Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States, and our fathers—not we—knew what would happen, and we as boys and young men stood ready to fill the breach that only misguided fanaticism could ever have created. We today must hear the fife and drum, must feel the deep-seated, intense commotion of that period, see the flags waving and experience the

touch of vanished hands and receive the last kiss of father, mother, brother, sister, wife, sweetheart and friend; and amid it all we must see three gallant regiments of young Texans in martial array and must recognize them as we knew them then. Later we must hear the cannon roar above the din of terrible battle and amid hurtling bullets and crashing shells must see our comrades falling, falling, falling, and strewing the earth on many a hard contested field; then in sadness must we remember the long, shallow ditches and the endless rows of the dead, where scant earth hardly hid from view the bodies of the noblest, best and bravest this world ever produced.

"There in all the consciousness of duty performed lay the torn bodies of grey-haired sires who for a truth that had been taught them from infancy up and which they fully believed, had shouldered their guns and gone out in its defense and who in cold death seemed to be alert for the cry of victory, as they lay willing sacrifices upon their country's altar. Beside them we see the form of boys who in their teens belonged best at their mother's knee, and whose baby mouths seemed fitted only for a mother's kiss, yet their cold hands are clenched with that same determination that marked the men in whom they believed and together they had gone to the throne of God. We left our comrades there with naught to mark their glorified resting place except the soil of the Old Dominion State that they consecrated with their blood and lives.

"But, my surviving comrades, it matters not where their bodies lie, whether by bloody hillside, plain or river. Their record is written on fame's proud sky, and their deeds of valor shall live forever.

"Today we have met to dedicate yon grand monument erected on Texas soil, by comrades and friends, to their memory. Therefore, it is that we are this day resurrecting them in memory and embalming their bodies in the land they loved so well.

"Stand, thou silent sentinel, and guard their noble dust while countless ages roll. Be thou the chronicler of their glorious deeds that generations yet unborn may read: and may thy sculptured sides be an inspiration through centuries to young men wherein they may learn a never-dying truth; that he who gives his life a willing sacrifice for principle, dies not in vain.

"It is no reflection on the few living comrades that so long a period has passed without proper recognition of the deeds of the dead of Hood's Texas Brigade, as even now it would have been a sheer impossibility for the few survivors to have erected yon beautiful monument without the aid of many patriotic and generous friends, to each and every one of whom the gratitude of survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade goes out in no uncertain measure. It matters not whether your contribution was in thousands or in dollars, our gratitude is the same, because we know you gave in love for the cause we cherish and the object so near to all our hearts. There is one who made a princely donation and in such a manner as to be of incalculable benefit to us, and ours is more than a passing affection for him, not only on account of his liberal contribution, but because he was such a grand Confederate soldier. He is an honorary member of Hood's Texas Brigade and every survivor of Hood's Texas Brigade will ever cherish fondly the name of that battle-scarred veteran of Terry's Texas Rangers, Major George W. Littlefield of Austin.

"Notably among those who nobly rallied to our help in the erection of our monument to our gallant dead and who with his means made it possible for us to succeed is one dear alike to all Texas. A native born son, he has been true to every impulse and worthy call of his beloved Texas. Not born to affluence, his every upward step has been like the eagle's, "onward and upward and true to the line," every grade marked by merit and every act gauged with honor. Few others have had such success in life as he, and such native sons who have gone high in their respective callings have left Texas for greater fields of action, but this son has planted his love and faith in grand old Texas and her every call and interest has been the mainspring of his upward march until today he has woven his life inseparably with the heart-strings of her people. Particularly to the surviving members of Hood's Texas Brigade has he become a friend and true comrade and it is not his money alone which so ably helped to rear yon stately shaft in memory of their dead comrades that makes him dear to them, but it is the genuine manhood of the man who in their hour of need came so tenderly, lovingly and generously to their aid and so long as there lives a single survivor of Hood's Texas Brigade, their love and gratitude will flow in an undying stream for Comrade John H. Kirby.

"Under all circumstances, my comrades, it is most fitting that the Hon. John H. Kirby should speak to us and present our monument to the State of Texas and to this audience. I now introduce him."

At the conclusion of Captain Chilton's speech there were shouts of "Hurrah for Kirby" by the old soldiers.

The crowd cheered and applauded Mr. Kirby frequently, interrupting his address whenever

some particularly noble sentiment touched a sympathetic chord in the old soldiers and the crowd around. He was the orator of the day and his remarks were enthusiastically received by 10,000 people.

"THE FLOWER OF TEXAS."

Hon. John Henry Kirby Thus Describes the Members of Hood's Texas Brigade.

"This is truly an hour of solemn yet glorious significance to every loyal son and daughter of imperial Texas. In the erection of yonder monument the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade have paid a fitting tribute to more than four thousand of their hero comrades who now rest with their illustrious commanders on the other shore. They have also given to the present and future generations a permanent testimonial of their pride in the achievements in war and in peace of those chivalrous sons of Dixie, living and dead, who rendered this brigade immortal.

"No honor ever came to me or ever can of which I could be more proud than that conferred by these immortals when they elected me a comrade among them. But four years old when that great war closed, I can have only childish memories of the return from scenes of carnage of the battered and tattered, footsore and emaciated, but unwhipped men in gray to the neglected farms of our neighborhood. Widows and orphans mourned the loss of husband and father, fathers and mothers wept over the death of favorite sons, and beautiful girls treasured tearfully blood-stained tokens and pathetic notes from hero-lovers dying upon the field. Tales of heroic courage and unparalleled carnage, where sons of Dixie met duty and death with a fortitude and devotion that challenged the admiration of the world, were tenderly told, and in the broken circle around family hearthstones Southern hearts were re-dedicated to Liberty and to local self-government and to the restoration of the fallen fortunes of Dixie. Under this environment I grew to manhood and is it any wonder that my heart is aflame with the most profound gratitude to these patriot soldiers for the honor of being their comrade, for the honor of membership on this committee and for the honor of being chosen to present this monument to the great heart of the Texas people.

"My comrades, I shall not enter into any lengthy discussion of the causes which culminated in this terrible war nor undertake any history of its battles. The South has no apology to offer for her part in the momentous struggle nor has the North. The South has her Lee and the North her Grant, and you could no more rob the nation of the glory of these than you could rob the church of the Holy Nazarene. The hero in gray followed where duty lay; the hero in blue did the same. The South stood for the inalienable rights of sovereign States under the Constitution. She believed the compact between the States had been broken by the States of the North and was no longer binding upon any of the sovereign parties to it. She remembered that when our forefathers had destroyed British control in the colonies and achieved their independence it was to each colony as a separate sovereignty. Virgina and Georgia and the Carolinas as well as Massachusetts and the other colonies each received from King George its separate recognition—its separate patent of nobility—and each took its place among the independent sovereignties of the earth. Then "in order to form a more perfect union"—one based upon the separate independence and sovereignty of the contracting parties instead of the existing federation of insurgent colonies, they each appointed their plenipotentiaries, their delegates to a general convention where a new compact, the present Constitution, was formulated. This Constitution with amendments was ratified by each of the States separately and became a contract between them as separate and independent entities for their mutual protection and advancement. Remembering all this and believing this contract had been violated by States of the North and its binding force gravely assailed by the National Government itself, and, under the rule of law as old as civilization that a contract ceases to be binding on one party when the other party has breached it, the South withdrew from the Union and set up a new government 'deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.'

"The North denied any infraction of the Constitution, asserted its binding force upon all of the States and threw its armies into the field to preserve the Union.

"The Southerner fought for his home, for liberty, for Dixie.

"Today we stand reunited under the Constitution, with one flag, one nationality, one destiny, but with the separate supremacy of the States in the exercise of all their reserved rights, and with one purpose—to maintain liberty and honest government eternally in this 'land of the free and home of the brave.'

"There will never be any escape from the conclusion that the men of the South fought for principle and offered their lives as a willing sacrifice to the maintenance of constitutional liberty exactly as handed down by the patriot fathers. As a soldier, the fame of the Confederate is safe in the keeping of posterity. No

monument is needed to perpetuate it save that inscribed indelibly upon the hearts of their countrymen. Historically considered, there is no soldier of any age or country or clime with whom he may be fairly compared. His position is unique and glorious. He finds his rank with the immortals of all history who fought for principle, for liberty, for home and country, for family and fireside, for honor and high purpose. No history of America, aye, no history of human valor can find acceptance among enlightened men which shall fail to render to the Confederate soldier the high praise his deeds have won. In all the ages to come, in history, song and story, Lee, Jackson, Hood, Johnston and Stuart and other illustrious commanders of the Southern army and the citizen-soldiers whose dash and daring have no parallel in all the history of the world, will be recorded in words of praise. No page in all these annals will be more inspiring than those which record the purposes, the virtues and the achievements of Hood's Texas Brigade.

"One of the most learned of Texas jurists, writing of this patriotic band, has said:

" 'They were the pick and flower of the young men of Texas. They with ready ear heard their mother's call to her sons to defend her against an invading foe, and with gleaming swords and 'lance at rest and visor down' they flung themselves with impetuous ardor against the serried ranks of their country's foes, and with laugh and jest and song 'trod the road to death as to a festival.'

" 'They were the knightliest, gamest, freest, proudest cavaliers that ever flashed a falchion or faced a foe. In their veins ran the blood of many generations of gentlemen and soldiers.

" 'They bowed the knee to none but God, recognized no superiors on earth, took orders from no king, were the tenants of no landlord, but were lords of their own homes and holdings and formed a part of an army which, taken as a whole, never was and never will be matched upon the earth. Their record should thrill and stir those who yet live and all generations yet to come will learn how grand were these men who offered their lives upon the shrine of duty and served and suffered and bled and died that constitutional liberty might live.'

"How true! How true! And as I stand here in the presence of the survivors of these great Southerners my heart swells with a just pride in their achievements and with gratitude to God that I was born at a time when my life might be enriched and my destiny ennobled by their personal influence and example. Before and since that cruel war they have been leaders in everything that makes for the progress and prosperity of our country, for the highest ideals in manhood and the loftiest purposes in citizenship. It will not be many decades until the last of them will have heard the order to bivouac with their immortal commanders and comrades upon the other shore, but their influence for good will be reflected in every precinct in Dixie as long as civilization endures.

"And in the ages to come as the golden glint of the opening morn, or the gorgeous splendor of high-noon, or the solemn twilight of the Summer's eve, or the soft touch of the silvery moon rest upon this beautiful monument, so will the influence of the lives and example of these knightly men rest upon the hearts of the living sons and daughters of this great commonwealth.

And in the years to come, when the youth of our land gaze upon this monument and inquire who these great men were and what they did, the answer will come back instantly: 'They were among the great and true men of the South and though they were but one small brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia, under the leadership of Lee and Jackson and Hood, they won the favor and applause of the whole world by their courage and daring. A grateful people erected this monument in their memory and the heritage of liberty which you enjoy today is consecrated in their blood. They fought and perished upon a hundred battlefields that liberty might live. The survivors rebuilt our homes, restored our firesides, re-established order and peace among us and led us in all the arts of civilization. They with Lee and Jackson and all the immortals are looking over the battlements of heaven with silent messages of encouragement to us and their sacrifices in war and greatness in peace are an inspiration and a hope to all liberty-loving Americans.'

"Proudly, sir, on behalf of the survivors of this illustrious brigade, I tender to you and through you to the great people of Texas this monument to the memory of the noble and patriotic heroes, living and dead, whose names adorn the roll of this glorious band. Monuments, sir, have a significance beyond words to describe, but this shaft bears a relation to the Confederacy and its leaders which no other monument does. Both it and the command it commemorates are a link that associates Texas forever with the Confederacy and its greatest Captains. It is erected by voluntary contributions from Confederate soldiers and the sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers. It symbolizes the Texan's love of his country and of constitutional liberty and for those whose dauntless courage maintained it. It typifies our affection for our great leader,

the immortal Lee. Often has he looked into the eyes of Hood's Texas Brigade; he has ridden with them and in his sorest trials depended upon them. They never failed him. At Gaines' Mill when the day was darkest and defeat seemed certain, he waited and listened anxiously for the guns of Jackson in the rear of McClellan's Army, and when the heart was sick from hope so long deferred and when Richmond seemed all but lost, the thunder of Jackson's guns were heard and when courier after courier flashed the news, "The Texans are charging," he knew the day was won. And, again, at the Wilderness General Lee placed himself at the head of this brigade, believing these knightly and valiant and invincible soldiers to be the only hope of success. No monument commemorates events of greater tragic interest under the very eye of the matchless Lee than does this one we have erected.

"Through you, sir, we commit this monument into the keeping of the people of this incomparable State in memory of the grandest body of citizen-soldiers that ever enriched the history or immortalized the manhood of any country on earth."

When Hon. John H. Kirby had concluded his masterful address and received the plaudits of the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade, together with eloquent approbation from the mighty throng, Governor T. M. Campbell was introduced by General W. R. Hamby.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR CAMPBELL.

Governor Campbell was warmly cheered when introduced, and in accepting the monument on behalf of the State, he said:

"There can be no greater tribute to heroism and valor, no greater reverence for a sacred principle than the presence of this great audience here to do honor to the men of Hood's Texas Brigade. Contributing more than its full share of its human lives, this brigade has gloriously maintained the prestige of the American arms.

"At sight of that monument the mind naturally goes back to the fathers of Texas and their magnificent achievements in the wildernesses of Texas. The men that formed the Hood's Texas Brigade and fought the battles of the Civil War were the sons of the men who had come here and from a wilderness had made an empire, Texas. (Applause.) In more than twelve of the great battles of the war and in over fifty lesser engagements they were but twice driven from the face of even a superior enemy and were found wherever the flag of the Confederacy was flying, in the thickest of the fight.

"It was a great war, great because of the great soldiery engaged in its battles, great because of the great principles for which they fought and died. The history of those battles, those marches, those sieges with all their sufferings, is in no sense a history of a 'lost cause.' If the great principles for which the Southern soldiery fought on all of the Southern battlefields are not living principles, if the principles are not still alive and vitally active in the United States of today, then would the republic have crumbled to dust long ago and the monument which we are this day unveiling would be in vain. It is an everlasting union of the American people, a union under one bond of all the people, the American people.

"The South did not want the war. It only wanted to retire in peace and establish a new nation which, under the Constitution, it believed, it knew it had the right to do. All the broad field of conservatism had been explored in vain for some hope of a solution for the great problem on which the North and the South differed. The war was inevitable. Six hundred thousand of the best men of the South opposed the 2,500,000 of the Federal army and fought with them the 2,250 battles of the war. At the end, 437,000 men were not there to answer 'here' to the last roll call; they had fallen in the fight, while 485,700 men of the Northern troops were slain. The men of the South did not surrender because they were whipped, for they never were, but they surrendered because they were tired of victory.

"In behalf of the great State of Texas, I, as the Governor of the State, accept into her care this monument, this tribute to the memory of patriotism of our fathers, which will never die, and whose deeds will live long after this beautiful monument has crumbled into ashes and mouldered in dust away."

Amid a great deal of applause the band played "Dixie."

With the magnificent monument to the dead heroes of Hood's Texas Brigade safely in the hands of the great State of Texas, a mighty cheer was sent heavenward. Governor Campbell's speech concluded unveiling exercises.

THOSE ON THE PLATFORM.

Among those on the platform were Governor Thomas M. Campbell, Hon. John H. Kirby, Major George W. Littlefield, Captain F. B. Chilton, Captain W. T. Hill, Captain W. H. Gaston, Colonel R. H. Harding, Captain E. K. Goree, General A. R. Johnson (whose eyes were shot out in the battle of Grubbs crossroads in August, 1864, when the brigade was in Kentucky), Dr. J. D. Fields, General A. S. Roberts, President W. R. Hamby, Mayor A. P. Wooldridge, Commissioners E. C. Bartholomew,

P. W. Powell, P. P. Hart and D. B. Gracy, Chaplain J. V. Stevens, General W. L. Cabell of Dallas, Colonel R. M. Wynne of the Confederate Home, President S. E. Mezes, Dean W. S. Sutton, Dr. F. W. Simonds, Dr. H. Y. Benedict, Dr. J. T. Mather and Mr. John A. Lomax.

(*Austin Statesman, Oct.* 27, 1910.)

Next place of meeting, Cameron.

Officers for the ensuing year:

President, Captain Frank B. Chilton, Houston, Texas.

First Vice-President, General William R. Hamby, Austin, Texas.

Second Vice-President, Captain W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas.

Third Vice-President, Captain W. H. Gaston, Dallas, Texas.

Secretary-Treasurer, E. K. Goree, Huntsville, Texas.

Chaplain, Rev. J. W. Stevens, Houston Heights, Texas.

Surgeon, Dr. L. D. Hill, Austin, Texas.

Quite the most exciting feature of the afternoon business session of the Hood's Brigade Veterans was sprung when Dr. J. C. Loggins introduced a resolution warmly endorsing Colonel R. M. Wynne's administration of the Confederate Home and recommending to the incoming Governor his retention in the position. Judge J. B. Polley of Floresville objected, declaring that the question was a political one and that the Brigade's constitution forbade the organization as a body taking any such action. He said such a point of order had been sustained at former meetings. He did not believe such a step at this time would be for the best interest of the organization.

Captain F. B. Chilton replied with an impassioned plea, declaring that this was not a political question, but one which was peculiarly within the province of an old soldiers' organization to take action on. "Who on earth has the right," he asked, "to select a Superintendent for a Confederate Home if not old Confederates?"

Captain W. C. Walsh of Austin was of the opinion that an endorsement was not out of place, but believed it unwise to attempt to make recommendations to the prospective Governor. He offered an amendment in line with this suggestion.

When the question was put it was seen that the amendment lost and the original resolution carried.

Captain F. B. Chilton, President of the Monument Committee, made a short oral report and reviewing the history of the movement to build the monument. "Our greatest victory since the organization of the Brigade was achieved today when that splendid monument was unveiled," he declared. He expressed appreciation of the co-operation of General W. R. Hamby, and declared that the accounts had been scrupulously kept. The memorial was entirely paid for he said, and a few dollars were left in the fund.

The Hon. John H. Kirby entered the hall during the proceedings and was invited to a seat on the stand and called upon for a talk. In speaking briefly to the members of the Brigade, who feel a high degree of gratitude for his generous gift toward the erection of the monument, he begged them not to magnify his act, for he felt that had he given a larger part of his possessions to such a cause he would have done honor to himself in so doing. He said that when his long-time friend, Captain F. B. Chilton, President of Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee, came to him, he told him he would rather come in on a deficit, but to just say what he wanted him to do. He said twice, and he obeyed both times. He told of the Confederate influences in his early life, and declared that under the circumstances he could not help being a friend and helper of such an enterprise.

Resolutions were introduced thanking Captain Chilton for his successful work as President of the Monument Committee; also President Hamby and the other members of the committee—Captain W. T. Hill, Captain W. H. Gaston, Major George W. Littlefield, John H. Kirby, Governor T. M. Campbell and John G. Willacy; the city of Austin was thanked for its hospitality, as were Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and W. C. Day, Superintendent of public buildings and grounds.

Little Irene Chilton, the 14-months-old daughter of Captain F. B. Chilton, the President-elect, was voted the baby of Hood's Brigade.

The contest between Austin and Cameron for the next meeting developed some interest, and the issue seemed in doubt for a time. In each case the Mayor and City Council transmitted an invitation. Invitations to meet at Austin were extended also by Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter and John B. Hood Camp.

The officers were elected by acclamation in each case, except that of President, Captain F. B. Chilton being elected by a standing vote.

The meeting placed itself on record as favoring the proposed amendment to the State Constitution providing for the taking over of the Confederate Woman's Home by the State.

The meeting concluded with a love feast and a visit to the Woman's Home.

October 27th.

Reunion reconvened at 2:30 P. M., report of Monument Committee being first in order.

President F. B. Chilton made report as follows:

"I hold in my hand a mass of names of contributors to Monument Fund and a voluminous report from General Hamby, our Treasurer, none of which I shall read because it does not seem necessary to take up valuable time in doing so. We have had two Treasurers, Comrades W. H. Gaston and W. R. Hamby, in both of whom we have unlimited confidence, and we are sure the accounts are correct. Furthermore, we have the result in our grand monument, and as is seldom the case, it is every cent paid for, and we have a balance of $109.50 to credit of the fund. In fact, it is a big balance, since it amounts to $109.52. It is a grand showing to make, and as President of Monument Committee, I am proud of it and feel sure every comrade joins with me in thanks and gratitude over our great success.

"The list of every contributor to the Monument Fund has been carefully made out and will be found in our minutes, soon to be published. I now ask that this report be received and myself, as President of Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee, be discharged from further duty."

Report was unanimously received and President F. B. Chilton discharged amid many thanks and various resolutions.

CONTRIBUTORS TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE MONUMENT FUND.

Following is complete list of every contribution to Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Fund:

1908.

Mr. J. B. Jaqua, Houston, Texas	$ 1.00
Mrs. J. B. Beatty, Houston, Texas	5.00
Mrs. B. T. Wellborn, Somerville, Texas	5.00
Mrs. M. D. Farris, Huntsville, Texas	5.00
Capt. W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas	10.00
Randall Miller, Hearne, Texas	1.00
Irvin Brantley, Somerville, Texas	.50
Nat and Jones Wofford, Cameron, Texas	1.00
Hon. F. Chas. Hume, Houston, Texas	5.00
Mr. Jno. M. King, Cuero, Texas	5.00
Mr. A. B. Hood, Wilcox, Texas	5.00
Mr. B. F. Bullock, Rogers, Texas	5.00
Mr. Ben Hillyard, Rogers, Texas	.25
Dr. W. P. Powell, Willis, Texas	5.00
Mr. J. H. Plasters, Temple, Texas	5.00
Mrs. B. S. Fitzgerald, Houston, Texas	5.00
Mr. R. R. Stratton, Call, Texas	5.00
Mr. James Connolly, Deanville, Texas	5.00
Mr. E. K. Goree, Huntsville, Texas	25.00
Mrs. D. McCreery, Corsicana, Texas	2.00
Mr. Jno. C. Roberts, Bremond, Texas	25.00
Mrs. Jefferson Davis Hays, Colorado Springs, Colo.	25.00
Mrs. E. S. Jemison, Talladega, Ala	100.00
Mrs. Bettie McClanahan, Cold Springs, Texas	5.00
Mr. M. V. Smith, Luling, Texas	10.00
Mr. J. L. Tarkington, Tarkington Prairie, Texas	5.00
Mr. Calhoun Kearse, Weldon, Texas	5.00
Hon. C. B. Randall, M. C., Sherman, Texas	2.00
Hon. Morris Shepard, M. C., Texarkana, Texas	10.00
Mr. J. W. Trowbridge, Andersonville, S. C.	5.00
Mr. A. B. Hood, Wilcox, Texas	5.00
Mr. D. Flaniken, Talbot, Texas	5.00
Hon. James L. Slayden, M. C., San Antonio, Texas	2.00
Mr. J. W. Dallas, Brenham, Texas	5.00
Mr. H. P. Traweek, Burnet, Texas	5.00
Hon. Jno. M. Moore, M. C., Richmond, Texas	25.00
Capt. W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas	8.50
Mr. B. B. Gilmer, Houston, Texas	10.00
Mr. J. H. Stephens, Temple, Texas	5.00
Mr. P. K. Goree, Midway, Texas	5.00
Capt. J. T. Hunter, Bronte, Texas	5.00
Ike Turner Camp, U. C. V., Livingston, Texas	10.80
Mr. W. H. Mathews, Livingston, Texas	1.50
Mr. A. B. Green, Livingston, Texas	1.50
Mr. W. J. Towns, Salado, Texas	4.00
Mr. A. Miles, Atlanta, Texas	5.00
Dr. J. C. Loggins, Ennis, Texas	10.00
Hon. W. E. Barry, Navasota, Texas	10.00
Capt. W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas	6.00
Mrs. W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas	5.00
Mrs. Callie Hill, Waverly, Texas	5.00
Mrs. W. P. Powell, Willis, Texas	1.50
Mr. J. R. Blade, Athens, Texas	2.50
Dr. W. P. Powell, Willis, Texas	5.00
Mr. Frank Ezell, Jacksonville, Texas	5.00
Dr. J. C. Cox, Tyler, Texas	5.00
Mr. J. J. Hail, Corsicana, Texas	10.00
Capt. Geo. T. Todd, Jefferson, Texas	5.00
Mr. M. V. Smith, Luling, Texas	5.00
Dr. J. K. Moore, Luling, Texas	5.00
Mr. Jno. H. Drennan, Calvert, Texas	25.00
City of Calvert, Calvert, Texas	75.00
Col. R. J. Harding, Jackson, Miss.	50.00
Capt. W. H. Gaston, Dallas, Texas	100.00
Mr. R. A. Brantley, Somerville, Texas	10.00
Dr. Sam. R. Burroughs, Buffalo, Texas	50.00

Mr. L. E. Frank, Jacksonville, Texas 48.37
Mr. R. K. Felder, Chappell Hill, Texas 10.00
Mr. Hart T. Sapp, Houston, Texas 5.00
Maj. B. F. Weems, Houston, Texas 5.00
Capt. F. B. Chilton, Angleton, Texas 25.00
J. G. Willacy, Corpus Christi, Texas 200.00
Capt. W. D. Cleveland, Houston, Texas 100.00
Mr. W. N. Cameron, Coleman, Texas 5.00
Hon. E. J. Fry, Marshall, Texas 5.00
Mr. R. A. Ferris, Dallas, Texas 1.00
Col. B. B. Paddock, Ft. Worth, Texas 5.00
Mr. J. S. Rice, Houston, Texas 10.00
Mr. R. H. Hicks, Rockdale, Texas 10.00
Mr. J. H. P. Davis, Richmond, Texas 5.00
Mr. A. E. Watson, Marlin, Texas 500.00
Col. John D. Rogers, Galveston, Texas 100.00
Hon. E. A. Blount, San Augustine, Texas 5.00
Mr. J. T. Reeves, Caldwell, Texas 5.00
Col. W. S. Davidson, Beaumont, Texas 10.00
Judge J. B. Polley, Floresville, Texas 25.00
The Sul Ross Camp, U. C. V., Denton, Texas 2.50
Mr. J. W. Sneed, Rosebud, Texas 25.00
The Hood's Brigade Chapter, U. D. C., Somerville, Texas 10.00

1909.

Messrs. Carson, Sewall & Co., Houston, Texas 100.00
Capt. W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas 35.50
Hon. J. W. Bailey, Gainesville, Texas 25.00
Mr. E. B. Cocke, San Antonio, Texas 10.00
Capt. J. C. Hutcheson, Houston, Texas 100.00
Judge R. S. Lovett, Houston, Texas 25.00
Mr. Ed Buckley, Eagle Pass, Texas 25.00
Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Texas 5.00
Capt. B. Eldridge, Brenham, Texas 25.00
Capt. W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas 15.50
Senator C. A. Culberson, Dallas, Texas 25.00
Hon. T. S. Henderson, Cameron, Texas 5.00
Capt. T. C. Buffington, Anderson, Texas 50.00
Mr. E. R. Crockett, Austin, Texas 5.00
Miss Lucy Brown, Ft. Worth, Texas 5.00
Judge John C. West, Waco, Texas 10.00
Mr. J. W. Dallas, Brenham, Texas 5.00
Mrs. Julia Bush, Huntsville, Texas 10.00
Mr. R. W. Brahan, Huntsville, Texas 5.00
Cash .75
Mr. James Sharp 1.00
Mr. R. M. Simmons 1.00
Mr. M. D. Kelley 2.00
Mr. J. N. Walling, Corsicana, Texas 5.00
Mr. J. C. Alford 2.00
Col. R. J. Harding, Jackson, Miss 20.00
Capt. J. T. Hunter, Huntsville, Texas 20.00
Mrs. Walker, Marshall, Texas 5.00
Mr. J. J. Evans 5.00
Mr. J. J. Hale, Streetman, Texas 20.00
Mr. J. A. Bolton 2.50
Capt. W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas 10.00
Dr. Sam R. Burroughs, Buffalo, Texas 25.00
Gov. Joseph D. Sayers, Austin, Texas 20.00
Hon. W. L. Derden, Corsicana, Texas 25.00
Mr. J. W. Trowbridge, Anderson, S. C. 10.00
Miss M. D. Wallingford, Joseph, Texas 5.00
Mr. M. V. Smith, Luling, Texas 100.00
The R. S. Gould Camp, U. C. V., Leona, Texas 10.60
Mrs. J. A. Moore, Goliad, Texas 1.00
Mrs. Gertrude Curtright, Cusseta, Texas 1.00
Mrs. J. B. Battey, San Antonio, Texas 1.00
Judge Beauregard Bryan, El Paso, Texas 5.00
Dr. Campbell Wood, Cherokee, Texas 2.00
Capt. W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas 5.00
Judge T. W. Ford, Houston, Texas 5.00
Mr. J. C. Hill, Maynard, Texas 25.00
Mr. J. E. Landes, Chappell Hill, Texas 5.00
Dr. S. O. Young, Galveston, Texas 25.00
Miss Doris Young, Galveston, Texas 25.00
Judge J. B. Polley, Floresville, Texas 10.00
Mr. Ed W. Roberts, Bremond, Texas 10.00
Mr. Ed W. Roberts, Bremond, Texas 10.00
Mr. W. A. Florence, Marietta, Ga 25.00
Mr. J. A. Bradfield, Dallas, Texas 5.00
Capt. E. K. Goree, Huntsville, Texas 250.00
Col. C. C. Hemming, Colorado Springs, Col. 5.00
Col. James Garrity, Corsicana, Texas 10.00
Capt. Sloan Simpson, Dallas, Texas 2.00
Mr. J. W. Trowbridge, Anderson, S. C. 1.00
Hon. E. J. Fry, Marshall, Texas 5.00
Mr. John M. Loggins, Waxahachie, Texas 5.00
Col. J. S. Rice, Houston, Texas 25.00
Citizens of Anderson, Texas, through Mrs. B. B Throope 14.50
Citizens of Livingston, Texas, through Mr. J. N. Alexander 18.00
Citizens of Coleman, Texas, through Mrs. Dunman 2.50
Citizens of Meridian, Texas, through Mr. A. F. Fossett 2.50

Citizens of Ennis, Texas, through Miss Katie Daffan	50.00
Citizens of Brenham, Texas, through Mr. J. B. Williams	64.05
Citizens of Navasota, Texas, through Mrs. W. S. Craig	35.33
Citizens of Oakwood, Texas, through Mrs. Carrie Mayer	5.25
Citizens of Calvert, Texas, through Mrs. Harry Field	121.95
Citizens of Wills Point, Texas, through Mrs. Meredith	40.00
Citizens of Bonham, Texas, through Mr. A. F. Wiggs	18.50
Citizens of Beaumont, Texas, through Mrs. Hal W. Greer	100.00
Mrs. C. B. Stone, Galveston, Texas	5.00
Hood's Brigade Chapter, Somerville, Texas, through Mrs. Wellborn	25.00
Mr. J. B. Currier, Paint Rock, Texas	10.00
Citizens of Corsicana, Texas, through Mrs. Ransom	33.80
Citizens of Chappell Hill, Texas, through Mrs. J. B. Williams	5.50
Hood's Brigade, Jr., Houston, Texas, through Mrs. M. E. Bryan	150.00
The Citizens of Galveston, Texas, through Mrs. C. H. Bader	100.00
Mrs. Ida E. Lampkin, Meridian, Tex.	2.50
The Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Lampasas, Texas	1.00
Calvert, Texas, through Mrs. Harry Field	5.00
Citizens of Jonah, Texas, through Mrs. T. C. Palmer	1.60
The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Austin, Texas, through Mrs. J. D. Roberdeau	100.00
The W. P. Rodgers Chapter, Victoria, Texas, through Mrs. Wheeler	30.00
The Buschel Chapter, U. D. C., Fredericksburg, Texas, through Mrs. Amelia Riley	5.00
The Marshall Chapter, U. D. C., through Mrs. M. T. Huetsill	5.00
The T. N. Waul Chapter, U. D. C., Hearne, Texas, through Mrs. T. C. Westbrook	25.00
Lone Star Chapter, U. D. C., San Marcos, Texas, through Mrs. A. L. Davis	5.00
Mr. W. E. Richard, Houston, Texas	20.00
Mrs. D. A. Nunn, Crockett, Texas	10.00
The Gertrude Curtright Chapter, U. D. C., Atlanta, Texas	12.15

1910.

Col. D. A. Nunn, Crockett, Texas	$ 10.00
Mr. C. L. Edmiston, Crockett, Texas	1.00
Mr. G. B. Lundy, Crockett, Texas	5.00
Mr. A. H. Wooters, Crockett, Texas	10.00
Judge E. Winfrey, Crockett, Texas	5.00
Mr. J. E. Downs, Crockett, Texas	5.00
Mr. J. S. Wooters, Crockett, Texas	5.00
Captain W. B. Wall, Crockett, Texas	10.00
Gen. A. S. Roberts, Austin, Texas	10.00
Mr. John W. Gee, Bryan, Texas	2.00
Mr. I. N. Parker, Trinity, Texas	10.00
Mr. J. P. Smith, Gibtown, Texas	1.00
Mr. A. N. Hinson, Gatesville, Texas	3.00
Mr. A. B. Hood, Somerville, Texas	1.00
Mr. D. Flaniken, Talbert, Texas	5.00
Mr. Calvin Goodlow, San Antonio, Texas	1.00
Mr. Edward Buckley, Eagle Pass, Tex.	10.00
Mr. W. W. Polk, Austin, Texas	5.00
Mr. R. D. Blackshear, Navasota, Texas	10.00
Mr. H. P. Traweek, Burnet, Texas	5.00
Mr. H. N. Key, Lampasas, Texas	25.00
General K. M. Van Zandt, Ft. Worth, Texas	25.00
Mr. Milton Livingston, Lockney, Texas	5.00
Captain Ed Duggan, San Angelo, Tex.	10.00
Mr. Louis Coleman, Houston, Texas	2.50
Dr. William Schadt, Galveston, Tex.	5.00
Dr. Edward Shackelford, Prattville, Ala.	1.00
Mrs. E. P. Smith, Austin, Texas	5.00
Mr. J. R. Glaze, Linden, Texas	1.00
Hon. Geo. F. Burgess, Gonzales, Tex.	5.00
Hon. A. S. Burleson, Austin, Texas	10.00
Hon. Rufus Hardy, Corsicana, Texas	5.00
Mr. B. Y. Milam and wife, Palestine, Texas	1.00
Mr. R. T. Wilson, Singleton, Texas	2.00
Mr. A. H. Carter, Columbus, Texas	5.00
Mr. E. H. Astin, Bryan, Texas	50.00
Major George W. Littlefield, Austin, Texas	1,000.00
Hon. John H. Kirby, Houston, Tex.	5,000.00
Mr. J. W. Deane, Blum, Texas	5.00
Mr. Geo. M. Roberdeau, Austin, Texas	5.00
Mr. R. F. Wren, Amarillo, Texas	2.00
Mrs. J. R. Turnbull, Orange, Texas	1.00
Mrs. S. C. Watters, Lake Charles, La.	2.00
Mr. Nicholas Pomeroy, County Cork, Ireland	10.23
Gov. Geo. T. Jester, Corsicana, Texas	25.00
Citizens of Lampasas, Texas, through Mrs. R. S. Mills	10.00
Mrs. W. A. Watson, Thornton, Texas	5.00
Mrs. R. L. Dunman, Brownwood, Tex.	5.00
Mr. W. F. Watson, Dallas, Texas	5.00
Mr. Jno. C. West, Waco, Texas	5.00
Gov. Thos. M. Campbell, Austin, Tex.	100.00
Hon. A. W. Gregg, Palestine, Texas	25.00
Hon. James B. Scargent, Orange, Tex.	15.00
Mr. William E. Astin, Hearne, Texas	10.00

Mr. W. T. White, Lake Charles, La	2.00
Mr. N. B. Moser, Milam, Texas	1.00
Mr. John W. Campbell, Knox City, Texas	2.00
Captain W. J. Towne, Salado, Texas	1.50
Mr. J. B. Lott, Navasota, Texas	5.00
Wm. R. Hamby, Austin, Texas	100.00
W. J. Watts, Palestine, Texas	5.00
Robert Hasson	1.00
Willis J. Landrum, Montgomery, Tex.	1.00
Total collected for monument	$10,776.13
Monument and incidental expenses	10,666.61
Balance Cash on Hand	$ 109.52

Secretary of Association was ordered to publish minutes of Association in reunion at Austin, and dedication of monument, in book form as soon as possible, and President was authorized to use monument balance to pay for same. Resolution to that effect being offered and unanimously passed.

RESOLUTIONS.

Following resolution by Dr. Sam R. Burroughs was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We have this day witnessed the consummation of that desire which has been aglow in our hearts for a period of more than two score years in the unveiling of a grand and beautiful monument to perpetuate the honor, character and military achievements of Hood's Texas Brigade; and,

WHEREAS, The building of such a structure demands intellectual ability, much labor, time, patience and money; and,

WHEREAS, Our Monument Committee has fully and satisfactorily demonstrated its superior ability in the completion of the great and important work assigned it; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That Hood's Texas Brigade Association tender to each and every member of said Committee its most sincere and profound thanks and heart-felt gratitude for the valuable and most distinguished services rendered; and be it further

RESOLVED, That in as much as the initiatory steps taken in this great work were boldly and persistently made by our most worthy comrade, Frank B. Chilton, President of Committee, and through his effective influence grew into a brilliant success, that this Association tender him a special vote of thanks for his untiring efforts in the great work he has so grandly accomplished.

SAM R. BURROUGHS.

Following resolution, offered by Capt. Geo. T. Todd, was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The great and noble undertaking of erecting a monument to the memory of Hood's Texas Brigade, with many historic inscriptions, which have aided in embalming and immortalizing its deeds of bravery on 24 fields of battle, as named on the monument, demands of us recognition and never-dying thanks; therefore,

RESOLVED, That the names of said Committee, to-wit: Comrades Frank B. Chilton, 4th Texas, President; William R. Hamby, 4th Texas; W. H. Gaston, 1st Texas; and W. T. Hill, 5th Texas, together with Geo. W. Littlefield, John H. Kirby, Thos. M. Campbell and J. G. Willacy, be inscribed upon a full page of our Records, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of them and their families, in token of our grateful appreciation of their successful work in the erection on the capitol grounds at Austin of the monument to Hood's Texas Brigade.

RESOLVED, FURTHER, That in the appellation as "Texas Brigade" we only use its historic name, given on account of the First, Fourth and Fifth Regiments of Texas Infantry, and we do not exclude the equally gallant commands of the Hampton Legion of S. C., the Eighteenth Georgia, and the Third Arkansas Regiments, and Riley's Battery, which were and are parts of Hood's Texas Brigade.

GEO. T. TODD,

For 2 1-2 years Capt. Co. A, First Texas Regt.

Following the report of Comrade J. B. Polley as to his history of Hood's Texas Brigade, Comrade J. C. Loggins offered following resolution, adoption of which was moved by Comrade F. B. Chilton, same being duly seconded was unanimously adopted:—

Austin, Texas, Oct. 27, 1910.

WHEREAS, At the 36th reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, held at Navasota, J. B. Polley, of Company F, Fourth Texas, was chosen as historian and authorized to write the history of Hood's Texas Brigade; and,

WHEREAS, J. B. Polley having performed the task assigned him in creditable manner, and the history, we consider, as fair and just to each Regiment and as complete a record of the achievements of Hood's Texas Brigade as could be given in the space of one volume; therefore be it—

RESOLVED, That the history receive the endorsement of Hood's Texas Brigade Association and its members recommended to procure a copy

of said history that their descendants may learn what Texans have achieved.

Resolved, Further, That the thanks of Hood's Texas Brigade Association are due J. B. Polley for the able manner in which he has performed the service assigned him.

Capt. Chilton had subscribed for ten copies of history for his own family and had secured subscriptions for sixty-five additional, making a total of seventy-five, and thought every comrade ought to secure at least one copy.

Resolution offered by Dr. J. C. Loggins and adopted by Hood's Texas Brigade Association at Austin, Texas, October 28, 1910:—

Whereas, The conditions of the Confederate Home and its inmates are improved, under the superintendency of Col. R. M. Wynne, over what they have been in the past, and the spirit of satisfaction and contentment among the inmates such as to be gratifying indeed to all of us; and,

Whereas, We believe this is due very largely to the intelligent efforts of Col. Wynne to make the Home just what it was originally intended to be—a comfortable home for the needy and dependent homeless Confederates; and,

Whereas, Colonel Wynne has done that to our satisfaction, his superior ability as a superintendent to the Confederate Home, and his special fitness for the discharge of the duties of that institution to the satisfaction of those old men who are the inmates of the Home; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Hood's Brigade Association, that we must cheerfully endorse Col. R. M. Wynne for reappointment, and very earnestly ask Governor O. B. Colquitt to keep Col. Wynne as superintendent for the Home again, because we believe he is pre-eminently the man to make the Home meet in its every detail the purpose for which the Home is maintained, and the one who will, in his peculiar fitness for the duties of that office, contribute most to the happiness and comfort of the old men in whom we all feel an affectionate interest.

Comrade E. K. Goree offered following resolution, making Irene Chilton, 14 months old, daughter of Capt. F. B. Chilton, "Baby of Hood's Texas Brigade," which was followed by resolution of Capt. J. T. Hunter, and after receiving many seconds, Miss Irene Chilton was unanimously so named, "Baby of Hood's Texas Brigade," amid much enthusiasm and pleasantry:—

Mr. President and Comrades: Speaking of Babies—now, I am an old bachelor, so there is nothing like that in my family. I stopped in Houston Monday night with Comrade Frank B. Chilton, and he introduced me to his baby daughter, Miss Irene Chilton, a beautiful little girl. She looks just like her father—only she's pretty! Just 14 months old and she is a perfect wonder of brightness. Now, I move that this little Irene Chilton be named the "Baby of Hood's Texas Brigade," and if there is any one now claiming that appellation then I move that she be called the "Babiest Baby of the Brigade.'

E. K. Goree.

Resolution of Captain J. T. Hunter, Commander Company H, Fourth Texas Regt., Hood's Texas Brigade:—

Comrades: It has been my good fortune to know Miss Irene Chilton, a sweet lovely young lady of 14 months, and just beginning to lisp the name "daddy." I also have the pleasure of knowing her mother, an accomplished patriotic Texas lady, and when I say Texas lady I mean she is in a class with the most lovely women on this earth (to my way of thinking). As to the father, what I have to say of him—is what I know—he is one of our most loved and useful comrades, and the one that has proven Hood's Texas Brigade's best friend. I know him as a soldier; he was a private in my company in Virginia and was at all times truly a brave soldier and both ready and steadfast wherever placed, and doing well every duty he was called on to perform. But it took a man with his devotion to our cause, his patriotism, his brains and executive ability to have raised the large amount of money and erected the great monument we this morning dedicated. Achieving it all in two years by private subscriptions is a feat that yet looks inexplicable—is something no one else could have done and which no one else can ever duplicate.

This wonderful feat of Frank Chilton is no surprise to those who know him well—since the word "failure" is not in his dictionary or attached to any acts of his life. Frank Chilton is fully competent to do almost anything he undertakes. He has also given to the old Brigade a baby of which they may well be proud, as they surely will be of so beautiful a little comrade and charming child as Miss Irene. Consequently, I most heartily endorse Comrade Goree's motion, knowing as I do, that being brought up in a home that is a miniature Confederate museum, and taught by such Texas parents as hers are, she will be a true Rebel and love Hood's Texas Brigade as her fond parents certainly do. Therefore, it is with no ordinary pleasure I second Comrade Goree and join him in asking that Irene Chilton be

HOOD'S BRIGADE BABY

IRENE CHILTON

Daughter of Captain F. B. Chilton, president of Hood's Texas Brigade association. The baby was duly christened "Baby of the Brigade" at the reunion held in Austin October 26 and 27, 1910. She is fourteen months old

made by unanimous vote the "Baby of Hood's Texas Brigade." J. T. HUNTER,

Capt. Co. H, Fourth Texas Regt.
Hood's Texas Brigade.

Many resolutions were offered giving unstinted praise to Captain F. B. Chilton for the erection of the monument, amid which General Wm. R. Hamby made a splendid talk, wherein he demanded that distinctive credit be given to Comrade Chilton as he alone deserved entire credit for building the monument, that it was his fight and his victory. Comrade Chilton obtained a hearing and emphatically disclaimed all the credit. He said no victory of Hood's Texas Brigade had ever yet been chronicled where one man did all the fighting, and since in the erection of that monument to the memory of nearly 4,000 dead heroes Hood's Texas Brigade had achieved one of its greatest victories he did not wish to stand alone in the news of the battle—that all his comrades had stood nobly by him and there was honor a-plenty in having led so forlorn a hope to speedy and glorious victory—therefore he wished no higher guerdon than the confidence of his comrades and a sense of having tried to do his full duty. That without Hood's Texas Brigade to build a monument to, without their dead and their deeds to commemorate, and without the few survivors to lean on, and their presence in the flesh to urge him on—no monument could have been built and dedicated as it has been today. Comrade Chilton read following excerpt from letter of Brigade Historian Gen. J. B. Polley, under date of March 27th, 1909, and said he would have what Comrade Polley said of him engraved on glass and buried with him—and that he accepted it as if coming from all his comrades—and he wanted no higher testimonial to live or die by. General Polley wrote:—

"I give you credit for history, for Company rolls and monument. But for you we old fellows would have dreamed on and never awoke to a sense of the situation, and would have finally died, 'unhonored, unsung,' and perhaps 'unwept.' As it is, we will leave to posterity a correct list of our names, a fairly accurate account of our deeds, and a monument to our dead that will be a constant reminder of coming generations that their fathers dared to fight and die for Right—not simply Right as they saw it, but Right as it was and yet is."

Following invitation from Mrs. O. B. Colquitt was read, received and responded to. Mrs. Colquitt received many thanks for her special efforts at both comfort and entertainment of Association, and especially for her able assistance in matter of beautiful flag decorations for monument unveiling:—

Austin, October 26, 1910.

General W. R. Hamby,
President Hood's Texas Brigade.
CAPITOL.

Dear Sir: Visitors attending the reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade are most cordially invited to visit the Confederate Woman's Home on tomorrow afternoon, 4 to 6 p. m.

The ladies having charge of the management of the Home are anxious to have the survivors of Hood's Brigade visit the old ladies and witness the good work being done. This is especially desirable because the constitutional amendment, providing for the support of the Home by the State, will be voted on in the general election next month.

The ladies will serve refreshments.

Very respectfully,
MRS. O. B. COLQUITT,
Chairman Board of Managers,
Confederate Woman's Home.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Time having arrived for election of officers for ensuing year. Rev. J. W. Stevens offered following resolution as covering his nomination:

That Comrade F. B. Chilton be declared our choice for President of Hood's Texas Brigade Association; that all nominations be closed and that he be unanimously elected by a rising vote. After many enthusiastic seconds the Association rose to its feet in endorsement of the resolution and F. B. Chilton's election.

Upon election of Comrade Chilton as President General Hamby vacated the chair and offered the gavel to the new President, but by request of Comrade Chilton, General Hamby retained the chair throughout the balance of reunion. General Hamby at the same time turned over to the new President the beautiful Wilson loving cup, which by custom remains in custody of the presidents of the Association.

In relation to which President Chilton offered the following resolution:

Whereas, our loving cup, presented to us by the son of a comrade, in honor of his father, is to be passed from hand to hand; therefore, it is ordered by the Association that same be turned over to E. K. Goree, life Secretary of the Association, to be safely kept and cared for by him.

Resolution was unanimously adopted and President Chilton turned the loving cup over to Secretary Goree.

There being repeated calls for Comrade Chilton, he came to the front, accepted the position of President, speaking partly as follows:

"My comrades, I rise to attempt an explanation of the position your present action has placed me in. The usual stereotyped speech of acceptance of so great an honor, that has been indulged for years by those who have been so favored, fails my situation at this moment. They could truthfully and easily assert that it was the highest honor that could be paid them in life and thank you in best words at their command for the unmistakable evidence of your regard and confidence.

"However, with me it is very different. I am reminded that in those times when the blessed Christian religion had not yet become "the light of the world" and when our glorious Savior was soon to depart from this world, and it was urgently necessary that the fold be strengthened, men enlightened, and all things possible done whereby the future might be assured for God's Kingdom, and evidence of His glorious son's stay on earth, left in the minds of many that his words and deeds should not perish. He sent His trusted John to preach the word and spread the Gospel that the truth might live.

"Even so three years ago—not today—you paid me the greatest and highest honor it was in your power to bestow, when you said to me: 'Go ye out into the world and tell them what constancy, devotion and bravery marked the every step of our dead comrades from life here to glory beyond. Build in all you come in contact with a knowledge of the cause and principles for which they died and convert them to honoring our dead even to the erecting of a great stone that all may journey to see and in reading of their deeds have love and remembrance for those who dared to even die for principle and the right.'

"The trust you confided to me then was your most precious. The confidence you then manifested in me was your greatest. The hope you pinned to me was your dearest. The honor you so unanimously conferred was the highest you could bestow.

"I accepted the trust and hugging my 'forlorn hope' to my heart and bosom, I went out to 'do or die.' No wind or weather damped my ardor; no discouragement affected my spirits; no setback or drawback shook my determination to succeed until at last I was able to cry 'Eureka, Eureka!'

"The most eventful demonstration in grand old Texas was enacted on these Capitol grounds today. Let what we witnessed speak as to how I have succeeded, and let our stately monument be silent evidence as to how your servant has obeyed your will.

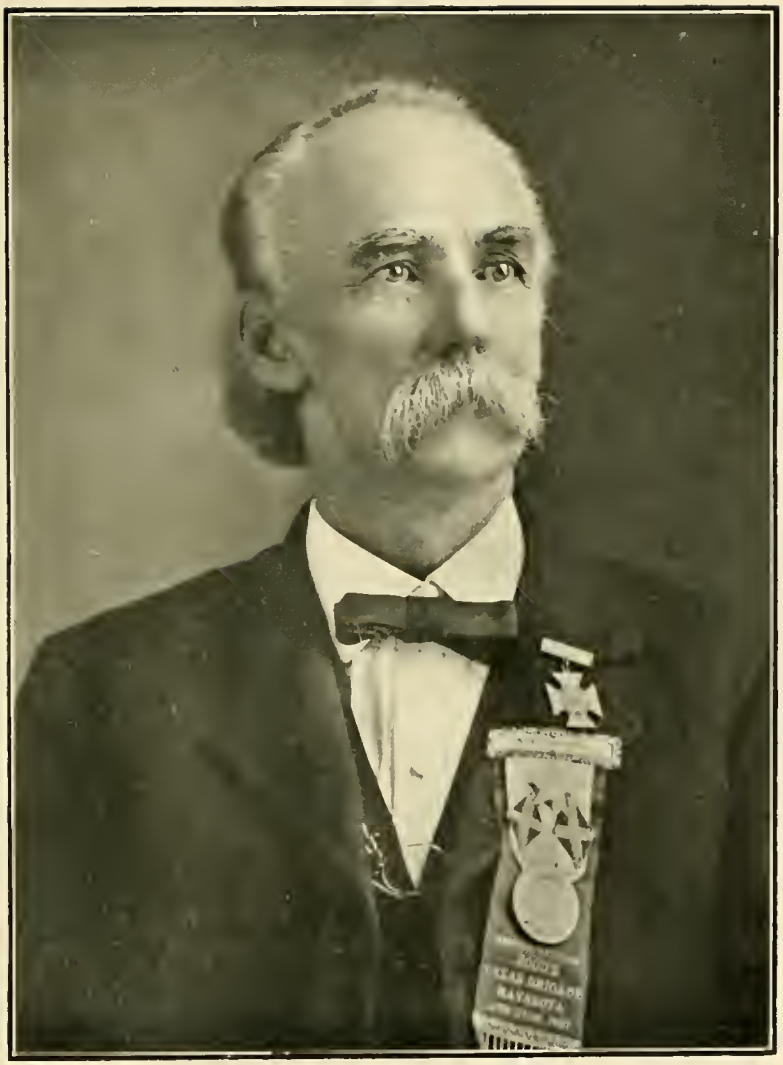
"Again, when by many resolutions this day passed, Association of my comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade have so unanimously endorsed myself and all I did by saying in voice, deed and action, 'well done, thou good and faithful servant,' it did seem that my cup of honors was surely full. However, since you have seen fit to follow it up with this added testimonial of your confidence, I accept it too, in the spirit it is offered.

"Down in South Texas there is a wife and children who will not be glad to hear I have accepted further honors from Hood's Texas Brigade. That wife forbade it when I started for Austin with these words: 'You have worked yourself to death for history rolls and monument for three years; all are a success and you need rest; do not accept further burdens—unless you want to build your own monument.' That wife is bound up in Hood's Brigade and even my little children dream of it and its triumphs.

"Being President of the Association means work to me, as our obligations to our dead comrades and the cause we so loved does not end with our completed rolls, monument and history. There is a demand on every moment we have left and I, at least, shall still try to prove my convictions by my deeds.

"None of that history that will be so precious to the coming historian has yet been written. All those personal recollections that must die with the individual, must be told now by each one of you or forever be lost to the future. Therefore, I plead with every one of you to be alive every moment of time you have left. I have a large collection of data that is kept carefully added to, so that the future historian may have it all as to Hood's Texas Brigade.

"Now I want every comrade to think up and write out and send me every worthy recollection he can command as to every event of the war that came under his observation. Nothing is too trivial. I will preserve it and the historian can glean. Impress it on your minds that every comrade must be at Cameron, and all must surely be alive to the fact that we must keep our Association alive as long as there is a single comrade left, and that in meantime we must be properly educating some of our descendants to take our places in protecting the honor and memory of the brigade. I accept this last great honor of being your President, not with fear or trepidation, nor in any sense that it is greater than I can wear; but, to the contrary, I ask you one and all to try and follow where I lead. I am determined to succeed in all that pertains to the honor and well-being of the living and dead of Hood's Texas Brigade; and do each of you take the same pledge."



CAPTAIN FRANK B. CHILTON, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Company H., Fourth Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.
President Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee. President
Hood's Texas Brigade Association

General William R. Hamby, Captains W. T. Hill and W. H. Gaston were elected Vice-Presidents. E. K. Goree, being Secretary for life, stated he wished his office could be passed around and received the assurance (he is a bachelor) that it might be when he got married.

Rev. J. H. Stevens was re-elected Chaplain, and Dr. L. D. Hill, Surgeon, for life.

Dr. L. D. Hill requested that he be issued a certificate showing his election as Association Surgeon for life, as he wishes to frame and hang it where he could see it every day. Certificate was ordered issued.

Nomination of place at which to hold 40th reunion, June 28th and 29th, 1911, being in order, Austin and Cameron, Texas, were placed in nomination and strong speeches made in support of each. Both places had gilt-edge invitations, but that of Cameron went further than mere official features, and bore the signatures of a majority of her best people, in every line, who guaranteed the old-time hospitality that Hood's Texas Brigade has received in so many Texas towns. It was further strengthened by the statement of W. A. Naburs that "no member of Hood's Texas Brigade would have to go down in his pocket for a cent while in reunion at Cameron, but would be taken care of and given the best to be had," and it was soon seen that Cameron had won with the Association, so much so that Austin was withdrawn, and it asked that Cameron be made unanimous, which was done with much satisfaction. Notable with Cameron's invitation was a letter from Thomas A. Pope, both of which were as follows:

LETTER OF THOS. A. POPE.

Cameron, Texas,
October 26, 1910.

Commander Hood's Brigade,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Old Johnny:

For nearly four years I was a target for your old Enfields. Almost before the smoke of battle cleared away I came to Texas and for forty years the best friends I have had were the old Confederates. They have always treated me like a comrade and I have found them to be always men good and true. The only trouble I ever had in the South was with the men who stayed at home and fought their battles after you laid down your arms with the immortal Lee. When your Confederate Home was first established at Austin, the Post of the Grand Army, by a unanimous vote, gave the entire contents of our treasury, amounting, I think, to $28.00, to the Home. I mention this to show the feeling of the old Yankees here.

Now, on behalf of my comrades, I most heartily invite you to hold your next reunion at Cameron, Texas. I would like to swap stories with you. Ask "Billy" Naburs or Tom Bigbee about me and the other Yanks. I am sure that every soul in Cameron will make you welcome.

Come and be with us once more before taps are sounded and we cross over the river to rest in the shade with Stonewall.

Most sincerely yours,

THOMAS A. POPE,
Co. B, 46th Indiana, Veteran Vol. Infantry.

Cameron, Texas, October 26, 1910.

To the Officers and Members of Hood's Texas Brigade, in Reunion Assembled at Austin, Texas:

Sirs—In you we recognize the survival of as gallant soldiers as ever lost or won. The splendid record of your valor and fortitude at Gaines' Mill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg and the Wilderness, and on a dozen other fields, will never cease to inspire those who respect true courage and fidelity. With deep interest in that record and profound reverence for the cause for which you fought, we are impressed that one of your annual reunions assembled in our community would afford our entire citizenship a source of supreme satisfaction.

Therefore, we, the Mayor and members of the City Council, and the undersigned citizens of Cameron, do hereby proffer our fullest hospitality and extend to you a most cordial invitation to assemble in our city for your next annual reunion.

BEN STRUM, Mayor.

J. C. Joseph, Alderman.
J. L. Clinton, Alderman.
F. C. Mondrik, Alderman.
W. H. Triggs, Alderman.
U. S. Hearrell, Alderman
Jeff. T. Kemp, County Clerk.
W. C. Ross, Farmer.
B. J. Baskin, Merchant.
D. Monroe, M. D.
H. F. Smith, Banker
T. G. Sampson, Banker.
J. B. Wolf, Ex-Mayor.
Cameron State Bank, by T. F. Hardy, Pres't.
Geo. A. Thomas & Sons, Druggists.
J. C. Reese, Druggist.
A. N. Green, Merchant.

First National Bank, H. M. Hefley, Cashier.
J. E. Watts, Superintendent City Schools
Cheeves Bros., Dry Goods.
New Cameron Drug Co..
John L. Denson, M. D.
T. J. Denson, M. D.
T. S. Henderson, Lawyer.
J. W. Garner, Lawyer.
W. G. Gillis, Lawyer.
J. E. Holtzdam, Sheriff.
R. S. Porter, Merchant.
J. Dobbins, Merchant.
Giles L. Avriett, District Clerk.
R .S. Wiley, Tax Assessor.
M. G. Cox, Lawyer.
R. Lyles, Attorney.

Following invitations were from Mayor of Austin, President of U. D. C. and Commander of John B. Hood Camp.

Austin, Texas, October 26, 1910.

To the John B. Hood Brigade Association, Austin:

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter U. D. C. most cordially invites you to hold the reunion of 1911 in Austin, and will do all in our power to make it a pleasant occasion for the heroes of many battles, whom we love, honor and revere.

Very sincerely,

MRS. W. T. WROE,

President Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter 105, U. D. C.

Austin, Texas, Oct. 26, 1910.

To the Honorable President and the Members of the John B. Hood Brigade Association of Texas, now in session at Austin, Texas:

Gentlemen—By authority of a resolution passed by the City Council of this city, I have especial pride, honor and pleasure in inviting you, in behalf of the citizens of Austin, to hold your annual reunion for the year 1911 in this city.

Austin will esteem it an especial pleasure to entertain you at your next annual convention.

Respectfully,

A. P. WOOLDRIDGE, Mayor.

Austin, Texas, Oct. 26, 1910.

To the Honorable President and Members of Hood's Brigade Association of Texas, now in session at Austin, Texas:

Gentlemen—By authority as Commander of the John B. Hood Camp, Confederate Veterans, I have special pride and pleasure in inviting you in behalf of the Camp, the Confederate Veterans and citizens of Austin, to hold your next annual reunion in this city.

Respectfully,

AL. MUSGROVE,
Commander John B. Hood Camp, Confederate Veterans.

W. M. GIBBEN,
Adjutant.

Invitation from Cameron unanimously accepted by the Association.

Following resolution was passed unanimously:

Our sincere thanks are hereby tendered Captain Day of Austin for his untiring efforts in behalf of every interest of the reunion. Particularly to Mrs. W. T. Wroe, as President, and to all daughters of A. S. Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., are our thanks and gratitude due for all they did to make the reunion and monument dedication a most perfect success. Mrs. Wroe being present at all our sessions and untiring as to every detail conducive to a perfect reunion.

Last resolution offered was that each and every member place upon his heart the great necessity for the adoption of the proposed amendment to the State Constitution, whereby the taking over of the Confederate Women's Home by the State is provided for, and by speeches and other demonstrations they pledged themselves and their influence for the resolution.

Closing feature of the reunion was a splendid recitation by Miss Sarah Maude Cox, of Tyler.

After hand-shakings and many demonstrations of comradeship, taps were sounded, in the hearts of many, who will possibly meet no more in earthly reunion, and the 39th reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade adjourned to meet at Cameron, Texas, June 28 and 29th, 1911.

Approved:— W. R. HAMBY,
President Hood's Texas Brigade Association.

Attest:—
E. K. GOREE, Secretary.

E. K. GOREE, HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS

Company H., Fifth Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. A Soldier Brave and True. Ex-President Hood's Texas Brigade Association. Secretary and Treasurer for Life

ADDENDA

CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

General Grant is reported to have said: "No matter what the opportunities of the Democratic party—it is sure to destroy them before the day of reckoning."

Can it be said that the party has yet profited through the lapse of half a century?

Fifty years have passed since that historic ante bellum election on November 4th, 1860, that made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States.

One wing of the Democratic party nominated Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois for President and Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia, for Vice President.

Another wing of the same party nominated Jno. C. Breckenridge of Kentucky for President, and General Joseph Lane of Oregon for Vice President.

Another wing of the same party, calling themselves "Conservative Americans," nominated John Bell of Tennessee, for President, and Edward Everett of Massachusetts, for Vice President.

The party of the agitators, calling themselves "Republicans," nominated Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, for President, and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, for Vice President.

Thus it will be seen that notwithstanding the awful gravity of the situation, the South put out three tickets against one.

The Electoral College returned votes as follows:

180 for Lincoln and Hamlin.
72 for Breckenridge and Lane.
39 for Bell and Everett.
12 for Douglas and Johnson.

By a plurality count of the popular vote, Mr. Lincoln carried 18 States; Mr. Breckenridge, 11; Mr. Bell, 3, and Mr. Douglas but 1.

The eighteen States carried by Mr. Lincoln were every one north of what is known as "Mason and Dixon's Line," which proved that the election was entirely sectional and that the Agitators thereby declared their intention to continue their breach of faith towards the Southern States with a tendency to a centralization of government as rendered their longer continuation in the Federal Union perilous to their rights, security and safety.

The popular vote cast for Mr. Lincoln in the aggregate amounted to 1,857,610; while the aggregate vote cast against him (divided between the three other candidates), amounted to 2,804,560. This shows how different the result would have been if the South and its friends had united on one ticket.

Even as it was, Mr. Douglas carried on the plurality count, but one State, Missouri, yet of the aggregate popular vote, he carried 1,365,976.

The eighteen States that voted for Mr. Lincoln, under the plurality count of the popular vote, were: Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota and Oregon.

The eleven that voted for Mr. Breckenridge, were: Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida and Texas.

The three that voted for Mr. Bell, were: Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln did not receive the popular vote in but sixteen of the thirty-three States then constituting the Union; so he had been constitutionally elected, without having received a majority of the popular vote of the States or of the people.

When the unfortunate result of the election was known, the people generally of the Southern States, without respect to past party affiliations, were thrown into the most intense state of excitement. Conventions were called in several of them to take action as to their future safety.

South Carolina did not wait for the co-operation of her sister Southern States; she took the lead in the call for a separate State Convention, and on the 20th day of December, 1860, her convention being in session, passed the Ordinance of Secession. It was styled:

"An ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact, entitled "The Constitution of the United States of America," and declared, "That the ordinance adopted by us in convention, on the 23rd day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying Amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed; and the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved."

Immediately on passing her "Ordinance of Secession," South Carolina invited all her Southern sister States who might secede, to join her in sending delegates to a Congress to be assembled in Montgomery, Alabama, on the 4th day of February, 1861.

Up to the date of assembling of the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, there were seven seceding States, each of whom had passed the "Ordinance of Secession," namely: Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Texas.

All of the senators and members in the Federal Congress of each of the seceding States resigned their positions as soon as they were informed of the actions of their respective States—except one Bouligney of Louisiana. He held his seat until the expiration of his term.

The seven seceding States sent to the Congress at Montgomery delegates equal in number to their senators and representatives in the Congress of the United States.

On the same day the South's Congress met in Montgomery, Ala., there was assembled a pretended "Peace Congress" at Washington, to which the States of the South had sent many prominent men, only to return—more convinced than ever that every tie had been dissolved that bound the Union together.

Representation of Texas at Montgomery Congress was as follows, of her best men:

Thomas M. Ward.
Williamson S. Oldham.
John Gregg.
John H. Reagan.
W. B. Ochiltree.
John Hemphill.
Louis T. Wigfall.

The other seceding States also sent their ablest statesmen.

Alexander H. Stephens, in speaking of the body, said:

"I never was associated with an abler body of men and taking it collectively, it had no superior. There was no one in it who, in ability, was not above the average of the members of the House of Representatives of any one of the sixteen Congresses I had been in at Washington; while there were several who might be justly ranked, for intellectual vigor, as well as acumen of thought and oratorical powers, among the first men of the continent at that time. They were not such men as revolutions or civil commotions usually bring to the surface. They were men of substance as well as of solid character—men of education, of reading, of refinement, and well versed in the principles of government. They came emphatically within the class styled by Carlyle, "earnest men." Their object was not to tear down so much as it was to build up with the greater security and permanency. Their words were few and their debates characterized by brevity, point, clearness and force."

Howell Cobb of Georgia, who had been Speaker of the Thirty-first Congress, was made President, and J. J. Hooper, of Alabama, Secretary.

Their first act was the formation of a provisional government for the States thus assembled. The first result of their labors in this respect was a new Constitution to be of force for one year, which received the unanimous sanction of the States assembled, on the 18th day of February.

The next step was the election of officers under that provisional government; the result was the unanimous choice of Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, as President, and of Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, Vice-President.

The inauguration took place at Montgomery, Alabama, February 18, 1861—which date was the real birth of the Southern Confederacy.

Meanwhile, Congress went on in the preparation of a Constitution for a permanent government, which was likewise unanimously adopted by the Congress. The Constitution for the permanent government was not to take effect until February 22, 1862, at which time the permanent government of the Confederate States of America would have been established through the election of a President and a Vice-President, elected for six years with a disqualification for re-election.

Preamble for the "Constitution for the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America," read as follows:

"We, the Deputies of the Sovereign and Independent States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, invoking the favor of Almighty God, do hereby, in behalf of these States, ordain and establish this Constitution for the Provisional Government of the same; to continue one year from the inauguration of the President, or until a permanent Constitution or Confederation between the said States shall be put in operation, whichsoever shall first occur."

Preamble for the "Permanent Constitution of the Confederate States of America," read differently, as follows:

"We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its Sovereign and Independent character, in order to form a Permanent Federal Government, establish justice, in-

sure domestic tranquility and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity —invoking the favor and guidance of Almighty God, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Confederate States of America."

The Constitution differed only from that of our fathers who founded our rights in the Federal Constitution of 1787, in so far as it is explanatory of their well known intent.

The Constitution for the Permanent Government was adopted unanimously by the seven States represented, on the 11th of March, 1861.

President Jefferson Davis organized his cabinet as follows:

Department of State—Robert Toombs of Georgia.
Treasury Department—Christopher C. Memminger, South Carolina.
Postmaster General—John H. Reagan, Texas.
Secretary of the Navy—Stephen R. Mallory, Florida.
Secretary of War—Leroy P. Walker, Alabama.
Attorney General—Judah P. Benjamin, Louisiana.

Active preparations for war began and the most hopeful peace lovers of the Union acknowledged that all hopes for peace had fled.

At 4:30 a. m., April 12, 1861, Gen. Beauregard opened fire on Fort Sumpter. This was the beginning of a war between the States of the Federal Union, which has been truly characterized as "one of the most terrible conflicts on record." The din of its carnage reached the remotest parts of the earth, and the people of all nations looked on, for over four years, in wonder and amazement as to how so small a territory without population, money, clothes or provisions medicines or munitions of war, could, within a few miles of the capitol of a great nation, hold it at bay—and they were more amazed as the gigantic proportions of the awful war loomed forth and its hideous engines of destruction of human life and everything of human structure, were terribly displayed in its sanguinary progress and horrible duration.

Yes, truly, had the dove of peace departed and the eagles of war unloosed their bloody talons.

"Strike—'till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your Sires,
God and your native land!"

President Lincoln made a hurry call three days after "Sumpter," for 75,000 troops, and convened Congress in extra session, to supply all the money and meet every demand to crush the South. His demand on Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina and Tennessee to furnish troops for the Union army spurred them to action, and each of the four passed ordinances of secession. Virginia (on April 17th), Arkansas (on the 6th of May), North Carolina (on the 20th of May—the eighty-sixth anniversary of her celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence), and Tennessee (on the 8th day of June), by sovereign conventions of their people, withdrew from the Federal Union and subsequently became separate members of the New Confederation of Confederate States.

In response to President Lincoln's call for troops, Gov. Letcher of Virginia, replied: "Virginia will furnish no troops for any such purpose—an object, which in my judgment, is not within the purview of the Constitution or the laws." Governor McGoffin of Kentucky, replied: "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States." Governor Harris of Tennessee, replied: "Tennessee will not furnish a man for the purposes of coercion, but fifty thousand if necessary for the defense of our rights and those of our Southern brothers."

Proving what an influence "Virginia, the mother of Presidents," still held over the destiny of the Union, immediately after the secession of the State, the seat of government of the Confederate States was, on May 21, 1861, transferred from Montgomery to Richmond—the Capitol City of Virginia.

The Congress at Montgomery had adopted a Confederate flag, which differed but little from the United States "Stars and Stripes." Instead of thirteen stripes, it consisted of three large bars, the blue ground with stars being the same as the Federal flag. On the Confederate flag there were seven stars, designating the number of seceding Southern States that formed their Union. When Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina and Tennessee seceded and joined the Confederation, four additional stars were added, making the entire number of seceding States eleven.

Another battle flag was adopted after the first battle of Manassas, because it was almost impossible in the smoke of battle to distinguish the stars and bars from the Federal stars and stripes.

While it is true only eleven States ever seceded, yet Kentucky and Missouri made early efforts to do so; failing, they sent troops to

the Southern army and representatives to the Confederate Congress.

May 1, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted a flag to represent the thirteen States, thereby adding two more stars. An objection to this flag was that the preponderance of white ground made it too much resemble a flag of truce. March 4, 1864, still another flag was adopted with a red stripe to help relieve the white ground. With 1862 began our series of big battles that made the world tremble. In January, by the record, the Confederacy had in the field, distributed at various points, including all branches of the service, in round numbers 300,000; while the Federals, in like manner, and in like round numbers, had not less than 800,000.

On February 22, 1862, Mr. Davis and Mr. Stephens were duly inaugurated President and Vice-President of the Confederate States for six years, under the Constitution for permanent government.

This much of Confederate history is given because so much that is wrong is taught in our schools—and many intelligent persons do not know things right. It is a notable fact how great were the seven men Texas sent to the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, Alabama, February 4, 1861, and how many out of that list of seven became identified with the Confederacy—and with Hood's Texas Brigade.

Thomas M. Waul became a Brigadier General.

W. S. Oldham a member of the Confederate Congress.

John Gregg a Brigadier General, commanded Hood's Texas Brigade, and was killed at Darbytown, Virginia.

John H. Reagan became Postmaster General of the Confederacy in the Cabinet of President Davis and was captured with his chief.

President Davis was imprisoned at Fortress Munroe, and Judge Reagan at Fort Warren.

W. B. Ochiltree was a member of the Confederate Congress and Colonel of a Texas regiment.

John Hemphill was Chief Justice of Texas.

Louis T. Wigfall was First Colonel First Texas Regiment, and First Brigadier General of Hood's Texas Brigade, which position he resigned to become a Confederate States' senator.

TEXAS WAR HISTORY.

On the 2nd day of February, 1861, the Secession Convention of Texas assembled at Austin and passed an ordinance that closed with these words: "We, the delegates of the people of Texas, in convention assembled, have passed an ordinance dissolving all political connection with the Government of the United States of America, and the people thereof, and confidently appeal to the intelligence and patriotism of the Freemen of Texas, to ratify the same at the ballot box on the 23rd day of the present month." Of this convention, Oram M. Roberts was President, and R. T. Brownrigg, Secretary. One hundred and sixty-five names of representative men of Texas were signed to the Declaration. Seven members voted against the ordinance, but all of them served in the Southern army. Of the whole number of one hundred and seventy-two that founded the convention, one hundred and forty-five served in the Confederate army, those who did not were too old or physically unable to do duty. Seven of them became Generals, viz.: Allison Nelson, John Gregg, Wm. P. Hardeman, Jerome B. Robertson, Wm. Reed Scurry, John A. Wharton and Joseph L. Hogg.

Thirty rose to the rank of Colonel and that number were killed or died in service The convention adjourned to re-assemble on March the 2nd, the 25th anniversary of Texas Independence, the day on which the Ordinance of Secession was to take effect, providing that it had been ratified by the people at the election of February 23rd. It was found that about three and one-half to one had voted for the ordinance; whereupon the President of the convention proclaimed the result and declared Texas out of the Union. In the meantime various troops had been possessing all forts and munitions of war within reach. On February 18, 1861, Gen. David E. Twiggs, U. S. A., commanding Department of Texas and Thos. J. Devine, P. N. Luckett and S. A. Maverick, Commissioners on the part of Texas, signed a formal agreement at San Antonio providing for a peaceful evacuation of all the posts of Texas by the troops of the United States, all of which was effected peacefully. A committee of thirteen was sent from the convention to inform Gov. Houston that by vote of the people, Texas was again "a free, sovereign and independent State."

The name "Confederate States" was substituted in the State Constitution for "United States," and all State and County officers to take the oath to support the Constitution of

the Confederate States. Twelve o'clock noon, March 16th, was fixed as the time and the convention hall the place at which all State officers should take the oath. The first person to take the oath was a Northern man, Edward Linn, of Victoria, Spanish Translator in the Land office. Mr. Linn was born and reared in the State of New York and came to Texas in 1831. District Judge Thomas J. Devine administered the oath. Gov. Houston, E. W. Cave, his Secretary of State, and Mr. A. B. Norton, Adjutant General, refused to take the oath. Lieutenant-Governor Ed Clark, Comptroller C. R. Johns, Treasurer Cyrus H. Randolph, Land Commissioner Francis M. White, and every other State officer, including Supreme and District Judges and Chiefs of Bureaus, appeared and took the oath.

END OF STRUGGLE.

When Richmond was abandoned, President Davis and his Cabinet, with the Confederate Archives, attempted to move South, but they were pursued by so many bodies of troops that they were captured at Irwinsville, Georgia, May 10, 1865. President Davis was placed in irons at Fortress Munroe and Postmaster John H. Reagan, captured with him, was imprisoned at Fort Warren, and Col. Francis R. Lubbock, of the President's staff, was imprisoned at Fort Delaware.

As early as February, 1865, a start had begun in Richmond to move the seat of war further South, as the army had become too small to defend so much territory, and February 1, 1865, Dr. L. D. Hill of the Fourth Texas Regiment, with other distinguished gentlemen, had been sent to Texas with many millions of Confederate money and postage stamps. Judge Reagan's children were sent under the same escort. While no one knows for a certainty what views the President and heads of departments had, the fact remains that not only the President, but many of his leaders did counsel and attempt to reach the Trans-Mississippi Department—and surely their hope was to continue the war.

It was, however, all willed otherwise. The last battle of the war was fought on Texas soil below Brownsville on the Rio Grande at Palmetto Ranch, on May 13, 1865.

In due time all Texas troops and Texas members of Congress returned home—and the war east of the Mississippi was over.

OFFICERS FROM TEXAS.

Texas furnished to the Confederacy, General Albert Sidney Johnston, killed at Corinth, April 6, 1862.

Lieutenant-General John B. Hood, died in New Orleans after the war.

MAJOR GENERALS.

Samuel Bell Maxey, dead.
John A. Wharton, dead.
Thomas Green, dead.

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

1—Ben McCulloch, dead.
2—Louis T. Wigfall, dead.
3—Allison Nelson, dead.
4—Henry E. McCulloch, dead.
5—Joseph L. Hogg, dead.
6—G. H. Granbury, dead.
7—Walter P. Lane, dead.
8—Thomas Harrison, dead.
9—James E. Harrison, dead.
10—John Gregg, dead.
11—Richard Waterhouse, dead.
12—Jerome B. Robertson, dead.
13—Frank C. Armstrong, dead.
14—Felix H. Robertson, lives at Waco.
15—Arthur P. Bagby, lives at Hallettsville.
16—Elkanah Greer, dead.
17—Hillary P. Mabry, dead.
18—Hamilton P. Bee, dead.
19—Xavier B. DeBray, dead.
20—Richard M. Gano, dead.
21—Wm. P. Hardeman, dead.
22—Adam R. Johnson, lives at Burnet.
23—Wm. Henry Parsons, dead.
24—Lawrence Sullivan Ross, dead.
25—Thomas W. Waul, dead.
26—Wm. H. King, lives at Sulphur Springs.
27—Wm. Steele, dead.
28—Wm. Reid Scurry, dead.
29—Horace Randall, dead.
30—John W. Whitfield, dead.
31—P. C. Archer, dead.
32—Matthew D. Ector, dead.

COLONELS.

1—John S. Ford.
2—James M. Norris.
3—James E. McCord.
4—Wm. C. Young.
5—B. Warren Stone.
6—Wm. B. Sims.
7—N. M. Burford.
8—T. C. Hampe.
9—N. H. Darnell.
10—Benj. F. Terry.
11—J. W. Speight.
12—R. B. Hubbard.
13—Oram M. Roberts.
14—W. B. Ochiltree.
15—D. B. Culberson.
16—Roger Q. Mills.
17—Edward Clark.
18—Augustus Buchel.

19—N. P. Luckett.
20—Charles L. Pyron.
21—A. W. Terrell.
22—George W. Baylor.
23—Thomas S. Lubbock.
24—David S. Terry.
25—Daniel Showalter.
26—John C. Moore.
27—Ashbel Smith.
28—George R. Reeves.
29—R. T. P. Allen.
30— .... Garland.
31—George T. Madison.
32—Carillaus Miller.
33—Peter Hardeman.
34—George Flournoy.
35—A. W. Speight.
36—Philip Crump.
37—Matthew F. Locke.
38—John H. Burnett.
39—T. C. Bass.
40—George H. Sweet.
41—John T. Coit.
42—Wm. Fitzhugh.
43—M. T. Johnson.
44—J. L. Camp.
45—John Huffman.
46—Frank Taylor.
47—James R. Taylor.
48—Peter Ross.
49—Enos W. Taylor.
50—Charles DeMorse.
51—Wm. P. Rogers.
52—James Duff.
53—N. W. Battle.
54—R. B. Young.
55—John C. Burks.
56—A. M. Alexander.
57—R. H. Taylor.
58—J. G. Stevens.
59—Hugh McLeod.
60—Gustave Hoffman.
61—James Reiley.
62—John H. Brooeks.
63—John R. Baylor.
64—John Marshall.
65—Isum Chisum.
66—Joseph Bates.
67—Reuben R. Brown.
68—George W. Carter.
69—C. C. Gillespie.
70—F. C. Wilkes.
71—A. M. Hobby.
72—Peter Woods.
73—Lee M. Martin.
74—John P. Bane.
75—John P. Bass.
76—R. M. Powell.
77—John W. Daniel.
78—Harry McNeill.
79—C. M. Winkler.
80—B. F. Carter.
81—James H. Jones.
82—George W. Guess.
83—H. M. Elmore.
84—Overton Young.
85—W. H. Griffin.
86—B. W. Watson.
87—Giles S. Boggs.
88—James E. McCord.
89—Nat Benton.
90—Robt. H. Watson.
91—R. H. Crumby.
92—Philip A. Work.
93—F. I. Malone.
94—R. D. Stone.
95—D. C. Giddings.
96—Robert S. Gould.
97—James E. Shepard.

TEXANS IN FEDERAL ARMY.

Official records show that there were nineteen hundred and twenty, claiming to be from Texas, enrolled in the Federal army during the war. They were enrolled in two regiments, were organized at Matamoras, in Mexico, and went by water to New Orleans, and thence to Louisiana, where they served. Edmund J. Davis was Colonel of one regiment and John L. Haynes of the other.

ABOLISH U. C. V. TITLES BY M. C.

It is well that the titles of the real Generals and Colonels of the war from Texas have been given in this book, and should frequently be given elsewhere, to distinguish between the peace Generals and Colonels of today. There is great injustice being done the real officers of the Confederacy by the titles now given to all ranks in the United Confederate Veterans. Surely it does not seem that real Confederate soldiers would be willing to so confuse history. We surely owe something to the gallant men who sleep under the sod; officers who won their rank upon the battlefield and became Colonels and Generals at the cannon's mouth. Much has been said and many resolutions offered to change the pernicious custom, to no avail. It is hard to understand why the title of Commander, Adjutant, Aide Inspector, etc., would not have filled all the requirements of a camp of survivors without usurping the titles of the glorious dead . . .

Read Constitution of Texas Division of United Confederate Veterans, particularly Section 4 thereof, and see how easily Generals and Colonels are turned out—once every year. One Major-General, five Brigadier Generals and 42 Colonels. Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors There is nothing as low as a Captain now yet how

many of the most glorious this earth ever saw went to their last home as Captains and Lieutenants during the war. Think how many years the U. C. V. has been organized, and at the rate of 48 titled officers each year—what an army of officers Texas has. By all manner of reason the mistake should never have occurred. The Federal Army (G. A. R.), has never adopted senseless titles; they value too highly the truth of history and the officers and men who made it to cumber the earth with titled officers of same rank as their dead comrades. It has been said that the U. C. V. could not be kept up but for the titles, that neither State or General Reunion could be held without the officers, and but for them there would be no interest and the ladies would not attend. Were that so, then reunions had better cease altogether. For devotion to duty, usefulness and glorious results the private of the Confederate army ranked all the titled officers and no reflection should be cast upon him now by those who claim to have been Confederate soldiers, yet must be called Generals and Colonels to perform supposed duty to dead hero comrades. The words and actions of Captain Chilton have the true ring about them. Three months ago Dick Dowling Camp, at Houston, unanimously nominated him for Brigadier General for the first district and elected a strong delegation to see their nomination confirmed at McGregor State Reunion. Captain Chilton said: "I could not afford to give up my title as Captain to be called General. I would not feel right and all would know I never had been a General. The fact is it is a heap easier to be a General now than safe to have been a private then." Captain Chilton declined. As Adjutant General of States, in the State Militia, or on staff of Governor, and Salvation Army titles are all right—but among the ranks of the few survivors of the Confederacy—for Heaven's sake let us remain where the war left us, content to have been a Confederate soldier, jealous of all that rightly belongs to us and determined to keep alive the flowers of history that adorn the names of our dead comrades. The G. A. R. condemns all titles in their camps—let the United Confederate Veterans be as sensible in theirs.

Another instance in record of Comrade Chilton tells how devoted he is to Hood's Texas Brigade, and how little he values a title when measured with love. Over twenty years ago when the roster of John B. Hood's Camp at Austin was published, there appeared among its members, the name, "F. B. Chilton, Private, Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia." Captain Chilton at that time was at the head of both the State and the Southern Inter-state Immigration Bureaus, and Governor Ross dropping into his office, asked him why it was he registered in his camp as a private, when all knew him to be an officer of the Confederacy. He replied at once: "I had rather be known to be, while living, and honored for having been, when dead—a private in Hood's Texas Brigade than to possess the highest title elsewhere." This same spirit should actuate us all and so gauge our love for the lives and titles of the dead defenders of the South. Hood's Texas Brigade will celebrate its 40th Annual Reunion at Cameron, Texas, June 28th and 29th, 1911, and all those years its survivors have staunchly held together and their reunions have been the very finest at every town that has entertained them, and their officers are the same as any little debating society—a President and a Secretary.

All in all it does not seem that a good soldier would lay down the most honorable position in the Confederate army—a worthy private—to accept any fictitious title nearly half a century afterwards. There is a vast difference between war and peace titles, and every soldier ought to object to their confusion.

FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE NORTHERN ARMY

Northern enlistment	2,272,333
Whites from the South	316,424
Negroes	186 017
Indians	3,530
Total	2,778,304
Total Southern army	600,000
North's numerical superiority	2,178,304

In Northern army there were:

Germans	176,800
Irish	144,200
British Americans	53,500
English Americans	45,500
Miscellaneous nationalities	74,900
Negroes	186,017
Total foreigners and negroes	680,917
Total of Southern soldiers	600,000
Excess of foreigners and negroes over Southern army	80,917

Southern men in Northern army	316,424
Foreigners in Northern army	494,900
Negroes in Northern army	186,017
Total amalgamation	997,341
Southern army	600,000
Amalgamation in excess of Southern army	397,341
Aggregate Federal army, May 1, 1865	1,000,516
Aggregate Confederate army, May 1, 1865	133,433

TROOPS IN FOLLOWING BATTLES.

	Confederates.	Federals.
Seven days' fight	80,835	115,249
Manassas	35,255	87,164
Chancellorsville	57,212	131,660
Fredericksburg	78,110	110,000
Gettysburg	62,000	95,000
Chickamauga	44,000	65,000
Wilderness	63,987	141,160
Federals in Confederate prisons		270,000
Confederates in Federal prisons		220,000
Confederates died in Federal prisons		26,436
Federals died in Confederate Prisons		22,570

SOUTH'S GLORIOUS RECORD.

North had an army of	2,178,304
South had only	600,000

There were 80,917 more foreigners and negroes than whole Southern army; there were 397,341 more foreigners, negroes and men from the South than whole Southern army, and yet it took the whole world four years to get from Washington to Richmond. They were nearly 2 to 1 in every big battle; one side well fed, paid and clothed, the other naked and starved. No wonder the courts, the people, the world say now the South was right, and its history is no longer a sealed book.

PENSIONS.

Possibly the most stupendous wonder of mathematics and stretch of elasticism is demonstrated in the Pension Bureau of the Federal Government of today. The war has been over more than forty-five years. The Confederacy had only a total of 600,000 soldiers during the entire war, and yet there is still one million pensions being paid by the government to those who opposed this little band. Over one hundred and fifty million dollars being annually paid, nearly half a century afterwards, by a government whose magnificently equipped army of over two million men were he'd at bay for over four years by a total of 600,000 American soldiers.

Verily, in their Pension Bureau of such mammoth proportions, in their beautiful cemeteries where sleep their countless thousands and with their magnificent monuments that dot the whole of the Union, they are indelibly writing in characters that will never die the imperishable history of the Southern Confederacy. Truly none can or should glory in the death of their fellowman, and it is unreasonable that aught should exist in heart of the true, whether North or South, that could ever disturb our relations as one people, under one flag, and with one allegiance in heart and deed. Let the North adorn its cemeteries, laud its dead and build its monuments, for it would be recreant to every noble feeling if it did not; and let the South in like spirit do the same, for are we not one people and one country? But if such be the case, then the Pension Bureau of today is a blot on the government.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED

Of Hood's Texas Brigade as far as was Possible to Decipher the Faded Records on File Among Confederate Records in the War Department at Washington, D. C.

There is published herewith a most appalling document. So far as it goes it is a partial casualty list of First, Fourth and Fifth Texas Regiments. A foolish objection was raised to its publication, "because it is incomplete, fragmentary, hardly gives half the battles and but few skirmishes; does not give near the losses of any regiment and almost none of the Fourth Texas." Its incompleteness is to be regretted, but constitutes a powerful reason for its preservation. Few living people ever saw a list of such awful mortality. Comrades themselves who have never seen it will wonder as they read, and the world must stand aghast when face to face with what they could not believe if simply told to them. Again, though sad that Washington records are so defaced that no regiment can have a true tale told; and the Fourth Regiment with almost its entire record destroyed —should that keep us from doing all justice possible to our living and dead who so freely shed their blood for our beloved cause, and deter

ua from giving to the world an insight as to how terrible war is, and how Hood's Texas Brigade bled and died? Many a comrade now can find no proof as to where and when he was wounded or prove his assertions as to his comrades. The following casualty list, imperfect as it is, will fill a big gap in our history and give satisfaction to many a dead comrade's family. Read it and know that it does not tell the half as to any regiment, and that the Fourth Texas fought, bled and died as did the First and Fifth. Thia list is published for another reason: Many names on Washington War Department Records are spelt wrong and many are guessed at. Seeing this list will help all survivors at next reunion at Cameron, Texas, June 28 and 29, 1911, to make needed corrections, and it is hoped other publications will follow that will, as far as possible, remedy all mistakes. If we don't begin to try hard now, we will surely never leave correct history behind us.

CASUALTIES.

List of Casualties in the First Texas Regiment Commencing with the Battle of Eltham's Landing, and Ending with the Battle of Sharpsburg.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Lt. Col. H. H. Black, killed at Eltham's Landing, May 7, 1862. Col. A. T. Rainey, wounded at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862. Sergt. Maj. A. M. Horton, killed at Manassas, Aug. 29, 1862. Maj. Matt Dale, killed at Sharpsburg, Sept. 17, 1862. Adj. W. Shropshire, wounded at Sharpsburg, Sept. 17, 1862, and still in the hands of the enemy.

ELTHAM'S LANDING, MAY 7, 1862.

Col. A. T. Rainey, comdg.

Field and Staff—Killed: Lt. Col. H. H. Black.

Company A, Lt. J. Waterhouse comdg—Killed: Privates J. W. Etly, Thos. Mahon, T. Setzer, H. H. Hinnant. Wounded: Lt. W. W. Laney; Privates Geo. L. Rogers, Pat Higgins, Hugh Hennesy. In action: Officers, 3; men, 40.

Company B, Lt. R. J. Harding comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 13.

Company C, Capt. B. F. Perry comdg—Killed: Lt. H. E. Decatur. Wounded: Corpl. R. B. Donnolly; Privates J. W. Trotter, Jo Taylor. In action: Officers, 2; men, 47.

Company D, Capt. W. M. Hewitt comdg—Killed: Private C. F. Coy. Wounded: Corpl. J. F. McDowell, Private J. W. Smith. In action: Officers, 3; men, 60.

Company E, Capt. F. Y. Bass comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 40.

Company F, Capt. P. A. Work comdg—Killed: Private James Bush. Wounded: Sergt. R. B. May, Private E. T. Stedman. In action: Officers, 3; men, 32.

Company G, Lt. E. S. Jamison comdg—Killed: Private Martin O'Brien. Wounded: Privates R. C. McKnight, M. A. Knox. In action: Officers, 3; men, 30.

Company H, Capt. W. H. Gaston comdg—Killed: Lt. John L. Spencer; Privates S. B. Cornwell, W. A. Hosea, D. J. Hill, P. W. Mills. Wounded: Privates H. L. Martin, J. J. Foster. In action: Officers, 4; men, 66.

Company I, Capt. R. W. Cotton comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 32.

Company K, Captain B. F. Benton comdg—Wounded: Private Jos. Lane. In action: Officers, 2; men, 40.

Company L, Capt. A. C. McKeen, comdg—Killed: Privates Jos. F. Brown, Chas. L. Schadt. Wounded: Privates Frank Nichols, S. D. Simms, John Coffee. In action: Officers, 4; men, 71.

Total—Killed, 15. Wounded, 19. In action: Officers, 33; men, 471.

SEVEN PINES, MAY 31 AND JUNE 1, 1862.

Col. A. T. Rainey comdg.

Company A, Capt. G. T. Todd comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 30.

Company B, Capt. R. J. Harding comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 39.

Company C, Capt. D. K. Rice comdg—Wounded: Private H. W. Smith. In action: Officers, 4; men, 30.

Company D, Capt. U. S. Connolly comdg—Wounded: Privates J. T. Dickson, W. L. Lockett. In action: Officers, 3; men, 47.

Company E, Capt. F. Y. Bass comdg—In action: Officers, 4; men, 33.

Company F, Lt. H. Snow comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 40.

Company G, Capt. John R. Woodward comdg—Wounded: Private F. M. Mathews. In action: Officers, 4; men, 80.

Company H, Lt. Bedford Parks comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 46.

Company I, Lt. J. L. Sheridan comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 48.

Company K, Lt. J. H. Massey comdg—Wounded: Private Barney McNelly. In action: Officers, 2; men, 36.

Company L, Capt. W. A. Bedell comdg—Wounded: Privates J. W. Brown, W. A. Shelton. In action: Officers, 4; men, 66.

Total—Wounded, 6. In action: Officers, 35; men, 495.

GAINES' FARM, JUNE 27, 1862.

Col. A. T. Rainey comdg. until wounded, after which Lt. Col. P. A. Work comdg.

Field and Staff—Wounded: Col. A. T. Rainey.

Company A, Lt. G. B. Thompson comdg—Killed: Sergt. J. K. Crawford, Jr. Wounded: Privates J. K. Wright, Max Jacoby, B. R. Lain. In action: Officers, 2; men, 25.

Company B, Lt. J. I. Shotwell comdg—Killed: Sergt. John Probert. Wounded: Corpl. J. M. Canterberry; Privates F. M. Carr, M. A. Dunnam, Wm. McDonald, W. O. Pankey. In action: Officers, 2; men, 44.

Company C, Lt. Wm. B. Nadel comdg—Wounded: Sergts. M. J. Giles, O. G. Armstrong; Corpl. J. Winn. In action: Officer, 1; men, 19.

Company D, Capt. U. S. Connolly comdg—Killed: Private A. Dennis. Wounded: Privates W. W. Murray, D. T. Simms. In action: Officers, 4; men, 50.

Company E, Lt. B. W. Webb comdg—Killed: Sergt. J. A. Lawson. Wounded: O. Sergt. J. W. Smith, Corpl. W. C. Scott; Privates W. Campbell, C. W. Word. In action: Officers, 2; men, 24.

Company F, Capt. S. A. Wilson comdg—Killed: Privates W. A. Allen, John Ambrose, Duncan D. McMillan, Burwell J. Holliman. Wounded: Lt. Henry Snow; Privates L. S. Jones, Robert Hooker, Thomas Eskridge, Morris F. Cryer, C. G. McRae, W. F. Scott, Henry Harwell. In action: Officers, 3; men, 28.

Company G, Lt. E. S. Jamison comdg—Killed: Private C. W. Woodhouse. Wounded: Lt. E. S. Jamison, Private R. C. McKnight. In action: Officers, 2; men, 45.

Company H, Lt. Bedford Parks comdg—Killed: Privates, J. M. Doherty, J. J. Foster, J. B. Hanks, W. L. Lee. Wounded: Corpl. A. J. Fry; Privates Geo. Hollingsworth, F. M. Embry, J. S. Rudd, N. A. Menthenhall. In action: Officers, 3; men, 40.

Company I, Lt. J. L. Sheridan comdg—Killed: Privates O. H. Boykin, W. G. Morris, L. W. Manning, A. Montgomery. Wounded: Lts. J. L. Sheridan, W. B. Wall; Sergts. J. H. Foster, O. O. Wagnon: Privates D. B. Bush, E. B. Andrews, D. W. Brown, J Delong, L. J. Fitts, W. J. L. Harris, R. Montgomery, S. H. Oliphant, S. O. Foster. In action: Officers, 3; men, 42.

Company K, Capt. B. F. Benton comdg—Killed: Capt. B. F. Benton, Corpl. W. J. Chambers; Privates Lewis J. Mayo, J. W. Coe. Wounded: Lt. Jas. Waterhouse, Sergt. T. A. Ardray, Corpl. W. J. Curerton; Privates W. W. Gray, G. W. Menefee, H. C. Powell, A. J. Proseler. In action: Officers, 2; men, 35.

Company L, Capt. W. A. Bedell comdg—Killed: Private John Poupart. Wounded: Corpl. J. L. Townsend (before recovering from wounds, died of typhoid fever); Privates Jos. Nagle. Sid B. Smith. In action: Officers, 4; men, 60.

Total—Killed, 23. Wounded, 54. In action: Officers, 28; men, 412.

MALVERN HILL, JULY 1, 1862.

Lt. Col. P. A. Work comdg.

Company A, Lt. G. B. Thompson comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 20.

Company B, Capt. R. J. Harding comdg—Killed: Privates J. E. McClenahan, Z. Williams, Thos. McNally, J. S. Dortch. Wounded: Privates R. B. Leave, A. Trinkman, G. W. Lewis, Wm. Garner. In action: Officers, 4; men, 35.

Company C, Lt. Wm. B. Nadel comdg—Wounded: O. Sergt. J. W. Trotter; Privates T. J. Calhoun, G. W. McNew, H. F. M. Freeman. In action: Officers, 1; men, 13.

Company D, Capt. U. S. Connolly comdg—Wounded: Private E. C. Powell. In action: Officers, 4; men, 45.

Company E, Lt. B. W. Webb comdg—Wounded: Private J. K. Norwood. In action: Officers, 3; men, 2.

Company F, Capt. S. A. Wilson comdg—Killed: Private Jacob Benedict. Wounded: Privates E. T. Stedman, U. M. Gilder, Addison Pate. In action: Officers, 2; men, 15.

Company G, Lt. B. A. Campbell comdg—In action: Officer, 1; men, 40.

Company H, Capt. W. H. Gaston comdg—Wounded: Private D. C. Stewart. In action: Officers, 3; men, 29.

Company I, Private H. N. Jones comdg—Wounded: Privates D. N. McLean, T. A. Hanks, F. M. Williams, G. N. Weatherhead. In action: Men, 18.

Company K, Private Sam F. Patton comdg—Killed: Private Joseph Lane. Wounded: Corpl. C. W. Fenley, Private F. C. McMahon. In action: Men, 20.

Company L, Lt. J. C. S. Thompson comdg—Wounded: Capt. W. A. Bedell, Corpl. R. S. Robinson. In action: Officers, 4; men, 46.

Total—Killed, 6. Wounded, 22. In action: Officers, 24; men, 283.

FREEMAN'S FORD, AUGUST 22, 1862.

Lt. Col. P. A. Work comdg.

Field and Staff—Killed: Maj. Matt Dale (killed at Sharpsburg).

Company D—Wounded: Private W. L. Dunman.

Total—Killed, 1. Wounded, 1. In action: Officers, 28; men, 382.

THOROUGHFARE GAP, AUGUST 28, 1862.

Lt. Col. P. A. Work, comdg.

Present: Officers, 29; men, 367.

MANASSAS, AUGUST 29 AND 30, 1862.

Lt. Col. P. A. Work comdg.

Company A, Capt. G. T. Todd comdg—Wounded: Lt. H. H. Robinson; Privates Hugh Dougherty, E. P. Derrick. In action: Officers, 3; men, 20.

Company B, Capt. R. J. Harding comdg—Wounded: Corpl. J. P. Stevens. In action: Officers, 3; men, 24.

Company C, Lt. Wm. B Nadel comdg—Killed: Privates W. Vincent, Ed Ashley. In action: Officers, 3; men, 17.

Company D, Lt. J. M. Thomas comdg—Wounded: Sergt. J. A. Blackwell, Private A. Miles. In action: Officer, 1; men, 30.

Company E, Lt. B. W. Webb comdg—Killed: Corpl. R. B. Stephens, Private D. M. Walker. Wounded: Sergt. Y. J. Steel, Private J. W. Webb. In action: Officers, 2; men, 28.

Company F, Captain S. A. Wilson, comdg—Killed: Sergt. A. M. West. Wounded: Corpl. J. W. Pooll; Private Morris T. Crier. In action: Officers, 2; men, 15.

Company G, Lt. B. A. Campbell comdg—Wounded: Corpl. Sein Black. In action: Officer, 1, men, 35.

Company H. Capt. W. H. Gaston comdg—Killed: Privates Theo. Oldham, P. M. Stiencipher. Wounded: Sergt. J. C. Hollingsworth; Privates J. A. Graham, J. E. Sides, W. N. Haynes, J. A. Knight. In action: Officers, 2; men, 20.

Company I, Capt. R. W. Cotton commanding—Killed: Private P. F. Renfro. Wounded: Private J. M. Corley. In action: Officer, 1; men, 30.

Company K, Capt. J. H. Massey comdg—Wounded: Sergt. R. T. Conner. In action: Officers, 3; men, 33.

Company L, Capt. W. A. Bedell comdg—Wounded: Lt. J. M. Baldwin, Sergt. W. P. Randall, Private E. C. McCorquodale. In action: Officers, 3; men, 47.

Company M, Capt. H. Ballinger comdg—Killed: Private W. T. Redden. Wounded: Private J. M. Motes. In action: Officers, 3; men, 40.

Total—Killed, 9. Wounded, 22. In action: Officers, 27; men, 339.

BOONSBOROUGH GAP, SEPTEMBER 14, 1862.

Lt. Col. P. A. Work comdg.

Company D—Wounded: Sergt. C. S. Barron.

Total—Wounded, 1. In action: Officers, 33; men, 274.

SHARPSBURG, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.

Lt. Col. P. A. Work comdg.

Company A, Capt. G. T. Todd comdg—Killed: Sergt. James C. Hill, Private C. D. Jones. Wounded: Capt. G. T. Todd; Privates H. J. Epperson, G. W. Armstrong, J. K. Malone, Green Baker, T. E. Brewer, E. P. Derrick, W. F. McLenden, W. Whitaker, B. R. Lain. In action: Officer, 1; men, 12.

Company B, Lt. J. I. Shotwell comdg—Killed: Private A. Trinkman. Wounded: Lt. J. I. Shotwell; Sergts. C. W. Butler, John Victory; Privates M. B. Anderson, G. W. Barefield, B. L. Bowling, R. R. Choate, G. H. Johnson, S. H McGee, W. O. Pankey, S. J. Woodward. In action: Officers, 4; men, 13.

Company C, Capt. D. K. Rice comdg—Killed: Lt. F. L. Hoffman; Privates Charles Watson, G. L. Gage. Wounded: Privates W. T. Stamper, G W. McManus, W. B. Vinson. In action: Officers, 2; men, 6.

Company D, Capt. U. S. Connolly comdg—Killed: Privates E. B. Brown, W. C. Jackson, W. R. Jackson. Wounded: Sergt. W. A. T. Oliver; Privates J. T. Dickson, J. P. Dunklin, J. F. Miles, H. E. McCoy, E. C. Powell, D. W. Bartlett, L. W. Thomas, J. P. Wood. In action: Officer, 1; men, 21

Company E, Lt. B. W. Webb comdg—Killed Lt. Clinton Perry; Corpl. H. E. Perry, Private Wm. Campbell. Wounded: Lts. B. W. Webb, Chas. Woodson; O. Sergt. J. W. Smith; Privates J. D. Campbell, M. Gillette, G. F. Heard, J. H. Hendrick, R. J. Marshall, E. O. Perry, S. F. Perry, J. F. Rudd, T. W. Willingham, S. T. Watson, Sam Braziel, R. S. Clark. In action: Officers, 3; men, 18.

Company F, Capt. S. A. Wilson comdg—Killed: Lt. Perry Runnells; Privates Oscar Felps, Wm. F. Scott. Wounded: Capt. S. A. Wilson; O. Sergt. J. E. Perryman, Sergt. Amos W. A. Rountree. In action: Officers, 2; men, 7.

Company G, Lt. E. S. Jamison comdg, Capt. J. R. Woodward acting major—Killed: Sergt. M. M. Files; Corpl. B. A. Hallum; Privates Smith Bottoms, J. M. Corder, C. R. McFarland, A. J. Posey, R. Butler. Wounded: Lts. E. S. Jamison, T. J. Rose; Privates F. J. Watts, James Ward, M. A. Knox, J. W. Mathews, S.

Q. Blackshear. Missing, supposed killed: Sergt. M. J. Aspley; Privates John Cone, Z. W. Cantley, A. M. Mathews. In action: Officers, 3; men, 24.

Company H, Lt. John Stevenson comdg—Killed: Lt. R. H. Gaston; Sergts. J. C. Hollingsworth, J. H. Marshall; Privates W. Hollingsworth, A. Anderson, J. G. Tippen. Wounded: Corpl. E. F. Ezell; Privates J. A. Counts, G. W. Culpepper, C. S. Bolton, J. M. Herrington, J. R. Jones, H. G. Hickman, Caleb McBride, W. S. Denough, L. L. Evens, A. C. Strother, W. L. Williams, N. Hollingsworth. In action: Officers, 2; men, 20.

Company I, Capt. R. W. Cotton comdg—Killed: Capt. R. W. Cotton; Privates F. M. Box, A. A. Congleton, L. J. Fitts, T. J. Cook, D. Hale, W. M. Payne. Wounded: Lt. J. H. Wooters; Sergts. R. C. Mitchell, A. A. Aldrich; Corpl. W. D. Pritchard; Privates W. A. House, J. S. Harwell, Jos. Rudicil, H. C. Patrick, M. Youngblood, M. Reeves, N. M. Berryman, J. H. Sheridan, H. N. Jones. In action: Officers, 2; men, 22.

Company K, Capt. J. H. Massey comdg.—Killed: Lts. James Waterhouse, Sam. F. Patton; Private Jesse M. Hail. Wounded: Captain J. H. Massey; Privates S. M. Day, W. W. Gray, O. T. Hanks, E. G. Miller, H. E. Mosley, J. O. Noble, W. O. Quinn, J. N. Ruddel. In action: Officers, 3; men, 16.

Company L, Capt. W. A. Bedell comdg—Killed: Lt. J. C. S. Thompson; Sergt. S. A. Carpenter; Corpls. Wm. Zimmer, Robert Jacorlef; Privates George Bass, Jacob Frank. Wounded: Capt. W. A. Bedell, Corpl. John Hanson, Privates Joseph Allsbrook, S. T. Blessing, Henry Cohen, J. P. Gillis, C. B. Halleck, W. Hoskins, Austin Jones, C. H. Kingsley, William Leach, H. B. McGar, Jas. Nagle, Jas. Rouske, J. M. Smith, Fred Schwarting, J. Welch, Wm. Young. In action: Officers, 3; men, 28.

Company M, Lt. T. P. Sanford comdg—Killed: Lt. T. P. Sanford; Sergt. S. D. Roach; Privates J. T. Bowman, Joshua Boon, W. J. Story. Wounded: Capt. H. Ballinger; Corpl. R. O. Bennett; Privates M. A. Dunham, James Bass, James Day, J. T. Evans, Oliver McBride, H. C. Stewart, J. R. Carlton, W. C. Evans, E. B. Eaves, W. J. Goodson, John Lancaster, C. Murray, E. Pope, W. J. Towns, A. Walter. In action: Officers, 2; men, 31.

Total—Killed, 49. Wounded, 131. Missing, 4. In action: Officers, 26; men, 218.

FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

Lt. Col. P. A. Work comdg.

Present: Officers, 31; men, 380.

KILLED IN SKIRMISHES.

Company E—Feb. 28, 1862, at Occoquan, Private James Spratling. June 3, 1862, in front of Richmond, Private D. D. Davis.

RECAPITULATION.

Battle—	Kill'd	W'ded.	M'ss'g.
West Point (Eltham's)	16	19	
Seven Pines	.....	6	
Gaines' Farm	23	55	
Malvern Hill	6	22	
Freeman's Ford	.....	1	
Thoroughfare Gap			
Manassas	10	22	
Boonsborough Gap	.....	1	
Sharpsburg	50	132	4
Fredericksburg			
Miscellaneous Skirmishes	.....	2	
Grand Total	105	260	4

P. A. WORK,
Lt. Col. Comdg. First Tex. Regt.

A. P. FORSYTH, Lt. and A. Adjt.

Camp near Fredericksburg, Va., Jan. 29, 1863.

LIST OF CASUALTIES

Of the First Regiment Texas Volunteer Infantry from September 19, 1863, to April 9, 1864.

CHICKAMAUGA, GEORGIA, SEPTEMBER 19 AND 20, 1863.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Capt. D. K. Rice, acting Col.; Capts, Hardin and Todd actg. field officers; A. P. Forsyth, Adjt.

Field and Staff—Wounded: Capt. D. K. Rice, taken prisoner and since escaped.

Company A, Lt. W. W. Laney comdg—Killed: F. E. Blackburn, Hugh Dougherty, Wounded: Lt. W. W. Laney, Lt. H. H. Robinson, Sergt. J. T. Gray, Sergt. A. Campbell, Sergt. E. D. Smith, Corpl. T. E. Brewer; Privates T. B. Allen, J. C. Veal. Missing: Corpl. J. C. Hawkins.

Company B, Lt. W. F. Walker comdg—Killed: Sergts. A. D. Sanderson, J. P. Stevens; Privates R. R. Choates, M. E. Donnelly, G. H. Johnson. Wounded: Sergts. M. Kirksey, G. W. Barefield; Private J. M. Canterbury.

Company C, Lt. Buckner comdg—Killed: Private A. B. Harris. Wounded: Sergt. John

G. McInnis; Privates J. P. Neil, S. Lassiter, J. W. Armstrong, J. Rainey; Sergt. Searles.

Company D, Capt. H. E. Moss comdg—Killed: Lt. J. M. Thomas; Privates W. O. Moss, J. J. Durham, W. H. Oliver. Wounded: Sergts. E. C. Powell, A. J. Wood; Privates A. Miles, J. C Robinson, W L. Durham, W. M. Snow, J. P. Snelgrove.

Company E, Capt. B. W. Webb comdg—Wounded: Sergt. J. A. Lindsay; Privates E. O. Perry, R. J. Marshall, W. D. Prescott.

Company F, Lt. Rigsby comdg—Killed: E. Cryer, Corpl. C. H. Hicks. Wounded: Sergts. J. E. Perryman, W. F. Smith, B. Bradhum; Corpl. H. C Jones; Privates J. A. Tiner, W. M. Gilder, Wm. Pool.

Company G, Capt. E. S. Jamison comdg—Wounded: Lt. W. P. Minatt; Sergt. Geo. Kyle; Corpls. E. Dagg. W. T. Hazlewood, Ira Parker; Privates Lewis Grooms, H. F. Bradley, G. B. Doves, H. Donald, T. F. Main, N. D. Read, A. T. Ratcliff, J. C. Stinson, A. J. Watts; Lt. J. J. Quarles; Privates J. R. Kaling, J. W. Mathews, E. Newsom, T. J. Read, J. M. Stalcup, A. Thompson, J. T. Woodhouse. Missing: Sergt. W. C. Wren; Privates S. R. Burroughs, M. Hamby.

Company H, Capt. B. Parks comdg—Wounded: Capt. Parks; Lt. Torbert; Sergts. J. E. Hickman, G. W. Small; Corpls. I. E. Evans, M. A. Berry. Killed: Private N. A. Mendenhall. Wounded: J. W. Baldwin, G. W. Lumpkin, A. L. Scott, J .P. Smith.

Company I, Capt. J. H. Wooters comdg—Killed: Sergts. J. H. Foster, C. C. Morris; Privates Jos. Ruidicil, W. J. Salter. Wounded: Sergts. D. B. Bush, R. F. Emmors; Corpls. Dranhorn, Boysdon; Privates S. C. Foster, Jno. Harris, G. P. Mann, Jno. A. Morris, F. M. Morris, J. W. Norfod, A. D. Oliphant. Missing: Privates N. B. Mason, G. M. Wetherhead.

Company K, Capt. J. H. Massey comdg—Killed: L. M. Mason, S. E. F. Burnaman. Wounded: Sergts. H. S. Bennett, J. N. Ruddell; Privates J. O. Noble, J. A. Stallings; Corpl. W. J. Curton; Private W. H. Watson; Sergt. F. H. Tucker; Private S. M. Peterson.

Company L, Capt. W. A. Bedell comdg—Killed: Corpl. Jno. Lewis, Private E. C. Crawford. Wounded: Lt. R. R. Armstrong; Sergts. W. B. Robinson, C. H. Kingsley; Corpl. J. C. Pratt; Privates A. Brandt, D. Elmendorf, J. Fralish, J. P. Gillies, A. Kelso, W. Leach, S. S. Lazarus, J. W. Murphy, W. G. Shepherd, W. Schadt, F Schmidt, A. W. Wood, Jos. Nagle, F. L. Thompson. Missing: Lt. W. P. Randle; Private Jno. Coffee. On the 10th or 12 of September Private A. J. Scott, while en route from Wilmington to Atlanta, fell from the cars and was crushed to death.

Company M, Lt. W. Cecil comdg—Killed: Privates Jno. Stephens, G. Oglesby, A. J. Adams, J. Ratcliff. Wounded: Sergt. G. B. Lundy, W. A. Roach, F. M. Slater; Corpls. J. G. Lock; Privates E. Pope, J. F. Bellamy, W. E. Forsyth, Jos. Jones, D. M. Morrow, G. Morgan, H. Pinson, J. R. Stewart, S. Stubblefield, W. T. White, Jas. White, C. Dunlap.

SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, NOVEMBER 24, 1863.

Company A—Missing: D. F. Walker.

Company C—Wounded: Privates Jas. Williams, J. W. Armstrong.

Company D—Wounded: Sergt. D. F. Story, Private F. C. Hopkins.

Company F—Wounded: Color Corpl. Wm. Cryer, supposed to have since died.

Company H—Killed: Private L. V. Moon. Wounded and in the enemy's hands: Corpl. A. F. Taylor, Private A. F. Erwin.

Company I—Wounded and taken prisoner, Private E. M. Oliver.

Company L—Wounded: Color Sergt. G. A. Branard, Sergt. R. C. Curtis.

Company M—Wounded: Lt. W. Cecil; Corpl. J. R. Carlton; Private A. W. Hill.

SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA.

Company G—Wounded: Privates E. Newson, W. T. Hayhwood.

Company I—Wounded: Private I. Delong.

Company K—Wounded: Sergts. I. Massey, R. T. Armour; Private T. W. Bullock.

GETTYSBURG, PA., JULY 1, 2 AND 3, 1863.

Lt. Col. P. A. Work comdg.

Company A—Killed: Privates H. C. Wright, E. T. Derick. Wounded: John Sain.

Company B—Killed: Sergts. C. W. Butler, John Victory; Corpl. I. R. Meekins; Privates I. W. Garner, George Harn. Wounded: Sergt. W. B. Lowd.

Company D—Killed: Sergt. Lemon Morriss; Privates Wm. McClelland, R. H. Gibson, I. F. Miles, W. C. Dobbs. Wounded: Sergt. R. Y. H. Floyd; Privates S. W. Chiser, Henry J. Hass.

Company E—Killed: Private Wm. L. Langly. Wounded: Sergt. I. T. Longins; Privates G. I. Heard, I. D. Campbell, W. D. Haynes.

Company F—Wounded: Corpl. W. A. Roundtree; Privates I. A. Tiner, J. D. Van Vleck,

I. T. Steadman. Missing: Capt. S. A. Wilson, Private D. W. Summers.

Company G—Killed: Lt. B. A. Campbell, Corpl. W. A. Duval. Wounded: Capt. John R. Woodward: Corpls. J. O. Good, Ira Parker; Privates John Millan, J. K. Holloway, W. B. Henry, A. T. Ratcliff, T. F. Main, John Parker.

Company H—Killed: Sergt. John B. Nichols, Private S. C. Lose. Wounded: Privates W. Arnwine, J. R. Jones, Jas. W. Baldwin, Jas. Briggs, Joseph A. Knight. Captured: Sergt. L. R. Breley; Privates F. M. Embry, L. L. Evans, Wm. Foster, W. H. Gray, I. C. King, W. G. Middleton, I. R. Mullenny, J. S. Rudd, Jas. Tibb, John A. Counts.

Company I—Killed: Lt. H. N. Jones; Privates W. A. House, M. Murphy. Wounded: I. S. Norford, S. H. Oliphant, S. A. Boon.

Company K—Killed: T. M. Sharp. Wounded: W. T. Strother, O. F. Hail, J. A. Dawson, R. C. Powell, I. M. Rudd, S. M. Peterson, W. T. Brooks, W. B. Howard, F. H. Tucker. Missing: R. I. Tucker, W. A. Sharpe.

Company L—Killed: Sergt. W. H. Porter; Privates Joe W. Southwick, T. Mullhausen, J. D. Waters, John W. Brown. Wounded: Privates J. W. Cummings, A. M. Farquar, H. B. McGar, W. W. Taylor, A. Woods. Missing: Privates C. W. Hoyle, F. Schwarting, Frank Nichols, H. Schulty, Austin Jones, H. E. McCrockadale, W. Hoskins.

Company M—Wounded: Corpl. R. O. Bennett; Privates C. Dunlap, A. W. Hill, W. Tullos, R. J. Strother.

SKIRMISH AT FRONT ROYAL.

Killed: Capt. John R. Woodward, actg. maj.

JOHN H. LEETE, Actg. Adjt.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

ELTHAM'S LANDING.

Col. J. J. Archer, comdg.

Field and Staff—Killed: W. D. Denney, A. C. S. In action: Officers, 4; men, 2.

Company A, Capt. Farmer comdg.—In action: Officers, 3; men, 52.

Company B, Capt. Upton comdg.—Killed: Private Riley Scherer. Wounded: Privates C. Coffee, August Enke, Henry Senne, Hunt Terrel. Missing: W. J. Darden, F. K. Harris. In action: Officers, 3; men, 75.

Company C, Capt. Whaley comdg. In action: Officers, 4; men, 90.

Company D, Capt. Powell comdg. In action: Officers, 4; men, 55.

Company E, Capt. Rogers comdg. In action: Officers, 2; men, 58.

Company F, Capt. Bryan comdg. In action: Officer, 1; men, 70.

Company G, Capt. J. C. Rogers comdg—Wounded: Private A. J. Tomlinson. In action: Officers, 3; men, 49.

Company H, Lt. Robinson comdg. In action: Officers, 3; men, 43.

Company I, Capt. Clay comdg. In action: Officers, 2; men, 35.

Company K, Capt. Turner comdg. In action: Officers, 3; men, 33.

Total—Killed, 2; wounded, 5; missing, 2. In action: Officers, 28; men, 472.

SEVEN PINES.

Col. J. J. Archer comdg.

Field and Staff—In action: Officers, 6; men, 2.

Company A, Capt. Farmer comdg—Wounded: Private A. Wolfe. In action: Officers, 4; men, 75.

Company B, Capt. Upton comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 78.

Company C, Capt. Whaley comdg—Wounded: Private J. D. Meredith (since died). In action: Officers, 4; men, 49.

Company D, Capt. Powell comdg—Wounded: Private K. J. Page. In action: Officers, 3; men, 66.

Company E, Capt. J. D. Rogers comdg—Wounded: Private T. A. Eldridge. In action: Officers, 3; men, 63.

Company F, Capt. Bryan comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 61.

Company G, Capt. J. C. Rogers comdg—Wounded: Corpl. W. W. Hill. In action: Officers, 4; men, 49.

Company H, Capt. Cleaveland comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 51.

Company I, Capt. Clay comdg—Wounded: Privates J. K. Cliett, F. C. Edny. In action: Officers, 3; men, 60.

Company K, Capt. Turner comdg—Wounded: Captain I. N. M. Turner. In action: Officers, 3; men, 43.

Total—Wounded, 8. In action: Officers, 38; men, 597.

GAINES' FARM.

Lt. Col. J. B. Robertson comdg.

Field and Staff—In action: Officers, 6; men, 2.

Company A, Capt. Farmer comdg—Killed: Lt. J. E. Clute; Private Geo. Deles Dernier. Wounded: Color Sergt. Geo. Onderdonk. In action: Officers, 2; men, 50.

Company B, Lt. Collier comdg—Killed: Private J. R. Gaines. Wounded: Privates E. Besch, A. H. Carter, J. L. Carrell, Jacob Hahn; C. Lynch, John O'Neil, John Ratigan, John Smith; Musician P. M. Murphy. In action: Officers, 1; men, 56.

Company C, Capt. Whaley comdg—Killed: Private Wm. King Williams. Wounded: Lt. W. G. Wallace; Privates E. H. Bristow, Z. Y. Dezell, S. W. Irwin, M. T. Welsch. In action: Officers, 4; men, 43.

Company D, Lt. Hill comdg—Killed: Private A. D. Alston. Wounded: Private G. A. Grant. In action: Officers, 1; men, 45.

Company E, Capt. Rogers, comdg—Killed: Privates—Tom M. Ringold, Moses Cooper, R. W. Pearson. Wounded: Lt. Nash; Sergt. W. N. Norwood, J. F. Wray; Privates D. C. Batte, S. T. Coffield, B. Eldridge, J. B. Lott, S. B. Smith, Sam H. Watson. In action: Officers, 3; men, 49.

Company F, Capt. Bryan comdg—Killed: Privates G. M. Woods, W. S. Hall. Wounded: J. V. Slown, J. R. Moody, J. C. Ross. In action: Officers, 1; men, 59.

Company G, Capt. J. C. Rogers comdg—Killed: Privates J. J. Lawrence, C. Ward. Wounded: Lt. John Smith; Privates T. E. Bracken, W. V. L. Cooper, D. H. Carson, A. Huffman, J. H. Hawkins, C. J. Jackson, D. H. Mays, C. P. Nance, James Pool. In action: Officers, 2; men, 59.

Company H, Capt. Cleaveland comdg—Wounded: Privates T. Fitzgerald, Harvey Rose. In action: Officers, 4; men, 34.

Company I, Capt. Clay comdg—Killed: Private R. I. Haines. Wounded: Capt. T. T. Clay; Private L. Wells, J. Hallan, J. T. Cross, H. W. Waters, W. T. Harris. In action: Officers, 3; men, 35.

Company K, Capt. Turner comdg—Wounded: Privates J. T. Butler, R. B. Collins, J. W. Peebles, J. P. Smith, S. D. Waldress. In action: Officers, 2; men, 42.

Total—Killed, 13. Wounded, 51. In action: Officers, 29; men, 474.

MALVERN HILL.

Lt. Col. J. B. Robertson comdg.

Field and Staff—In action: Officers, 6; men, 1.

Company A, Capt. Farmer comdg—In action: Officers, 1; men, 48.

Company B, Lt. Collier comdg—Killed: Private F. Keopke. In action: Officers, 1; men, 47.

Company C, Capt. Whaley comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 33.

Company D, Lt. Hill comdg—Wounded: Privates T. B. Scott, R. C. Brown. In action: Officers, 2; men, 44.

Company E, Capt. Rogers comdg—Killed: Private J. W. Sherman. Wounded: Privates D. E. Batte, J. P. Farmer. In action: Officers, 1; men, 43.

Company F, Capt. Bryan comdg—Wounded: Private F. J. Whittington, Jas. Johnson, J. C. Tutt, John Muldoon. Missing: T. Choate. In action: Officers, 1; men, 48.

Company G, Capt. J. C. Rogers comdg—Killed: Private S. W. Sharp. Wounded: R. T. Griffin. In action: Officers, 1; men, 45.

Company H, Capt. Cleveland comdg—In action: Officers, 4; men, 30.

Company I, Capt. Clay comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 25.

Company K, Capt. Turner comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 35.

Total—Killed, 3; wounded, 9; missing, 1. In action: Officers, 24; men, 399.

MANASSAS NO. 2.

Col. J. B. Robertson Comdg.

Field and Staff—Killed: Lt. Col. J. C. Upton. Wounded: Col. J. B. Robertson; Maj. K. Bryan. In action: Officers, 3.

Company A, Capt. Farmer comdg—Killed: Sergt. J. A. McMurtry, Corpl. John Bell; Privates A. Angel, J. Deles Denier, John DeYoung, D. W. Walker, J. Heffrin, J. Massenberg. Wounded: Sergts. E. A. Nobles, B. C. Simpson; Privates S. Bailey, R. Campbell, J. R. Patton, S. D. Hews, W. Reilley, O. O'Nally. In action: Officers, 4; men, 60.

Company B, Capt. J. D. Roberdeau comdg—Wounded: Capt. Roberdeau; Lt. Ben Baker; Sergt. J. B. Wall, Corpls. J. H. Whitehead, W. W. Pinchback, J. S. Miller, A. V. L. Carter; Private E. Besch, J. S. Bruce, P. Collins, M. Daggett, John Carrigan, M. Flanagan, R. I. Humphrey, J. W. Johnson, P. Lundy, W.

F. Nelms, John Smith, W. T. Snell, Webb Shepherd, John Traynor, J. P. Umbarger, P. Woodhouse, W. L. Rhodes. In action: Officers, 3; men, 45.

Company C, Capt. J. J. McBryde comdg—Wounded: Capt. J. J. McBryde; Lt. J. E. Anderson, J. S. New; Sergt. G. F. Border, J. C. Cox; Corpl. J. S. Adkinson; Privates J. M. Anderson, Robert Allen, B. W. Bristow, H. B. Dunn, J. P. Driscoll, J. Green, J. E. Ellis, J. C. Lacey, B. D. Nunney, T. R. Pistole, P. G. Phillips, J. L. Ross, J. M. Wallace. In action: Officers, 4; men, 37.

Company D, Capt. Hill comdg—Killed: Privates L. Mass, W. D. Wynne, S. T. Ross, J. C. Burden, W. F. Spivey, B. D. Estell, J. K. P. Harris, W. M. Nelms. Wounded: Sergts. O. P. Caldwell, J. M. Robinson; Corpls. R. A. Brantley, L. A. Mitchell; Privates J. W. Cotton, W. Douglass, A. F. Goulding, R. H. Griffin, F. C. Hume, M. A. Lampkin, E. Lachman, K. J. Page, W. P. Powell, S. B. Randall, W. D. Smith, R. Stanton, J. R. Seals. In action: Officers, 3; men, 42.

Company E. Capt. Baber comdg—Killed: Sergt. V. E. Petty; Privates S. D. Dean, G. H. Hutchinson, C. E. Moncreef, N. N. Mullins. Wounded: Lt. Nash; Sergts. F. M. Williamson, J. J. Smith; Corpls. J. C. Buster, W. H. H. Grace; Privates J. A. Cartmell, F. A. Eldridge, M. A. J. Evans, M. M. Felder, J. W. Gee, L. B. Holliday, B. Y. Cavanagh, J. W. Lott, S. S. Lockett, W. Sensebaugh, J. F. Toland, S. B. Williams, J. W. Wallace, J. W. Spann. Missing: J. S. Hutchinson. In action: Officers, 3; men, 58.

Company F, Lt. Williams comdg—Killed: Corpl. H. B. Johnson; Private A. G. Dugaw. Wounded: Lt. W. D. Williams; Sergts. G. W. Starns, I. F. Church, J. M. Dillon; Privates C. G. Fortescue, John Little, H. C. Sheay, H. Griffith, J. Beckman, F. J. Whittington, E. V. McCarty, J. C. Nobles, R. Swiney, W. A. Fletcher, J. W. Pemberton, J. K. Bryan, E. Mallory, E. R. Bouch. In action: Officers, 3; men, 45.

Company G, Lt. John Smith comdg—Killed: Privates C. J. Adams, F. M. Bolinger, Y. B. Ray, R. A. Ray. Wounded: Sergts. W. A. Nabors, W. H. Tarver; Private E. B. McAninch, J. W. Allen, D. R. Beal, J. E. Bryan, L. M. Caldwell, E. McDonald, M. D. Garnett, E. P. Gould, J. A. Jolly, G. F. Long, J. D. Lochlin, R. B. Mays, John Monroe, John Moore, E. W. Poole, S. W. Richardson, H. H. Rowe, A. J. Sherrill, J. Stiedham, J. D. Shelton, W. W. Smith, H. H. Sharp, S. H. Walker. In action: Officers, 3; men, 61.

Company H, Capt. Cleveland comdg—Killed: Privates R. —. Baine, C. D. Hall, D. Pannel. Wounded: Capt. Cleveland; Lts. Robinson, S. S. Stanley, T. B. Sprott; Sergts. L. H. Woodall, E. M. Osborn; Corpls. W. House, L. J. Goree; Privates E. R. Bell, J. C. Cuny, J. Barber, Ben Freeman, M. B. Grace, J. W. Grace, T. L. Hampton, J. S. Stone, J. Shields, S. E. Walters, J. Hemphill, W. E. Lee, J. New. In action: Officers, 4; men, 48.

Company I, Lt. Franklin comdg—Killed: Private W. B. Royston. Wounded: Lts. B. J. Franklin, C. A. Graham; Corpls. W. O. Morgan, E. H. McNight; Private T. B. Allen, J. W. Dallas, S. S. Driscoll, W. T. Harris, W. R. McRea, D. H. Robertson, R. H. Spence, G. W. Baldwin, W. Crabtree, J. Dick, W. Haley, T. Bates. In action: Officers, 2; men, 45.

Company K, Capt. Turner comdg—Killed: Lt. B. W. Henry. Wounded: Capt. I. N. M. Turner; Lts. R. W. Hubert, B. H. N. Hurt; Sergts. J. Turner, N. B. McKinnon, F. F. Meece; Corpls. N. Oates, A. B. Green, J. W. Smith; Privates H. A. Easterling, W. J. Ward, J. M. Bowen, W. M. Braswell, L. B. Dortch, J. M. Alexander, A. Dunn, F. Butler, F. C. Matthews, J. W. Matthews, J. P. Kale, J. W. McCoy, J. F. McKee, B. F. Meekins, J. Roan, D. A. Rowe, W. Stewart. In action: Officers, 4; men, 44. Total killed, 36; wounded, 189; missing, 1. In action: Officers, 36; men, 485.

FREEMAN'S FORD.

Col. J. B. Robertson Comdg.

Field and Staff—Killed: Maj. M. D. Whaley. In action: Officers, 4.

Company A, Capt. Farmer comdg—In action: Officers, 4; men, 60.

Company B, Capt. Roberdeau comdg—Killed: Private F. Mathee. Wounded: Private D. Hurley, F. K. Harris, T. J. Roberts. In action: Officers, 2; men, 45.

Company C, Capt. McBryde, comdg—Wounded: J. H. Haley. In action: Officers, 4; men, 37.

Company D, Lt. Hill comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 47.

Company E, Capt. T. A. Baber comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 40.

Company F, Capt. Bryan comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 52.

Company G, Capt. John Smith comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 70.

Company H, Capt. Cleaveland comdg—Wounded: Private L. B. Wickes. In action: Officers, 4; men, 49.

Company I, Lt. Franklin comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 50.

Company K, Capt. Turner comdg—Wounded: Sergt. J. C. Beard; Private J. B. Wilson. In action: Officers, 3; men, 55.

Total—Killed, 2. Wounded, 7. In action: Officers, 35; men, 505.

BOONSBOROUGH GAP, MD.

Capt. Ike N. M. Turner comdg. Regt.

Company A, Capt. Farmer comdg—Missing: Privates G. Miller, A. Beasley, C. Stevens, Pat. Burns, T. E. Bigbee, H. P. Welch. In action: Officers, 3; men, 30.

Company B, Capt. Roberdeau comdg—Wounded: Private T. T. DeGraffenried. In action: Officers, 2; men, 15.

Company C, Lt. New comdg—Wounded: Private J. T. Allison. In action: Officers, 2; men, 16.

Company D, Lt. Hill comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 35.

Company E, Capt. Baber comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 35.

Company F, Lt. Leonard comdg—Wounded: Private M. Whalon. In action: Officers, 1; men, 23.

Company G, Capt. Smith comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 40.

Company H—In action: Men, 15.

Company I, Lt. Franklin comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 20.

Company K, Lt. Hubert comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 17.

Total—Wounded, 3; missing, 6. In action: Officers, 21; men, 246.

SHARPSBURG, MD.

Capt. Ike N. M. Turner comdg.

Company A, Capt. Farmer comdg—Killed: Privates A. F. Wolfe, F. Kossen. Wounded: Corpl. B. Dyer, Private A. Stewart. In action: Officers, 2; men, 24.

Company B, Capt. Roberdeau comdg—Killed: Color Bearer A. H. Baker. Wounded: W. Cherry, John Morrissey, W. L. Rhodes, W. J. Darden.

Company E—Killed: Privates R. Toland, Hardy Allen, James Hurt. Wounded: Capt. T. M. Baber; Lt. Norwood; Privates J. Henderson, W. Legrand, T. H. Mullins.

Company I—Wounded: Lt. Drake; Sergt. Robt. Park; Private Tom Neman, John Howe, Robert Howe, D. F. Morgan. Missing: B. Baker.

GETTYSBURG, PA., JULY 1, 2 AND 3, 1863.

Col. R. M. Powell comdg.

Field and Staff—Wounded: Col. R. M. Powell; Lt. Col. K. Bryan.

Company A, Capt. D. C. Farmer, comdg—Killed: Privates S. Cohn, C. W. Diggs, J. E. Love, Wm. McDowell. Wounded: Capt. D. C. Farmer; Sergt. B. C. Simpson, H. G. Suttle; Corpl. C. F. Suttle; Color Bearer T. W. Fitzgerald; Privates Sam Bailey, J. Cramer, W. H. Clark, L. Colman, A. H. Edey, E. Fragee, J. Leveton, J. Morris, N. Pomeroy, T. H. Revely, S. H. Watkins, Corpl. J. H. Garrison.

Company B, Capt. J. D. Roberdeau comdg—Killed: Lt. D. H. Henderson; Corpls. J. S. Miller, J. A. Howard; Privates Michael Hurley, H. Hayne, W. F. Nelms, Jno. Q. Neill, A. G. Sloane, W. B. Wilson. Wounded: Lt. Ben. Baker; Sergts. Whitehead, Carter; Privates H. Terrel, D. Hurley. Missing: Capt. J. D. Roberdeau; Privates W. L. Hare, H. Pratt, John Treanor, P. Woodhouse, H. M. Taylor, R. C. Wallace, John Smith.

Company C, Capt. J. J. McBride comdg—Killed: Sergt. Z. Y. Dezell. Wounded: Sergt. F. M. Williams; Private J. H. Poole, J. M. Anderson, T. J. Boykin, J. F. Costan, D. H. Costan, J. P. Driscoll, H. T. Driscoll, A. Lawson, B. L. Nunnery, T. R. Pistole, Eli Yow, J. M. Wallace. Missing: Sergt. N. P. Moss; Corpl. G. A. Shilling; Private A. B. Allison.

Company D, Capt. W. T. Hill comdg—Killed: Privates G. W. Escridge, J. A. McDade, Henry Abernathy, Wm. Turner. Wounded: Capt. W. T. Hill; Lt. Campbell Wood; Sergts. A. M. Henson, W. G. W. Farthing; Privates P. G. Williamson, Z. P. Henry, W. G. Colman, Jno. W. Cotton, W. W. Allston, N. Douglas, J. C. Hill, J. E. Gilbert, R. Hardy, E. Lachman, Joel Minshew, M. Murphy, I. Parker, S. B. Randall, C. Shanoski. Missing: Sergt. R. A. Brantly; Corpl. L. A. Mitchell; Privates E. Burke, G. A. Grant, Robert Hewitt, C. Kearse, Wm. T. McGilvary, J. C. Nelms, K. J. Page, W. P. Powell, W. J. C. Pearce.

Company E, Capt. Baber comdg—Killed: Corpl. G. W. Countts; Pvts. John Booth, Wm. Sensebaugh, Thos. Weathersby. Wounded: Lt. R. T. Harper, Thos. Nash; Privates Jno. Roberts, Jno. Daniels, T. J. Armitage, S. S. Lockett, S. H. Watson, W. E. Stevens, W. R. Lott, J. R. Goodwin, J. J. Smith.

Company F, Capt. Williams comdg—Killed: M. Prue. Wounded: Capt. D. M. Williams; Sergts. F. O. Yates, W. S. Evans, J. M. Carlock; Privates E. R. Bouch, J. Brown, J. T. Booth, S. Curville, N. Dorian, S. Jirow, T. W.

Taylor. Missing: Lt. J. E. Cobb; Private C. D. Brashear, A. Bandwin.

Company G, Capt. Jno. Smith comdg—Killed: Privates W. P. Anderson, G. F. Clarke, W. C. Jones, J. D. Locklin, J. A. Jolly. Wounded: Lt. E. M. Beane; Sergt. W. W. Smith; Corpl. D. C. Ross; Privates A. H. Brown, Benj. Green, Washington Jones, S. B. Allison, D. R. Beale, A. Mernard, A. P. Cunningham, Dan McDonald, H. Mooring, D. H. Mays, J. H. Watson, S. H. Walker, Isaac Jackson, Andrew Jackson, J. W. Webb, Sergt. J. G. Sherrill; Privates R. W. Ritchie, A. G. Jones, Benj. Carley. Missing: Corpls. W. Hill, T. M. Bigby; Privates R. B. Henderson, D. H. Carson, N. W. Blackman, G. N. Jones.

Company H, Capt. J. S. Cleaveland—Killed: Sergt. J. F. McDonald; Corpl. J. R. Weathers; Privates S. V. Stephenson, F. M. Fitzgerald. Wounded: Private W. Woods, J. L. Tarkington, J. C. Graves, J. E. Fridge, Jas. Robinett. Missing: Private Jas. H. Keys, deserted in time of battle.

Company I, Capt. T. T. Clay comdg—Killed: Privates Thos. Bates, Wm. Haley. Wounded: Lt. C. M. Graham, Sergts. H. S. Tarver, H. C. Robertson, G. W. Clampitt, W. O. Morgan; Corpl. J. S. Haffner; Privates J. L. Holmes, Wm. Short, B. J. Baldwin, John Dean, J. H. Blue. Missing: Private H. C. Martin, Jas. Thomas.

Company K, Capt. R. W. Hubert comdg—Killed: Private Simson Dunn. Wounded: Sergt. T. F. Meece; Privates J. P. Meece, W. H. Fields, R. A. Ashley, W. H. Matthews, M. A. Hubbard, D. C. Hendley, J. D. Calvert. Gus Pierrot, W. S. Sandell, J. F. Ford. Missing: Capt. R. W. Hubert; Lts. B. N. Hurt, J. M. Alexander; Sergt. N. B. McKinnon; Corpl. Jno. S. Stevens; Privates Jno. Townes, J. Julian, F. Butler, J. W. Matthews, T. W. Meece, B. F. Meekins, J. C. Matthews.

Total—Killed, 37. Wounded, 126. Missing, 46.

CHICKAMAUGA, SEPTEMBER 19 AND 20, 1863.

Maj. J. C. Rogers, comdg.

Field and Staff—Wounded: Maj. J. C. Rogers; Sergt. Maj. J. M. Smither.

Company A, Lt. B. T. Fuller comdg—Wounded: Color Bearer W. H. Clarke; Privates J. Morris, J. H. Robbins, Robt. Campbell, J. O'Malley, C. B. Gardiner, F. W. Plumer, M. L. Steele.

Company B, Lt. Ed. Collier comdg—Wounded: Lts. Ed. Collier, Ben Baker; Sergt. J. S. Obenshain; Corpl. Webb Shepard; Privates Burton, W. Cherry, D. Hurley, E. Y. Hart, Geo. Gegenworth, J. B. Harvey, Jno. Lake, August Enke. Missing: Private Jno. Morrisey.

Company C, Capt. J. J. McBryde commanding—Killed: Private B. R. Perry. Wounded: Lts. G. F. Border, Z. L. Logan; Sergt. J. C. Cox; Privates J. J. Gough, E. W. James, F. M. Robinson, J. L. Stevens, J. S. Skinner, R. Turner, Eli Yow.

Company D, Lt. O. P. Caldwell comdg—Killed: Corpl. T. L. Watson; Privates M. C. Brown, John Tomlinson. Wounded: Privates J. A. Dickie, M. L. Gilbert, J. E. Gilbert, T. J. Lewis, W. B. Rome, A. H. Traylor; Sergt. J. M. Robinson.

Company E, Capt. T. A. Baber comdg—Killed: Privates T. E. Maddox, Jas. Spann. Wounded: Sergts. W. B. W. George, F. A. Eldridge; Privates M. A. J. Evans, J. W. Wallace, T. H. Mullins, J. T. Sedgley, W. R. Lott, S. T. Cofield, Wm. C. Legrand.

Company F, Lt. R. J. McKinnon comdg—Killed: Sergt. W. S. Evans; Privates P. C. Buxton, D. Toups. Wounded: Sergts. H. V. Angell, W. A. Fletcher, T. W. Bryan, J. Beckman, F. Coogen, W. McVay, M. L. McCarey, J. M. Dillon, H. L. Taylor, F. J. Whittington.

Company G, Lt. Sam Streetman comdg—Killed: Lt. Sam Streetman; Private C. L. Bagwell. Wounded: Privates H. H. Roe, Robt. Griffin, J. T. Austin, M. D. Garrett, A. G. Jones, J. B. Small. Missing: Privates J. H. Odum, R. B. Mays, J. L. Stewart.

Company H—Killed: Sergt. J. A. Jennings; Private T. J. Simmons. Wounded: Lt. T. B. Sprott; Privates R. E. Lee, Harvey Rose, Jas. Bass, A. H. Butler, R. T. Wilson.

Company I—Killed: Privates J. W. Kilby, Jno. Short. Wounded: Corpl. J. W. Graves; Privates Wm. Crabtree, J. D. Holmes, W. A. Holmes, B. J. Baldwin, Jno. Davis, A. W. Holt, J. W. Tooley. Missing: Private Stephen Driscoll.

Company K, Lt. J. Turner comdg—Killed: Sergts. J. C. Beard, N. Oats. Wounded: Lt. Joe Turner; Corpl. L. B. Dortch; Privates T. Butler, A. J. Fairchilds, Wm. M. McDonald, T. W. McCrory, W. D. S. Nettles, E. Kirtland. Missing: Private J. W. McCoy.

Total—Killed, 17. Wounded, 86. Missing, 6.

SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE, NOVEMBER 25, 1863.

Company C, Capt. J. J. McBryde comdg—Wounded: Lt. G. F. Border; Private J. J. Gouch.

Company D, Lt. A. C. Woodall comdg—Killed: Private Wm. Sanders.

Company I, Lt. B. J. Franklin comdg—Killed: Private R. H. Spence. Wounded: T. P. Dudley.

Total—Killed, 2. Wounded, 3.

THE WILDERNESS, VA., MAY 6, 1864.

Lt. Col. K. Bryan comdg.

Field and Staff—Wounded: Lt. Col. K. Bryan; Capt. T. T. Clay, actg. lieut. col.; Capt. D. C. Farmer, actg. maj.; Adjt. W. P. McGowen.

Company A, Lt. B. P. Fuller comdg—Killed: Private T. P. Bryan. Wounded: Lt. B. P. Fuller; Sergts. G. J. Robinson, J. H. Shepherd; Privates W. H. Clark (color bearer), J. C. Deloach, J. E. Landes.

Company B, Lt. Ed. Collier comdg—Killed: Private E. Auerbach. Wounded: Privates E. Besch, W. Cherney, P. Collins, R. Graff.

Company C, Capt. J. J. McBryde comdg—Wounded: Capt. J. J. McBryde; Privates J. T. Allison, J. E. Ellis, John Garrison, J. E. Lacy, R. Turner, H. P. Trawick.

Company D, Capt. W. T. Hill comdg—Killed: Corpl. W. E. Lewis; Privates W. H. Lewis, R. H. Griffin. Wounded: Capt. W. T. Hill; Corpl. W. C. Walke; Privates W. W. Alston, B. Carrington, I. E. Gilbert, W. H. Myers, I. Burton, W. B. Rome, W. A. Traylor. Missing: Robert Stanton.

Company E, Second Lt. B. Eldridge comdg—Killed: Private C. E. Faquehor. Wounded: Lt. B. Eldridge; Sergt. W. B. George; Privates John Daniels, L. Gee, W. Lott, W. H. McAlister, G. W. Williams.

Company F, Capt. W. D. Williams comdg—Wounded: Lt. R. J. McKinnon; Privates O. Copal, S. Curvelo, Jeff Chaisson, P. Choate, E. Bouch, Santos Rossas, J. M. Dillon, T. Taylor, E. Tucker, A. N. Vaughn.

Company G, Capt. Smith comdg—Killed: Private W. W. Peeks. Wounded: Sergts. L. Caldwell, J. G. Sherrell, E. D. Williams; Corpl. T. M. Bigbie: Privates S. H. Beller, G. A. Bennard, J. W. Evans. M. D. Garret, J. C. Gotford, A. Huffman, W. W. Hill, L. W. Miller, E. Pool, J. A. Sharp, J. B. Tomlinson.

Company H, Lt. W. Robinson comdg—Wounded: Lt. W. Robinson; Privates James Chesser. F. K. Goree. T. L. Hampton. J. Hemphill, D. McCrackin, J. C. Pinson, James Robinet. E. Shaw.

Company I, Lt. D. R. Ponce comdg—Killed: Privates John Davis, George Baldwin. Wounded: Sergt. G. Clampitt; Privates W. R. Burlow, John Conner, John Dean, J. W. Dean, R. Flemming, J. W. Grant, W. A. Holmes, A. B. Hood, John Hoval, B. J. Baldwin, E. C. Hewes, O. P. Barton, J. W. Powell, W. G. Blue.

Company K, Lt. Thomas Nash, Company E, comdg—Killed: Lt. Thomas Nash; Privates T. McCrary, Thomas Henry, John McKee. Wounded: Sergts. A. B. Green, D. A. Rowe; Privates N. Wiley, W. B. Young, H. C. Hirams, A. Dunn, B. C. Hubbard, S. D. Waldrop.

Total—Killed, 13. Wounded, 96. Missing, 1.

SPOTTSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA, MAY 9, 10, 11, 1864.

Capt. D. C. Farmer comdg.

Company A, Sergt. H. G. Settle comdg—Killed: Private Samuel Bailey. Missing: Private W. B. Ferrell.

Company B, Lt. Edward Collier comdg—Wounded: Private D. Hurley.

Company C, Lt. J. E. Anderson commanding—Killed: Private J. J. Pridgen. Wounded: Private J. M. Anderson.

Company D, Lt. A. C. Woodall commanding—Killed: Private J. T. Shaw. Wounded: Private J. T. Alverson.

Company G, Capt. Smith comdg—Wounded: J. B. Small.

Company H, Sergt. L. H. Woodall comdg—Killed: Private W. G. Jones.

Total—Killed, 4. Wounded, 4. Missing, 1.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN FOURTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

The list of casualties of the Fourth Texas were so badly faded as to be undecipherable, and following is all that could possibly be made out:

ELTHAM'S LANDING, MAY 7, 1862.

Col. John Marshal comdg.

Field and Staff—In action: Officers, 2; men, 4.

Company A, Lt. S. H. Darden comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 55.

Company B, Capt. B. F. Carter comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 78.

Company C, Capt. W. P. Townsend comdg—In action: Officers, 4; men, 61.

Company D, Capt. John P. Bane comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 50.

Company E, Capt. E. D. Ryan comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 70.

Company F, Capt. Ed Cunningham comdg—In action: Officers, 4; men, 50.

Company G, Capt. J. W. Hutchinson comdg

—Killed: Charles W. Spencer. In action: Officers, 2; men, 80.

Company H, Capt. P. P. Porter comdg—Wounded: Corp. H. S. Sapp. In action: Officers, 3; men, 46.

Company I, Lt. J. W. Lockridge comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 37.

Company K, Capt. Wm. Martin comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 50.

Total—Killed, 1. Wounded, 1. In action: Officers, 37; men, 581.

SEVEN PINES, MAY 31 AND JUNE 1, 1862.

Col. John Marshal comdg.

Field and Staff—In action: Officers, 8; men, 4.

Company A, Capt. S. H. Darden comdg—In action: Officers, 4; men, 70.

Company B, Capt. B. F. Carter comdg—Wounded: A. W. Nichols. In action: Officers, 4; men, 70.

Company C, Capt. W. P. Townsend comdg—Wounded: George Elders. In action: Officers, 4; men, 46.

Company D, Capt. J. P. Bane comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 55.

Company E, Capt. E. D. Ryan comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 53.

Company F, Capt. Ed Cunningham comdg—In action: Officers, 4; men, 60.

Company G, Capt. J. W. Hutchinson comdg In action: Officers, 3; men, 60.

Company H, Capt. P. P. Porter comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 70.

Company I, Capt. C. M. Winkler comdg—Missing prisoner: W. G. Jackson, since exchanged. In action: Officers, 4; men, 50.

Company K, Capt. Wm. Martin comdg—Wounded: T. J. Hadgood, J. F. Smith. In action: Officers, 3; men, 60.

Total—Wounded, 4. Missing, 1. In action: Officers, 33; men, 502.

GAINES' FARM, JUNE 27, 1862.

Col. John Marshal comdg.

Field and Staff—Killed: Col. John Marshall. Lt. Col. Bradfute Warwick, Capt. Thos. W. Owens, A. C. S. Wounded: Maj. J. C. G. Key. In action: Officers, 8; men, 4.

Company A, Capt. S. H. Darden comdg—Killed: Sergt. A. P. Brown; Privates John Adams, A. J. Barton, Fount Lyle, A. B. Melhorn. Wounded: Corpl. J. A. Surrett; Privates J. W. Deel, J. W. Eldridge, Alex Hilliard, J. H. Key, Robt. Lockridge, Chas. Moned, Jeremiah Murphey, Jos. McCarty, Donald McDonald, Wm. A. Stanfield, John A. Wood.

Company B, Lt. W. C. Walsh comdg—Killed: Second Lt. R. J. Lambert, Private J. S. Summers. Wounded: Lt. W. C. Walch, Sergt. John T. Price, Corpl. Niles Faucett; Privates J. C. Callahan, G. Calvin, W. H. Calon, G. H. Crozier, J. Falls, V. C. Giles, John Griffith, A. J. Howard, J. J. Hughes, Wm. A. Keller, E. Jones, R. Markhan, C. L. Morris, S. E. Mosley, G. R. Nichols, W. L. Piper, J. D. Railey, C. H. Rushton, J. Shuter, M. Thomas. In action: Officers, 3; men, 62.

Company C, Capt. W. P. Townsend comdg—Killed: Lt. P. S. Wood; Corpls. A. P. Streetman, Jo Adams; Privates P. H. Brown, W. Conley, W. R. Hunter, J. S. P. Henderson, J. R. Robertson, J. R. Smilie, W. J. Smilie. Wounded: Sergts. H. W. Davis, J. C. Roberts, J. J. Holloway; Corpls. J. W. M. P. Hill, J. D. Boyd; Privates F. Barton, W. L. Bailey, T. B. Beavers, J. H. Drennan, W. L. Easler, H. F. Eddington, W. H. Foster, R. V. Foster, E. N. Hickson, W. W. Marshall, B. Merryman, J. Oliver, J. Sneed, J. H. Simmons, B. Wood, C. D. S. Wilkins. In action: Officers, 4; men, 49.

Company D, Capt. John P. Bane comdg—Killed: 1st Lt. C. Reich, 2d Lt. T. H. Hollaman, Privates Geo. Butler, W. L. Calvert, J. I. Davidson, Alex Douar, Isham Fennell, I. R. Lackey, A. A. Gordon, Leonidas Millett, A. L. Pierce, John T. Young, T. J. Park. Wounded: Capt. J. P. Bane, Privates T. G. Courting, M. S. Dunn, W. B. Dimmitt, Jas. Dimmitt, T. J. Ewing, A. M. Erskine, A. G. Green, W. S. Green, Julius Glazer, W. H. Harmann, Z. J. Harmann, S. A. Jones, Benj. F. Little, A. Leonard, M. E. Miller, Frank Sanders, Paris Smith, Wm. Shumate, W. W. Wilson, J. M. White. In action: Officers, 3; men, 47.

Company E, Capt. E. D. Ryan comdg—Killed: Capt. E. D. Ryan, Corpl. S. Young, Privates R. L. Freeman, Abner Roberts, J. S. Smith. Wounded: Lt. J. M. Brandon, Sergt. W. W. Dunklin, Corpl. C. S. Worsham, Privates B. L. Aycock, Noah Bible, J. H. Harrison, L. D. Holloway, J. B. Chapman, J. B. Majors, C. P. Madden, N. P. Moore, W. D. Rogers, E. L. Sharp, G. M. Taylor. In action: Officers, 3; men, 43.

Company F, Capt. Ed Cunningham comdg—Killed: Jr. 2d Lt. L. P. Lyons, Corpl. D. M. McAlister, Privates T. J. Cunningham, Edward Downing, C. F. Henderson, Nicholas Kahr, John S. Kindred, Garrett Koolbeck, E. J. Sampson, R. A. Sullivan. Wounded: 1st Lt. J. F. Brooks, Corpl. C. A. McAllister, Privates G. G. Aylmer, Reuben T. Crigler, E. R. Crockett, A. Dial, W. A. Green, J. R. Har-

well, W. C. Johnson, Jas. B. Kindred, Joshua P. Kindred, Peter Maus, T. J. McCann, Oscar Menger, Wm. Morris, M. M. Pengrar, Michael Pickett, Jos. B. Polley. In action: Officers, 4; men, 52.

Company G, Capt. J. W. Hutchinson comdg—Killed: Capt. J. W. Hutchinson, Lt. D. L. Butts, Privates A. J. Cruse, W. S. Jones, Jno. Roverson, J. B. Scott, Caleb W. White. Wounded: Sergt. Jas. L. Scott, Corpl. E. P. Nelems, Privates W. E. Barry, N. M. Baines, J. T. Dance, S. D. Ferrell, J. J. Flournoy, G. A. Gay, D. C. Griffin, B. F. Kelley, Jas. T. Muse, E. W. Pearce, J. M. Peteet, J. H. Plasters, W. B. Peteet, David Silverbough, W. A. Stacey, John Trant, J. J. Williams. In action: Officers, 4; men, 61.

Company H, Capt. P. P. Porter comdg—Killed: Capt. P. P. Porter, Sergts. N. A. Myers, R. L. Tyler, T. O. Wilkes; Corpl. Chas. M. Conroe, Privates B. H. Allen, Henry Barzo, G. D. L. Bryant, J. H. Gillam, R. Quigley, W. L. Martin. Wounded: 2d Lt. Benton Randolph, Sergt. Gus. A. Wynne, Privates W. E. Copeland, W. L. Fisher, Adams Hahn, J. A. Kirby, John Long, J. Towns, D. G. May, W. C. May, Marion Myers, T. T. M. Petty, Jas. Sergeant, John Smith, R. R. Stratton, J. S. Spivey, Matt Steussey, Hy. Travis. In action: Officers, 2; men, 43.

Company I, Captain C. M. Winkler comdg—Killed: Private W. A. Fondran. Wounded: 1st Lt. J. R. Lockridge, 2d Lt. Mat Beasley, Sergt. J. D. Caldwell, Privates W. E. Carroll, Jas. Franklin, E. M. Garner, John Gregory, Jack Hill, J. H. Hill, A. M. Lemmons, John Pickett, J. W. G. Platt, J. M. Polk, J. R. Shaw, J. H. Treadwell, R. H. Wade, J. C. Welch, E. Waters. In action: Officers, 4; men, 46.

Company K, Capt. W. H. Martin comdg—Killed: Sergt. E. J. Williams, Corpl. H. L. Elfidge, Privates B. M. Cox, W. L. Edwards, F. M. Hight, E. C. Hilliard, S. L. Owen, J. A. Rounsavall. Wounded: 1st Lt. J. S. Burress, 2d Lt. M. O. Clanahan, Jr. 2d Lt. W. D. Rounsavall, Corpl. W. S. Wilton, Privates J. M. Campbell, L. D. Champion, J. D. Heard, W. S. Isaacs, S. G. McNeeley, A. H. Rogers, J. M. Swindle. In action: Officers, 4; men, 44.

Total—Killed, 75. Wounded, 180. In action: Officers, 40; men, 506.

MALVERN HILL, JULY 1, 1862.

Capt. W. P. Townsend comdg.

Field and Staff—In action: Officers, 2; men, 4.

Company I—Wounded: Sergt. S. K. Morris. In action: Officers, 1; men, 20.

Company K—Wounded: Private W. A. ——. In action: Officers, 1; men, 21.

Total—Wounded, 2. In action: Officers, 16; men, 245.

FREEMAN'S FORD, AUGUST 22, 1862.

Lt. Col. B. F. Carter comdg—In action: Officers, 35, men, ——.

MANASSAS, AUGUST 29 AND 30, 1862.

Lt. Col. B. F. Carter comdg.

Field and Staff—Wounded: Major W. P. Townsend. In action: Officers, 6; men, 5.

Company A, Capt. S. H. Darden comdg—Killed: Sergt. T. J. Thomas. Wounded: Sergts. Geo. E. Lynch, Robert W. Thomas, Ed. M. Francis; Privates J. M. Hopkins, T. B. Stanfield, Q. Vann, Thomas Vann, E. R. Walker. In action: Officers, 2; men, 33.

Company B, Lt. J. T. McLaurin comdg—Killed: Sergts. Niles Fawcett, C. W. McAnnally; Corpl. S. H. Burnhart, Privates I. W. Benson, J. H. Thomas. Wounded: Privates Wm. C. Calhoun, A. J. Campbell, W. M. Chandler, G. H. Crozier, Wm. R. Hamby, N. W. Mayfield, B. W. Hopson, J. T. McGehee, A. S. Roberts, Isaac Stein. In action: Officers: 3; men, 34.

Company C, Capt. D. U. Barziza comdg—Killed: Privates A. Herndon, Y. A. Talbet, G. W. White, W. S. Kirk. Wounded: Capt. D. U. Barziza; Sergts. James Galloway, E. A. Wood; Privates J. W. Langston, H. Van Dusen. Missing: Private J. H. Griffin. In action: Officers, 3; men, 18.

Company D, 1st Lt. Ed Dugan comdg—Killed: 2d Lt. T. I. Johnson, Private James Whitehead. Wounded: 2d Lt. A. D. Jeffries, Corpl. R. J. Burges, Privates Thomas Cox, Richard Jones, John R. Jefferson, R. H. Rhodes. In action: Officers, 3; men, 20.

Company E, 1st Lt. J. C. Billingsly comdg—Killed: Sergt. R. S. Dean, Corpl. J. L. Rogers, Privates P. C. Bible, J. B. Clark, T. L. Dunklin, B. G. Edwards. Wounded: Privates W. A. Pamplin, W. S. Robinson, R. M. Jones, C. M. Whitehead, L. C. Peters. Missing: C. A. Wideman. In action: Officers, 2; men, 24.

Company F, 2d Lt. L. P. Hughes comdg—Killed: Private Simon Wolf. Wounded: Privates James Alford, Wm. F. Floyd, James P. Kindred, Albert Sneed. In action: Officers, 2; men, 35.

Company G, Capt. R. H. Bassett comdg—Killed: M. E. Haddon. Wounded: Privates J. W. T. Mays, J. W. Montgomery, Walter Wilson. Missing: Lt. T. C. Buffington. In action: Officers, 4; men, 45.

Company H, Capt. J. T. Hunter comdg—Killed: 2d Lt. C. E. Jones, privates T. A. Brent, R. W. Ransom, H. C. Watson, R. C. Dawson, S. P. King, S. W. Wynne. Wounded: Capt. J. T. Hunter, 2d Lt. M. C. Holmes, Privates B. F. Bullock, Jas. Conally, J. H. Sharp, Lewis Lavanteur, W. C. May, B. B. Wilkes. In action: Officers, 3; men, 32.

Company I, Captain C. M. Winkler comdg—Killed: Sergt. T. R. Morris, Privates J. R. Beasley, R. N. Rea, W. P. Spence, J. M. McMorris. Wounded: Privates H. F. Black, J. H. Herbert, R. T. Miller, G. W. Foster, W. T. Smith, E. S. Crabb, J. A. Foster, Thos. Kennady, J. M. Lummert. Missing: R. W. Crawford. In action: Officers, 1; men, 40.

Company K, Capt. W. H. Martin comdg—Killed: Sergt. Henry Martin, Private W. F. Whitaker. Wounded: Corpl. Hugh Carter, Privates M. H. Hodys, C. P. Weisenser. In action: Officer, 1; men, 50.

Total—Killed, 34. Wounded, 61. Missing, 4. In action: Officers, 31; men, 336.

BOONSBOROUGH GAP, SEPTEMBER 14, 1862.

Col. J. C. G. Key comdg.

Company A, Capt. S. H. Darden comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 33.

Company B, 1st Lt. J. T. McLaurin comdg—In action: Officers, 3; men, 29.

Company C, Lt. M. Livingston comdg—In action: Officers, 2; men, 18.

Company D, Lt. E. Duggan comdg—In action: Officer, 1; men, 23.

Company E, 1st Lt. J. C. Billingsly comdg—Missing: Geo. Creed. In action: Officers, 2; men, 20.

Company F, Lt. L. P. Hughes comdg—Missing: E. F. Wallace. In action: Officer, 1; men, 20.

Company G, Capt. R. H. Bassett comdg—Wounded: J. W. Thomas. Missing: R. A. Beecher. In action: Officers, 2; men, 40.

Company H, Lt. John Roach of Company G, comdg—In action: Men, 20.

Company I, Capt. C. M. Winkler comdg—Missing: Privates J. T. Green, W. R. Jefferson. In action: Officers, 2; men, 18.

Company K, Capt. W. H. Martin comdg—Wounded: Private P. Price. Missing: L. D. Champion. In action: Officer, 1; men, 23.

Total—Wounded, 2. Missing, 6. In action: Officers, 17; men, 244.

From the remainders of the "Papers" nothing can be deciphered except that Sergt. John Elliott, field and staff, was wounded at Sharpsburg; Privates A. J. Lane, J. J. Pickering, Company K, were wounded in some action; and Lieut. R. B. Martin, Company K, was killed at Knoxville.

PRISONERS CAPTURED FROM FIRST TEXAS REGIMENT.

Gettysburg—Company D: Privates L. W. Thomas, Wm. Day. Company F: Private L. D. Rock. Company H: Sergt. S. B. Briley; Privates I. A. Counts, W. D. Middleton, I. P. Mullins, I. C. King, James Tubb, I. H. Rudd, F. M. Emboy, L. L. Evans. Company I: Privates S. H. Oliphant, L. A. Boon, A. Miller. Company K: Sergt. John Lord; Corpl. Wm. White; Privates W. A. Shews, R. C. Tucker. Company L: Privates F. Swarting, W. C. Taylor, H. N. Farquer, Frank Nichols, Henry Shulty. Nurses left with the wounded of Company L: Austin Jones, I. C. McCorquedale, W. Hoskins.

Chickamauga—Company A: Corpl. J. E. Hawkins. Company D: Private J. E. Dunklin. Company G: Privates W. C. Wren, M. Hamley, S. R. Burroughs. Company I: Private I. Weatherhead. Company L: Private John Coffee.

Knoxville—Company I: Private E. M. Oliver. Company M: Lieut. W. Cecil.

Totals—Gettysburg, 27; Chickamauga, 7; Knoxville, 2—36.

The above is all I have any knowledge of. There were more taken at Knoxville, but I have received no list.

D. C. CADY.

CONDITION OF THE BRIGADE.

Austin, Texas, October 25, 1864.

To His Excellency, P. Murrah, Governor of Texas:—I have the honor to respectfully represent to you the condition of the First, Fourth and Fifth Regiments, Texas Volunteer Infantry, composing, in the main, the Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. These troops left their homes in the summer of 1861, at the opening of war, upon the call of their country. They have alone represented our Lone Star State in the vital struggle for Southern independence on the plains of Virginia; and in addition to their services in Virginia, they participated in the eventful campaign of last fall and winter in Georgia and Tennessee. These Regiments entered the service originally with a little short of 1,000 men each. In the spring of 1862 they each received about 350 recruits, making the whole number about 1,300 to each regiment, and near 4,000 in all. The deaths from disease is near 400 to the regiment or about 1,200 in all. The deaths in battle have been over 300, or about 1,000 in all. The number disabled from casualties in battle, and other causes, is about 1,500; leaving less than 300 able for service and of this number there are many who, from wounds received in battle, are unable to endure the long marches ineident to an active campaign, the actual casualties in battle being greater than the original number of men in each regiment. They have participated in more than twenty battles, in five of which they lost, in killed and wounded, more than half their numbers. These statistics are alluded to for the purpose of accounting to your excellency for the reduced number of these regiments. Repeated efforts have been made to recruit these regiments by sending recruiting officers to Texas, and by written appeals to both people and authorities, all of which have failed. Believing that the shattered ranks of these war-worn regiments can be filled by allowing them to return home, where alone there is material to recruit them; and believing, as I do, that, unless they are recruited, but a short time will have passed until the last one of that gallant band will have "fought his last battle," and that the Texas Brigade will live but in name, a fate I can not but believe that their gallantry, as well as the fair name of Texas forbids, I address your excellency, and ask that you will ask of the President that the remaining men and officers of these regiments be furloughed the coming winter, and allowed to return home to recruit. I have not a doubt, if transfers are allowed from other commands wherever such transfers will not reduce the companies from which they are taken below the minimum number, that these regiments can, in a short time, be filled with fine material and without injury to either the service or other commands; and, once recruited, their whole history sustains me in giving the assurance that they will, with promptness and alacrity, obey orders without regard to what part of our Confederacy those orders may carry them. I am, Governor, very respectfully, your obt. servt., J. B. Robertson, Brig. Genl.

REPORT TO GOVERNOR LUBBOCK.

To His Excelleney, F. R. Lubbock, Austin—Sir: I have the honor herewith to send you statement showing casualties, changes, etc., of my Regiment, Fifth Texas Volunteers. It is proper to remark that of the 272 returned for duty there are nearly 100 who having recently joined me from hospitals, are weak and feeble, and can not be calculated on for a march of any extent. I do not estimate my actual strength in an action, should one come on soon, at more than 150. Out of those present I have forty-five barefooted, and two-thirds of them are nearly so. Our supply of clothing and blankets is very limited. Of the 512 absent sick and wounded very few will probably join us this winter, and many will have to be discharged. The health of those present is tolerably good; no serious sickness. The Regiment must be filled up from some source before it can be made efficient.

I have the honor to be Your Excellency's obt. servt., J. B. Robertson, Col. Comdg.

List of officers and men belonging to the Fifth Texas Regiment now in the hands of the enemy as prisoners of war, taken at Gettysburg, Pa.:

Officers—Col. R. M. Powell; Capt. J. D. Roberdeau, Company B; Lt. Thos. Harper, Company E; Lt. J. E. Cobb, Company F; Lt. Bean, Company G; Capt. R. W. Hubert, Lt. B. H. N. Hurt, Lt. J. M. Alexander, Company K.

Enlisted men—Company A: Sergt. B. C. Simpson; Privates C. S. Settles, J. H. Garrison, A. H. Edey. Company B: Pratt. Hare, Trainer, Wilson, Woodhouse, Johnson, Hunt, Terrell. Company C: Srgt. N. P. Moss; Corpl. G. A. Shilling; Privates A. B. Allison, J. M. Wallace, T. R. Pistole, J. H. Poole, D. O. H. Coston, B. D. Nunnery. Company D: Srgt. R. A. Brantley; Corpl. L. Mitchell; Privates R. Abernathy, E. Burke, C. Shinosky, J. W. Cotton, Erkridge, G. A. Grant, C. Kearse, E. Lackman, W. McGilrary, M. Murphy, I. C. Nelms, K. I. Page, T. P. Williamson, W. P. Powell. Company E: I. Daniels. Company F: F. O. Yates, A. Bodwin, C. D. Brashear. Company G: T. M. Bagby, S. P. Allison, M. W. Blackman, R. Henderson, G. A. Jones, Jno. Moore,

S. H. Walker, A. Jackson. Company H: J. V. Stephenson. Company I: H. Martin, W. H. Short, J. R. Thomas, H. O. Robertson, H. S. Tarver J. A. Hallum. Company K: Srgt. N. B. McKinnon; Corpls. J. W. Stevens, J. R. Towns; Privates Jas. Butler, John Julien, W. H. Matthews, B. F. Meekins, J. W. Matthews, C. W. Meece.

Taken at Chickamauga—M. L. Steel, Company A: John Morrisay, Company B; T. M. Lee, Company C; R. B. Mays, J. L. Stewart, J. H. Odam, Company G; Stephen Driscol, Company I; J. W. McCoy, Company K; John C. Tutt, Company F.

February 25, 1864.

PRICE, Capt. and A. A. G.

FAREWELL OF GEN. J. B. ROBERTSON TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

Headquarters Texas Brigade, near Bristol,
April 9, 1864.

Soldiers: Having shared in the toils, privations and trials of the Texas Brigade from its organization, during which period it has, by its valor, enrolled its name high upon the pages of our country's history, it is with the deepest feelings of regret that I now separate from you. After an association sealed by so many sacrifices and cemented by their blood, with so many evidences of confidence and affection on the part of the officers and men, this separation is like severing the strongest family ties. My highest ambition was to have shared your toils and triumphs as long as there was left an arm to bear your victorious flag, and by a discharge of my whole duty, merit the confidence with which I have been so highly honored. With a mind saddened by the remembrance of ties broken, and with the prayer that God, in His mercy, will guard, protect, and bless you, I bid you farewell.

J. B. ROBERTSON.

If every comrade could see the defaced rolls at Washington and realize how impossible it is to decipher the half-spelt names, he would carefully inspect the casualty list and list of those who surrendered at Appomattox and see if he could not help rectify them before it is forever too late. We will all soon be gone and opportunity forever lost.

ROLL OF OFFICERS AND MEN

Belonging to Hood's Texas Brigade who Surrendered at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1869.

FIRST TEXAS.

F. S. Bass, Colonel commanding regiment.
Jno. H. Leete, Adjutant.
G. A. Merritt, Assistant Surgeon.
D. K. Rice, Captain Company C.
Wm. A. Bedell, Captain Company L.
Jno. N. Wilson, Captain Company K.
J. J. Quarles, Captain Company G.
A. W. Buckner, First Lieutenant Company C.
A. A. Aldrich, First Lieutenant Company I.
H. H. Robinson, First Lieutenant Co. A.
T. A. Ardrey, First Lieutenant Company K.
D. M. Mollynatt, First Lieutenant Co. G.
A. C. Oliver, First Lieutenant Company D.
M. C. Noble, Second Lieutenant Company F.
Wm. M. Berryman, Second Lieutenant Company I.
Sam P. Torbett, Second Lieutenant Company H.
W. A. Forte, Hospital Steward.

COMPANY A.

Second Sergt. A. Alford; Private G. Mathews.

COMPANY C.

Fourth Sergt. J. N. Freeman; Privates O. G. Armstrong, J. W. Armstrong, H. F. M. Freeman, J. P. Neil.

COMPANY D.

Second Sergt. D. F. Storey, Third Sergt. E. C. Powell, First Corpl. J. T. Dixon; Privates A. J. Adams, W. L. Durham, G. F. Moss, E. W. Oliver, J. W. Smith, S. L. Davenport, P. H. Glaze, W. O. Moore, F. T. Oliver, J. L. Allen.

COMPANY E.

Fourth Sergt. W. H. Coleman; Privates J. A. Clark, S. F. Perry, G. F. Heard, F. M. Mays, R. G. Sands, T. H. Langley, J. T. Longino, J. W. Trowbridge, S. T. Watson.

COMPANY F.

Privates J. M. Snowden, A. S. Crarey.

COMPANY G.

First Sergt. G. W. Chambers, Second Sergt. W. P. Bowen, Fourth Sergt. J. Parker, First Corpl. J. R. Keeling; Privates L. A. Adams, J. W. Davis, F. M. Hopkins, T. F. Muin, E. M. Mathews, J. Lewellen, T. G. Seay, W. B. Henry, J. A. Knox, Jas. Ward, S. F. Black, D. B. Chambers, H. Darnell, G. W. Kennedy, J. W. Mathews, B. Y. Milan, J. M. Petty, W. J.

Watts, W. B. Kimbrough, M. A. Knox, R. F. Wren, A. P. Cooke.

COMPANY H.

First Sergt. H. G. Hickman, Fourth Sergt. Geo. Hollinsworth, Fifth Sergt. C. C. Baker, First Corpl. J. E. Evans, Second Corpl. W. H. Moore; Privates P. A. Blanton, T. R. Edwards, N. Hollinsworth, J. A. Knight, J. M. Herrington, J. Laflin, J. P. Surratt, Jas. Bolton, A. J. Fry, J. Honoessburger, Joe A. Knight, T. B. Davidson, L. G. McKinsie, A. N. Fennell.

COMPANY I.

Second Sergt. R. F. Emmons, Fifth Sergt. D. B. Bush, Commissary Sergt. A. Aldrich, First Corpl. J. M. Dranhorn; Privates J. Harris, F. M. Morris, T. W. H. McCall, D. M. McLean, Chas. Scully.

COMPANY K.

Second Sergt. O. T. Hanks, Third Sergt. H. S. Bennett, Third Corpl. J. Brandon, Fourth Corpl. W. F. Brooks; Privates O. T. Hail, A. J. Preselle, H. C. Powell, A. J. Wilson, B. D. Dunham, W. H. Watson, Joe O. Brown, S. N. Peterson, J. O. Noble, Geo. W. Menefree.

COMPANY L.

Third Sergt. J. C. Pratt, Fourth Sergt. W. A. Shelton; Privates Samuel Clarke, J. Dillon, M. Garrity, John McCarty, R. R. Stoddard, W. B. Von Hutton, M. L. Wagner, R. A. Curtis, L. F. Delardenier, T. L. McCarty, G. A. Merke, H. Soultze, A. W. Wood, Wm. Hoskins, Jas. Welch.

COMPANY M.

First Sergt. T. W. Peary, Second Sergt. W. A. Roach, Third Sergt. F. M. Slater, Fourth Sergt. G. B. Lundy, Fifth Sergt. D. H. Hamilton, Drummer S. S. Watson; Privates B. J. Caps, W. F. Enfinger, S. Stubblefield, W. T. White, S. Demirry, T. E. Hathorn, W. Tullous, J. A. White, Jo Wilson.

FOURTH TEXAS.

C. M. Winkler, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding regiment.

W. H. Martin, Major.

J. C. Jones, Surgeon.

J. T. McLaurin, Captain Company B.

R. H. Frank, Captain Company D.

J. T. Hunter, Captain Company H.

E. T. Kindred, Captain Company F.

Haywood Brahan, First Lieutenant Company F.

N. J. Mills, First Lieutenant Company I.

J. B. Boyd, First Lieutenant Company C.

J. S. Spivey, First Lieutenant Company H.

J. J. Atkinson, First Lieutenant Company G.

Wm. F. Ford, Second Lieutenant Company B.

G. E. Lynon, First Lieutenant Company A.

J. W. Duran, Second Lieutenant Company I.

Robert H. Leonard, Hospital Steward.

J. R. P. Jett, T. D. Herst, J. H. Collins, D. H. Foster, D. J. Goode, Chas. Warner, P. R. Stamps and Frank Veal, Musicians.

COMPANY A.

Second Sergt. P. H. Walker, Third Sergt. W. D. Mooney, Fourth Sergt. P. J. Deel; Privates T. W. Fletcher, J. H. Gunn, J. S. Jones, W. H. Pittman, P. Thompson, J. M. Fields W. A. Hall, A. J. Martin, T. S. Simmons, W. B. Walker.

COMPANY B.

Fifth Sergt. W. J. Flanniken, First Corp. J. E. Jones, Second Corp. W. J. Tannehill, Fourth Corp. A. R. Masterson; Privates L. B. Cox, A. A. Durfee, N. W. Mayfield, A. R. Rice, J. K. P. Dunson J. B. Henderson, A. T. Luckett, S. P. Teague, D. A. Todd.

COMPANY C.

Second Sergt. J. M. Adams; Privates W. Geary, B. F. Merriman, S. W. Montgomery, W. Hearne.

COMPANY D.

First Sergt. Jas. Patterson, Second Sergt. A. E. Wilson, Third Sergt. R. A. Burges, Fourth Sergt. S. A. Jones, Fifth Sergt. Z. J. Harmon, First Corp. J. M. White; Privates W. H. Burges, A. A. Dimmitt, J. B. Gregory, G. W. Little, F. C. White, J. S. Daniel, W. Dunn, J. F. Holmes, John Rodgers, B. Schmidt, G. A. Hodges.

COMPANY E.

First Sergt. P. M. Ripley, Second Sergt. W. W. Dunklin, First Corp. E. C. Sharp; Privates S. J. Billingsley, W. E. Duncan, W. M. King, F. C. Mullins, Jas. Robertson, H. B. Rogers, R. W. Umberson, G. N. Chenault, Samuel Fossett, W. H. Burton, W. A. Pamplin, N. N. Ripley, G. M. Taylor, P. D. Williams.

COMPANY F.

First Sergt. J. D. Murray; Privates C. A. McAlister, H. G. Abbott, S. H. Hardoin, Jas. Alford, W. H. Dunn, L. T. Pogue.

COMPANY G.

First Sergt. L. H. Barry, Second Sergt. W. M. Baines, Third Sergt. W. A. Stacey, Fifth Sergt. W. J. Grissett, Third Corp. J. F. Martin, Fourth Corp. B. F. Kelley; Privates Jas. Aiken, D. R. Blackshear, E. C. Davis, C. G. Mooring, S. A. Midkiff, H. F. Plaster, G. S. Qualls, H. E. Shafer, T. G. Wallingford, J. J. Blackshear, J. J. Cooke, G. W. Jones, W. A. Martin, J. T. Muse, J. M. Pinckney, J. S. Reynolds, A. J. Stewart, H. F. Williams.

COMPANY H.

Captain J. T. Hunter, First Lieut. J. S. Spivey, Fourth Sergt. W. T. C. May, First Corp. R. H. Stewart; Privates T. C. Dillard, R. M. May, Thos. A. Wynne, H. Keiser, W. A. Watson.

COMPANY I.

Fourth Sergt. R. G. Halloway; Privates W. B. Allen, J. W. Crabtree, H. L. Harrison, J. W. Holderman. L. W. Rice, W. W. Templeton, M. Barry, A. M. Crossland, J. J. Harrison, J. H. Orendorff, J. R. Shaw, J. H. Treadwell, J. C. Welch.

COMPANY K.

First Sergt. J. H. Kimbraogh, Third Sergt. M. H. Hodge, Fifth Sergt. T. C. Banks; Privates Jos. Baker, J. M. Campbell, M. Chapman, J. F. Ellege. L. J. Guthrie, J. J. Pickering, A. Boles, L. D. Champion, W. T. Brown, J. F. Gibbons, H. A. Larroo, J. Rice.

FIFTH TEXAS.

Colonel, R. M. Powell.
Surgeon, John J. Roberts.
Adjutant, Wm. P. McGowen.
Ensign, Wm. H. Clark.
Sergeant-Major, John M. Smither.
Ordnance Sergeant, A. T. Cross.
Hospital Steward, W. H. Chadwick.

COMPANY A.

Second Sergt. Chas. F. Settle, Third Sergt. Joseph H. Shepherd; Privates Lewis Coleman, George W. Douglas, James Downey, Wm. A. George, John T. Huett, James E. Landes, James Stanger.

COMPANY B.

First Lieut. Ben Baker, Musician Albert H. Carter; Privates Emmil Besch, W. H. Carlton, David M. Curry, Wesley Cherry, Thos. T. De Graffenried, John W. Johnson, Joseph C. Kindred, J. S. Obenshain.

COMPANY C.

Captain J. E. Anderson, Second Sergt. John A. Green; Privates J. P. Copeland, H. T. Driscoll, E. W. James, T. R. Pistole, J. E. Swindler, P. H. West, H. P. Traweek.

COMPANY D.

Captain Wm. T. Hill, First Sergt. Jno. C. Hill, Second Corp. Richard Hardy; Privates Thos. J. Birdwell, Bernard Carrington, Joel Minshew, Martin L. Gilbert, Anthony F. Golding, Abner M. Hinson, Thos. J. Lewis, Robert Staunton, Wm. A. Traylor, Alfred W. Underwood, Wm. P. Wilson, Wm. P. Powell, M. D.

COMPANY E.

Second Lieut. Bowling Eldridge, Third Sergt. Wm. C. LeGrand, Fourth Sergt. Sidney V. Patrick, Fifth Sergt. George B. Williams; Musician, James Handeman; Musician, John F. Fields; Privates M. A. J. Evans, Rufus K. Felder, W. H. Gray, Wm. H. Innes, Wm. R. Lott Wm. H. McAlister, David O. Patrick, Simon B. Smith, Frank M. Smith, Joseph W. Wallace.

COMPANY F.

Captain Watson S. Williams, First Sergt Henry V. Angell, Second Sergt. Cadmus Wilborn; Privates Basil C. Brashear, Julius Beckman, Sam'l E. Perley, Joseph C. Ross, John V. Sloan, Henry C. Shea, Ranson Swiney, Thomas W. Taylor, Frank G. Whittington.

COMPANY G.

First Lieut. Edward Williams, First Sergt. Lucilius W. Caldwell, Third Sergt. Wm. W. Smith, Fourth Sergt. James Pool, Third Corp. James P. Smith; Privates Geo. A. Branard, Wm. T. Dyer, Hugh C. Jackson, Elias B. McAninch, Dan'l McDonald, David H. Mayes, Wm. A. Nabours, Constantine P. Nance, John B. Small, Andrew J. Tomlinson.

COMPANY H.

Second Lieut. D. W. McDonell, First Sergt. Jacob Hemphill, Second Sergt. G. M. Sims, Third Sergt. Wm. Grayless, Fourth Sergt. S. W. Small; Musician, Wm. Cooper; Privates A. D. Brinkley, A. H. Butler, James Curry, J. A. Chesser, Willis B. Darby, Milton P. Foster, P. K. Goree, Thos. S. Haynie, George H. Johnson, Thompson Kelly, Harvey Rose, J. Shields, J. A. Shaw, James M. Small, S. E. Walters, Robt. T. Wilson, John Reader, Wm. Woods.

COMPANY I.

Captain Ben I. Franklin, First Lieut. Dimas R. Ponce, First Sergt. George W. Clampitt, Second Sergt. Wm. O. Morgan, Third Sergt. Sam'l D. Williams, Fourth Sergt. John S. Hafner; Privates Ben J. Baldwin, Fritz Bettis, Willis G. Blue, James R. Clutt, D. H. Carter, J. W. Deane, James A. Eatman, B. S. Fitzgerald, Robert Fleming, Curran Holmes, A. W. Holt, John D. Howle, Jonathan A. Love, Wm. R. McRee.

COMPANY K.

Second Lieut. J. M. Alexander, First Sergt. T. F. Meece, Fourth Sergt. A. B. Green, Fourth Corp. J. F. Ford; Musician, J. W. Smith; Musician, W. S. Sandall; Privates R. A. Ashley, J. M. Bowen. J. D. Galvert, A. W. Dunn, A. J. Fairchilds, W. G. Hendly, Henry C. Hirams, Mark A. Hubert, E. Kirkland, W. M. McDonald, B. F. Meekins, D. A. Rowe, U. P. Stephenson, S. D. Waldrop, W. B. Young.

COMPANY D.

Privates M. A. Lampkin, J. W. Ewing.

COMPANY C.

Private J. T. Allison.

FORMATION OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE ASSOCIATION.

"Hood's Texas Brigade Association" was formed May 24, 1872, and had its first meeting at Hutchin's House, Houston, Texas.

On motion of General J. B. Robertson, General Jno. B. Hood was called to the chair and Major Robt. Burns requested to act as secretary. General Hood made a speech and said object of meeting was to organize the survivors of the old brigade into an association to be called Reunion Association of Hood's Texas Brigade Army of Northern Virginia.

Colonel Winkler offered resolution as follows, which was carried: There shall be chosen a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, to hold office for one year. There shall be an Executive Committee, composed of two members from each Regiment, whose duty it shall be to gather up and collect all matter for a history, and report at next meeting.

Further: The object of this Association is for the purpose of friendly and social reunion of the survivors of the brigade, and to collect all data for rolls and history and to perpetuate all anecdotes, incidents and many things connected therewith and to succor the needy among its members.

Further: Notice of time and place of next reunion shall be given at each previous meeting, and there shall be a reunion once every year.

Officers elected at this first reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade Association were:—

President—Col. C. M. Winkler.
Vice President—Gen. J. B. Robertson.
Secretary and Treasurer—Maj. J. H. Littlefield.

At this meeting there were sixty-five present. Austin, Texas, June 27, 1873, was time and place of next meeting.

Regularly year after year Hood's Texas Brigade has continued to meet in reunion. The fourteenth reunion, June 27th, 1885, was held at Cameron, Texas, and 26 years later we are to hold our 40th reunion, June 28-29th, 1911, at same place. Though many comrades who were present in 1872 at first reunion have passed into the Great Beyond and will not meet in the reunion of 1911, yet we are grateful to a Merciful Father that there are yet a few left to labor for the memory of those who have gone before.

It seems that various efforts had been made during many years to perfect rolls of the 32 Companies of the three Texas Regiments of Hood's Texas Brigade, and to collect data for a history as well as to devise means to erect a monument, but all in turn had been abandoned. At reunion at Somerville, Texas, June 27-28th, 1906, Comrade Frank Chilton spoke as follows as to history and rolls:

(Copied from Somerville Minutes, 1906.)

"Captain Chilton in well chosen remarks plead with the Association to speed themselves in perfecting not only individual, but Company, Regimental and Brigade records. He urged that the Confederate soldier was making history now more than during the four years of war. He cited that amid all the intervening forty years (since the war) the history of the cause we loved had lived and triumphed over all derogatory history and destroying efforts of those who loved not the South, but that soon the last defender, the last soldier who wore the gray would be gone and that while yet living it behooved every true man and soldier to leave upon record the recollection of every event that could affect history. To that end he well said that after all were dead and gone, all feuds forgot, all animosities buried, that then the impartial historian would ransack every available source for matter upon which to build true history. Then it was he said that the records left of Hood's Texas Brigade Association would be carefully scanned for an absolute correct history of that special military formation, for where better would they expect to get true history of the deeds of Hood's Texas Brigade than from the records of its Association that had been an Association of its survivors ever since the war.

" I will not ask," he said, "what our records say up to this date, but I do plead that from this very meeting it shall be our pledged determination to perfect our Association minutes in order that our record may be full, pure and white.

"I have prepared," he said, "several resolutions covering this subject, which I shall offer and speak to at the proper time, in regular stage of proceedings, but there are two special resolutions that I would mention just here. One is that we prepare before next meeting through duly appointed committees from each Company of every Regiment of the Brigade, a full and complete roster of the original formation of each

Company that composed the several Regiments of the Brigade, with a full account of what became of each man to date, when died or whether yet living, and where at. After having done this, it will be an easy matter for the Association in its regular work to keep up with survivors of the Brigade until its last member has passed away."

"Comrade Chilton called attention to what he had lately done in preparing a complete roll of his Company (Co. H, Fourth Texas) and that Gov. Lanham and Adjt.-Gen. Hulen had placed said roll beside the records of the Alamo and Battle of San Jacinto in the office of the State Librarian at Austin for the benefit of all coming generations, and he said the same could and ought to be accomplished as to every Company in the Brigade, but that the time was fast passing in which to accomplish it."

Same Minutes record resolution as follows:

"Comrade F. B. Chilton with appropriate remarks that touched the Association as he depicted the unkind fate of the brave members of the Brigade, whose names and whereabouts had been lost to the Association roll and who when dead went without recognition, became unknown or not reported. He recited what Capt. J. T. Hunter, surviving captain of Co. H, Hart T. Sapp and himself, as a committee from Co. H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, had done towards perfecting the history of that Company for all time through a perfect and complete history of the Company and every man connected therewith from the day of its organization up to the present moment, and how said roll had been so honorably deposited among state archives at Austin, and he feelingly spoke of this being the time, before it was forever too late, for every survivor to pledge himself to do justice to the heroic dead and gallant living of their respective Companies. To that end Comrade Chilton offered the following resolution:—

"Resolved that a committee of one or more be appointed by the in-coming president from each Company that composed the formation of the several Regiments of Hood's Texas Brigade, whose duty it shall be to get up complete rosters of their original Companies together with the fate of each man during the war and up to the present time, and report with said rosters to the next reunion of this Association, in order that said rolls may be placed in a strong box among the archives of the State of Texas at Austin, where labeled as 'Rosters of Companies of Hood's Texas Brigade' they may make correct history for the Brigade and its members long after this Association and every member thereof shall have passed away."

Resolution was unanimously adopted.

It will be seen that Comrade Chilton offered at Somerville, as evidence as to what all other Companies could and must do before it was forever too late, perfected roll of Company H, Fourth Texas, and Gen. J. B. Polley in his speech, same day, in behalf of Brigade, in reply to address of welcome, used Judge Norman G. Kittrell's "Memorial to Company H, Fourth Texas," so dedicated when he beheld their roll and saw the action of Gov. Lanham thereon.

Somerville minutes read:—

"In response to the adresses of welcome, Gen. J. B. Polley in behalf of the Brigade Association replied in fitting terms and spoke at length of the appreciation felt by the old soldiers in being so eloquently spoken of and so elegantly cared for by their friends and admirers of a younger generation. Gen. Polley recounted in thrilling words a few of the glorious deeds of his fellow comrades and touched gently on those who had given their lives for the cause they so loved. He spoke of the early formation of the Companies, Regiments and the Brigade and named the original officers and their successors and how few now remained of that once glorious band of brave men. Taking from his pocket a copy of 'The Roster of a Heroic Band, Co. H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia,' Gen. Polley told of the terrible mortality of Company H and read the editorial of Judge Norman G. Kittrell, headed 'A Memorial of Texas Valor' and dedicated to Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment. Gen. Polley said it was but one Company of Hood's Brigade and that what was said of it might safely be said of all other Companies of the Brigade, and that the truth of the editorial ought to be treasured by all lovers of brave men everywhere.

A MEMORIAL OF TEXAS VALOR.

"Poets have sung in deathless numbers, historians have written in imperishable phrases, artists have painted with the skill of inspiration and sculptors chiseled with the touch of genius, to the end that there might be perpetuated the memory of heroic deeds; but genius never yet hath paid tribute to any who in sublimity of courage, unselfishness of service, heroic devotion to duty and in measure of fortitude in the hour of adversity rose to loftier levels than did those, the record of whose names

and deeds *The Chronicle* is proud to perpeuate on this page.

"We are yet too near the day and time of these men to properly appreciate their glorious record, and to give them that portion of praise, that fullness of fame which they have so nobly won.

"Time and distance have not yet cast a halo and glamour about their names. We do not look upon them through the magnifying mists of antiquity and tradition. The grave has not yet hidden all of them; some of them yet linger among us, and we meet them in the walks of daily life and greet them as friends and neighbors and coworkers; yet these are, and those who have passed away were, none the less heroes of the truest, loftiest, noblest type.

"Whosoever offereth his life on the altar of duty hath exhibited that measure of love than which there is none greater, and hath met the divine and highest test of devotion and service.

"These men when they heard the footsteps of an invading foe, with unselfish ardor sprang to meet and grapple with him, and unlocking from about their necks the arms of mother, and wife, and sister, and sweetheart, and with lips warm with the kisses and cheeks bedewed with the tears of their loved ones, planted themselves before their homes and firesides and family altars, bared their breasts to the battle's storm, and for four long, weary, wearing, bloody years wrought deeds of valor that thrilled the world, and covered themselves 'with glory as with a garment.'

"Let all men mark the record! One hundred and forty-five sons of Texas standing on the very threshold of life, in the flush and vigor of young manhood, go forth to battle; sixty-seven give up their lives, forty-eight grievously wounded and disabled, and when endurance of hardship, suffering and starvation was no longer possible, and valor unmatchable could no longer avail, eleven worn, weary, ragged and broken in heart laid down their arms upon a soil which their devotion and achievements made historic.

"They moved amid the leaden hail of Gaines' Mill as if hastening to a wedding feast. At the word of command, they sprang down the slope and up the hill at Gettysburg in the face of a hundred belching cannon and on that memorable field many a son of Texas 'walked up to death as to a friend and from his hand took the laurel of fadeless honor.' They stood where death ruled the hour at Antietam and in the Bloody Angle and crossing bayonets with their foes, the living stood upon the dead till the blood ran over shoe tops, yet quailed they not, but fought like devils and died like heroes.

"When their beloved and trusted commander in all majesty of his matchless manhood, with bared head and gleaming sword bade them follow him into the 'very dunnest smoke' of battle at the Wilderness, out of very love of him they paused till weeping he was led to the rear, when with a shout that rose above the din of the conflict, they fell upon the foe and swept him from the field like chaff before the tempest.

"Half starved and ragged they staggered along the line of march which was tracked with blood from their naked feet, but at the bugle call to battle they answered with the 'rebel yell' and lighted the field with deeds of daring as glorious as ever illumined the annals of war.

"History, fail not to make worthy record of their names for that page of thine will be brightest whereon is graven the story of their valor and their sacrifice!

"Poets, sing thou their praises in sublimest verse for nobler theme than their devotion and their deeds hath ne'er yet any singer stirred to song!

"Minstrels, their hearts attune to loftiest, sweetest, most exultant strains, and sweeping silvery dactyls from quivering strings chant thou the anthem of their glory!

"Ye faithful sons and daughters of Southland, keep ye aglow on the altar of your hearts the flame of devotion to the memories of that glorious and glorified cause for which these dauntless sons of Texas so served and suffered in the defense of which

> 'We led the charge on many a field,
> Were first in many a fray;
> And turned the bloody battle tide
> On many a glorious day.'

"At the conclusion of Gen. Polley's speech, the band broke forth with 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' and seemingly with one accord the entire audience rose to their feet and keeping time with their feet, hands, umbrellas, fans and handkerchiefs joined in singing the old song amid the fluttering and waving of flags."

HOW PERFECTING ROLLS TO PRESERVE HOOD'S BRIGADE HISTORY WAS BEGUN AT NAVASOTA REUNION.

(*Houston Chronicle.*)

To My Comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade:

Having at this late day begun to strive to perfect our rolls, write our history and build a fitting monument to about 4000 dead heroes of Hood's Brigade, it is time every survivor did his best to recall every incident of merit connected with a past too glorious to go unrecorded. At reunion held at Somerville, Texas, in 1906, we made an effort to find out to what comrades gold stars were presented for distinguished bravery on field of battle, and following appears in minutes of said reunion, June 27, 1906:

"The Association was honored by the presence of Hon. D. C. Giddings, a banker of Brenham, who had in his possession a valuable letter written by Hon. John H. Reagan to Captain B. Eldridge of Company E, Fifth Texas, in which Judge Reagan writes of interesting history connected with Hood's Texas Brigade, wherein a number of gold stars were sent by the ladies of Texas to Richmond to be given, one each, to the bravest men who had distinguished themselves in battle. Judge Reagan said he was not a member of the committee nor was he present when the stars were awarded and could not give the names of those who received them. Continuing, Judge Reagan said: 'I would rather have been able to say that I had been a worthy member of Hood's Brigade than to have enjoyed all the honors which have been conferred upon me. I doubt if there has ever been a brigade, or other military organization, in the history of the world that equaled Hood's Texas Brigade in the heroic valor and self-sacrificing conduct of its members and in the brilliancy of its service.' The reading of Judge Reagan's letter was received with thunders of applause and Mr. Giddings was thanked for his presence with the letter, and was asked to return the grateful thanks of the Association to Comrade Eldridge for the contents of the letter, which was copied and filed with proceedings.

"It was ascertained through members of the Association present that the gold stars mentioned were in part awarded to the following named soldiers:

"W. C. May, Company H, Fourth Texas.

"James Patterson, Company D, Fourth Texas.

"Cad Welborn, Company F, Fifth Texas.

"Jake Hemphill.

"Names of others could not then be ascertained, but further investigation was ordered and report to be made as to other names at the next reunion."

Since said reunion I have written many letters of inquiry with no satisfactory results, and at last reunion, at Navasota, June 27, 1907, I again brought up the matter and urged continued efforts on the part of every comrade. It has been my late good fortune to find a clipping from Richmond Dispatch, a paper we all know so well, published at Richmond, Va., where in February, 1865, it gives a succinct account of the star presentation and publishes the grand letter of General Lee, wherein he says: "The stars are to be presented to the brave men of Hood's Texas Brigade, but where all are so meritorious and have done so much for the honor of their State, I know it will be difficult to select the most worthy." I have sent the old, faded, yellow clipping from Richmond Dispatch of February, 1865, to The Chronicle, so that they may copy exact from original, and have asked them to handle with care and return safely to me. It is expected that our historian and each comrade will provide himself with a copy of The Chronicle containing this letter, and the original clipping will be shown at the next reunion of Hood's Brigade Association at Jacksonville, Texas, June 26, 1908.

(From Richmond Dispatch, February, 1865.)

We learn that a very interesting scene occurred some days ago in the camp of the Texas Brigade (Senator Wigfall's old command), the occasion being the presentation of some golden stars, designed for the brave men of the brigade by a lady of Texas, and forwarded through the hands of General Lee.

After brigade inspection, the men were addressed by Senator Wigfall in a stirring speech. He said that he would be more than man if he did not, and less than man if he could not, feel deeply and solemnly the changes that had taken place, and the absence of the familiar faces of his former companions in arms. It was not to be considered when or where soldiers die; but how they die. Better a thousand times fill the grave of a brave man than be the slaves of insolvent knaves and unprincipled tyrants.

The senator reminded his old command that the roads were drying up; that a few days would bring the familiar sound of the battle,

the roaring of artillery and the rattling of the rifles. There was more bloody work to be done, and they were to prepare for the fray.

Senator Wigfall also took occasion to dispose of the tiresome, though oft repeated story, "rich man's war, poor man's fight," should it ever come, must certainly fall upon the poor man, the man in moderate circumstances, leaving him no chance to escape. He would inevitably be crushed, whilst the man of wealth and talents, and the distinguished officer would buy or demand protection in any part of the world. There would be no refuge for the poor man. The vengeance of the enemy would be poured upon his head and those of his posterity unless he carved out his liberties with his sword and bayonet.

At the conclusion of Senator Wigfall's speech the following letter was read from General Lee:

"Commanding Officer of Hood's Texas Brigade—Headquarters Army Northern Virginia, January 21, 1865—Sir: I have received from 'a young lady of Texas' some golden stars, which she desires may be presented to the brave men of your brigade. Where all are so meritorious, and have done so much for the honor of their State, I know it will be difficult to select the most worthy, but from your intimate knowledge of their deeds and conduct in action, you can, with more certainty than any other, bestow them in accordance with the wishes of the donor. I therefore commit them to you. They are nine in number, and said to be made of gold too precious for common use.

"As a gift of a lady from their State, who has watched with pride their gallantry on every field, and offered daily prayers to the throne of the Almighty for their happiness and safety, I feel assured they will be highly appreciated and long preserved. I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

"R. E. Lee, General."

The stars were presented to the following named men: Wm. Durram, Company D, First Texas; James Knight, Company H, First Texas; Corporal James Burke, Company B, Fourth Texas; Sergeant James Patterson, Company D, Fourth Texas; Corporal W. C. May, Company H, Fourth Texas; Sergeant C. Wilborn, Company F, Fifth Texas; Sergeant J. Hemphill, Company H, Fifth Texas; Private J. D. Staples, Company E, Third Arkansas; Private J. W. Cook, Company H, Third Arkansas.

No comrade that reads the above can help feeling what a heritage has been left all Texas in the unstinted words of praise that have been so meritoriously bestowed on her soldier sons by President Davis, General Lee, General Jackson and every commander who witnessed their bravery on the field.

It is urgently our duty to try and find who the young lady was that so generously melted her jewels up to make those stars. I remember to have heard at the time that the stars were made from precious family jewels that were considered honored by being so bestowed. It would seem that Mrs. Colonel Winkler could give us the name of the donor since she was on the spot and must have been at the presentation. In connection with the mention of stars it is absolutely necessary to know who the fair lady was so that our history will be explicit as to both. How must the heart of every comrade go out in loving gratitude to Major George W. Littlefield of Terry's Texas Rangers for his magnificent donation of $1000 and to that grandest of all men, Hon. John H. Kirby, for his princely gift of $4000 to our monument fund.

Let me urge you every one to continue doing his best for our perfected rolls, complete history and magnificent monument. Send in your subscriptions and plead with all others to subscribe in order that we may erect our monument before the last one of us has passed over the river to join those who are waiting for us beyond. Faithfully your comrade,

F. B. Chilton,

President Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee; Member Company H, Fourth Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

HOOD'S REUNION AT NAVASOTA.

Captain Chilton Appeals to Veterans to go to Navasota. The Ranks are Thinning. Great Preparations Have Been Made to Make the Event a Most Happy One. The List of Speakers.

(*Houston Post.*)

Capt. F. B. Chilton has written the following appeal to his old comrades to attend the reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade at Navasota, June 26 to 28, 1907:

Houston, Texas, June 1.—Comrades: No doubt you read in The Houston Post last Sunday the splendid program gotten up by Navasota in honor to Hood's Texas Brigade that meets there in reunion June 26-28. It may be that some of you have noticed adverse communications that have been written and possibly became influenced thereby, and it is on that account this communication is written, which I

trust every member of the brigade will see, read and heed.

The clarion tones of Hood when calling his brigade to duty aroused limp, lame and halt and even the hospitals turned out. Today duty with us is nearly as imperative as then. You made history then; now you must preserve it. The few of us who are left must be up and doing before it is forever too late. Remember the unfinished work of the last reunion and how important it is not to lag in final completion before we are all gone, and how necessary that not one of you be missing at Navasota.

You will see that the citizens' program provides great intellectual as well as bodily comforts for the four corners of the earth that Navasota has invited to be present to do honor to her hero-guests—Hood's Texas Brigade. You will also notice that at 3 p. m. on Tuesday, June 27th, Hood's Texas Brigade Association will be called to order by its president and thereafter be in regular session for its own business and program.

None of you, I am sure, would willingly miss seeing and hearing our own orator-comrade, Judge F. Charles Hume, the hero of Manassas, where six color bearers were in rapid succession shot down, and where, in the language of the commanding officer, "Sergeant Hume took the flag and bore it high above all others which were then floating over the bloody field as a beacon to our men who had become separated from it. Sergeant Hume after bearing the flag about 200 yards was also shot down. Being near I took the colors from him and, carrying them a short distance, I transferred them to Private Farthing (afterward killed), who advanced with them." Neither could you afford to forego the address of Judge N. G. Kittrell, an honorary member of our Association, and who, though too young to have been a soldier, yet was allied to Hood's Texas Brigade by blood and kin. Again, no reunion of Hood's Brigade would be complete without the presence and counsel of that king of soldiers and prince of good men, wherever you find them, Captain William E. Barry. Comrade Barry will make the welcome address in behalf of Navasota, and all of us know what a feast of welcome Billy Barry is, both in words and deeds.

Among the gems of the occasion will be the address of Hon. T. P. Buffington, son of Capt. T. C. Buffington, Captain Company G, Fourth Texas Regiment. All in all, the good people of Navasota have arranged a grand entertainment for the old brigade, and let it be the determination of every member to keep up the reputation they so well earned in the stormy days of the long ago—to do or die.

Since our last reunion, in close connection with that grand old crippled soldier and present President of our Association of survivors, Comrade E. K. Goree of Huntsville, and the perpetual Secretary and Treasurer of our Association, and likewise hero color bearer of the First Texas Regiment at Gettysburg, Comrade George A. Branard of Houston, I have been in correspondence with the Military Secretary of the United States at Washington in regard to getting the muster rolls of each regiment and company of Hood's Texas Brigade included in the work containing the name of every Confederate soldier, as well as those of the Union army, now being compiled by act of Congress, which is another powerful reason why I hope every member of the brigade will promptly report for duty at Navasota.

I don't have to urge General J. B. Polley to be there. He has already said that he will be there; that absolutely nothing could keep him away. There was a time when Comrade Polley had but one "charming Nellie," and next to duty and Hood's Brigade "she was all the world to him," but now he has a "charming Nellie" in every mother and daughter of the Confederacy. Every woman who loves the cause of the Confederacy and honors its memory and soldiers is charming to Comrade Polley. It ought not to be necessary, and I don't believe it is, to urge Dr. D. C. Jones to be with us. There was a time when Hood's Brigade could not do without the two Joneses—Dr. John C. Jones (dead), surgeon of the brigade, and Dr. D. C. Jones, surgeon of the Fourth Texas Regiment. Comrade D. C. must remember we can't do without him yet, for there is no telling how badly we old fellows might need him at 'most any reunion. If we did not have him we might not have the boy that so honors his grandfather's command. We need Comrade Jones more pleasantly now than we used to in 1861.

There is another among our noble comrades we must not miss, because as yet there has been no reunion without him. It was of him Hood said: "We can sleep if Hunter commands the pickets." And who at another time said: "Hunter can't stay in camp, whether it's fighting, courting or dancing—it is all the same to him," and of whom it has been so often said in connection with still another brave soldier: "You can always find Jim Hunter and Jim Harding on the firing line—where it's hot—they like it." Last week I received a letter from Captain James T. Hunter from Bronte saying: "I have been pestered for fear some of the brigade won't be at Navasota. I can't be at many more reunions and I want to meet them all once more. See or write all you can and beg them all to

be there, for I don't want to miss one of their faces." I have this day replied to him that with God's grace I hope we will all be able to meet him there, and you of the brigade must make my promise good.

We also want Captain W. B. Wall, J. W. Dallas, as well as our own (by adoption) X. B. Saunders of Belton, to be at Navasota, as well as all others not named who have expressed doubts.

Now, comrades, a last word. Some of us I fear are getting too old to comprehend the magnitude of the work yet left for us to do and the short time we have in which to properly accomplish it, and we only look forward to our annual reunions as the brightest spot yet left in life's lexicon, and each recurring occasion feel—maybe this is the last time I will ever see the boys again on this earth. And so it is, if we have no other motive in going to Navasota than to gratify our great yearning to meet each other, it is a noble purpose, and don't fail to go. To us it is a heavenly privilege that we should not willingly forego for any reason. For every one of us the last roll call will soon have sounded, the last tattoo be beat. Many of us since those stirring times that so knit us together, and made the whole world tremble, have joined the great majority, and it is only a few that yet abide with us unto this day—unpensioned and uncomplaining survivors of the most just and gigantic war of the ages; types of the most unselfish soldiery that ever stood the shock of battle; fearless fighters then, incomparable citizens now. Let's get together at Navasota, comrades, and once more, at least, revive the fragrant memories of the eventful past and recount the dangers and experiences we then underwent; of the time when we were young and strong in heart and life; of that glorious, heroic period when, for love of the South, we dared everything, fought the whole world and suffered much; nor counted death too great a premium to pay for the glory of dying for Dixie Land. Let us feel once more the same animation to do our whole duty now that we did when we stood shoulder to shoulder in summer's heat and winter's storm and freeze, only half clothed at any time and more than half starved many times—but always cheerful, hopeful and defiant to the end, willing to die at any time on the soil of Virginia following Lee, Jackson and others, while led by Hood. Comrades, no sublimer spectacle of fortitude, no grander example of loyalty to principle, nor nobler picture of unselfish patriotism and undying devotion to country was ever exhibited by human beings of this or any other earth. Only true and loyal soldiers of the living God ever equaled your devotion to the cause you held so dear—the cause that was never lost. The record you made then must live after you have gone, and it is for the furtherance of that purpose that I plead with every member of you to be at Navasota. Your comrade,

F. B. Chilton,

Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

STILL URGING EVERY COMRADE TO BE AT NAVASOTA REUNION.

The annual reunion of Hood's Brigade is to take place next Thursday and Friday at Navasota, and the indications are that it will be one of the largest gatherings ever assembled in Grimes County.

There is a great deal more importance to this meeting of the survivors of Hood's Brigade than ever before. There are plans for a historical sketch of the organization to which the Texans belonged and at the same time there will be on foot a movement to erect a suitable monument to the gallant leader and the men of the command. The word has gone out over all the State to the survivors urging them to attend. A fine program has been arranged for the occasion and the people of Navasota are preparing to entertain the visitors as they have never been entertained before. It will be a time for reminiscences and pleasure for the soldiers, and with them will come people from all over Southern Texas to join with them in their annual meeting.

TO WRITE HISTORY—BUILD MONUMENT.

At this reunion movements will be inaugurated looking toward the writing of a full, true and complete history of the brigade; also to erect a suitable monument in commemoration of our gallant leader and the brave men who followed him to death and victory over so many sanguinary fields, and who, with their beloved leader, "now rest 'neath the shade of the trees."

Comrades, we who live are few in number, and each passing year some of us answer the long roll. We believe that among the survivors there are those who can write a better and truer history of the glorious deeds of the brigade than those who come after us. With us will pass into oblivion many of the sources of knowledge from which a true history of the brigade can be obtained, and it is therefore important that we commence the good work at once, in order that we may be able to transmit to our posterity a

truthful history of that splendid brigade which shed luster upon the escutcheon of the South.

We also think that some sort of shaft should be erected at the State capitol, which, though ever so modest, may inspire the coming generations with patriotic impulses. The good people of Texas will help, but we must give the initiative. If we fail to do so now, more of us will answer the long roll without beholding the accomplishment of either of these good works.

PROGRAM FOR THE REUNION.

Senator Joseph W. Bailey will speak the first day. Memorial by Senator Willacy.

The following is the program for the Hood's Brigade reunion, to be held at Navasota, June 27 and 28:

THURSDAY, JUNE 27.

9 a. m.—Assemble at city hall and escort to grounds by firemen, military band, citizens.

10 a. m.—Music.

11 a. m.—Address by Senator Joseph W. Bailey.

1 p. m.—Dinner.

3 p. m.—Assembly brigade, called to order by President E. K. Goree.

Prayer by Chaplain.

3:30 p. m.—Address of welcome, Captain W. E. Barry. Music by quartette.

4 p. m.—Response to address of welcome, Major F. Charles Hume.

4:30 p. m.—Business meeting.

8 p. m.—Assembly of Daughters of Confederacy and Brigade.

Music.

Address, "Women of the South and Daughters of the Confederacy," Hon. T. P. Buffington.

Music.

Original poem—Mrs. W. D. Farris, Huntsville.

Adjournment.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28.

8 a. m.—Music by band on square.

9 a. m.—Assembly at grounds.

Meeting called to order by President Goree.

Prayer by Chaplain.

Instrumental solo—Miss Julia Branard, Houston.

Song.

10 a. m.—Business meeting. Election of officers and selection of place of meeting for 1908.

11 a. m.—Address, Judge Norman G. Kittrell, Judge 61st Judicial District, Houston, Texas.

1 p. m.—Dinner.

3 p. m.—Assembly. Memorial service.

Prayer.

Song.

Reading resolutions, Memorial Committee—Capt. W. E. Barry.

Memorial address, Senator John G. Willacy.

Short talk from comrades regarding their dead comrades.

Prayer.

Song and parting.

HOW HISTORY WAS STARTED.

All of Hood's Texas Brigade are grateful that matter of a correct history weighed on the mind of Comrade Chilton until at the Navasota reunion, June 27 and 28, 1907, he started the history under fitting resolution. Minutes read as follows:

A BRIGADE HISTORIAN.

Comrade Chilton spoke of the importance of selecting a good and able historian, and told at length of the many mistakes and errors of present brigade history, and that this meeting of the Association must prepare the remedy before it proved too late for the living to do justice to the noble dead of the brigade.

Comrade Chilton then introduced a resolution to this effect:

Hon. E. K. Goree, President Hood's Brigade Association, in Reunion at Navasota, Texas, June 27, 1907.

It is hereby resolved by this Association, That no longer delay can be had in the selection of a brigade historian, whose duty it shall be to collect all data from every available source and give to the world a fair and impartial history of Hood's Texas Brigade from first to last; said history to be historical and biographical, and to include the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas, the Eighteenth Georgia and Third Arkansas regiments, and Hampton's Legion, that composed at different times the formation of Hood's Texas Brigade, each and every member of the aforesaid commands being requested to furnish said historian a full history of his own acts and all else of importance that came under his observation during the war; the said historian to abridge or otherwise use said matter as he sees fit. It is further:

RESOLVED, That, as said historian can not expect much financial aid from the Association in getting out said history, the entire profits of the work shall be his; but in all cases it shall be the duty of every member of this Association to aid the historian by every means in his power.

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and Comrade Joseph B. Polley of Floresville was with one voice elected historian.

After election of the historian it was, by argument and discussion of the Association, agreed to select one member each from the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas, Eighteenth Georgia and Third Arkansas regiments and Hampton's Legion to assist the historian in making the history a perfect production, in accordance with which the following assistants were named:

First Texas—T. L. McCarty, Oklahoma City.
Fourth Texas—J. C. West, Waco.
Fifth Texas—J. M. Smither, Huntsville.
Eighteenth Georgia—B. V. Arnold, Rockdale.
Third Arkansas—John L. Boatner, Elliott.
Hampton's Legion—(No one named).

A small collection was taken up to defray the initiatory expenses of the historian and thus the great work began.

FIRST SUCCESSFUL MOVE TO BUILD A MONUMENT, AND HOW IT BEGAN AT NAVASOTA REUNION.

After having successfully launched the rolls at Somerville and continued with history at Navasota, Comrade Chilton pressed right on for the speedy erection of a monument and at Navasota offered a resolution to that effect:

Navasota minutes read as follows:

THE MONUMENT RESOLUTION.

Regular business being resumed, Comrade Chilton offered the following resolution on building a monument to Hood's Brigade, and spoke at length as to what should be speedily done in furtherance of the resolution:

"Hon. E. K. Goree, President Hood's Brigade Association, in Reunion at Navasota, June 27, 1907.

"While every State in the South is honoring its noble dead, who died in defense of a cause they knew to be right, by erecting suitable monuments to their memory, it becomes the duty of the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade to no longer delay taking proper steps to erect a monument to General John B. Hood and his Texas Brigade on the capitol grounds at Austin; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That this Association proceed to elect a President, who shall preside over a Hood's Texas Brigade monument committee until a suitable and creditable monument adorns the capitol grounds at Austin; that this Association shall name a committee of one each from the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas, Eighteenth Georgia and Third Arkansas regiments, who will act as a committee of assistance to said President when necessary; be it further

RESOLVED, That said President of Hood's Brigade Monument Committee is empowered to name suitable committees of ladies and other aids to raise money to erect said monument. It is also

"RESOLVED, That said committees shall elect a treasurer from their own number; that the President will receive all moneys and pay them over to the treasurer, taking his receipt for same, and that said treasurer shall pay out no money except on draft of the President."

The above resolutions were unanimously passed, and President Goree nominated Comrade F. B. Chilton as President of the Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee. Same was seconded and Comrade Chilton's election was unanimous.

The Association then proceeded to name the committee to assist in building the monument.

After due consideration by the Association and action by those named, the Monument Committee was announced as follows:

F. B. Chilton, Houston, President.
W. H. Gaston, Dallas, Treasurer.
W. E. Barry, Navasota.
B. V. Arnold, Rockdale.
R. A. Brantley, Somerville.
John L. Boatner, Elliott.

FOUNDATION OF MONUMENT LAID BY A SPEEDY COLLECTION.

Immediately after above resolution was passed Comrade Chilton began erecting the monument in earnest, as is evidenced by his raising $448.75 in cash and subscription on the spot.

Navasota minutes further read:

Comrade Chilton, finding time to thank the Association for the confidence placed in him through his election to the presidency of Hood's Texas Brigade monument fund, assured it that it meant long continued hard work, but with their help he intended to succeed. He spoke feelingly of the undertaking and hopefully of success, and outlined how his main help would come from the blessed women of Texas and committees which he would later appoint from the United Daughters of the Confederacy. With an eye single to business, Captain Chilton said he was going to begin work that very moment, which he did with the following result:

He took from his pocket a letter from Mrs. J. B. Beatty, President of R. E. Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Houston, wherein Mrs. Beatty spoke in glowing terms of the chivalry of Hood's Texas Brigade on many battlefields; of their 85 per cent. loss, as recorded by the War Department, and how glorious it was to be permitted to contribute toward erecting a monument to such heroes; and she inclosed therein $5 as second contribution to the monument fund, yielding first contribution to the Hood's Texas Brigade Juniors, who were represented at the Association by their youthful President, Master J. B. Jaqua. The reading of Mrs. Beatty's letter brought forth much applause. Comrade Chilton led Master J. B. Jaqua forward, and as president of the Hood's Texas Brigade Juniors he made a splendid impromptu address and wound up by handing Comrade Chilton the first dollar contributed to the monument fund, which was received with appropriate remarks.

It is a notable circumstance and augurs success, that the first three contributions came: First, from Hood's Texas Brigade Juniors; second, from the President of R. E. Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, who organized the auxiliary juniors; and third, from John B. Hood Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, through their President, Mrs. B. T. Weliborn of Somerville.

Hood's Texas Brigade Juniors, Houston	$1 00
John B. Hood Chapter, U. D. C., Somerville	5 00
Mrs. J. B. Beatty, Houston	5 00
Randall Miller, Hearne	1 00
Irvin Brantley, Somerville	50
Nat and Jones Wofford, Cameron	1 00
Judge F. Charles Hume, Houston	5 00
John M. King, Cuero	5 00
A. B. Hood, Wilcox	5 00
B. F. Bullock, Rogers	5 00
Dr. W. P. Powell, Willis	5 00
J. H. Plasters, Temple	5 00
Ben Hillyard, Rogers	25
J. E. Landes, Chappell Hill	5 00
Jim Connolly, Deanville	5 00
W. E. Barry, Navasota	5 00
A. Miles, Atlanta	5 00
H. T. Sapp, Houston	5 00
Calhoun Kearse, Huntsville	5 00
J. W. Dallas, Brenham	5 00
Jessie B. Lott, Navasota	5 00
J. M. Walling, Corsicana	5 00
W. J. Watts, Palestine	5 00
D. Flaniken, Temple	5 00
J. B. Gordon Chapter, U. D. C., Huntsville	5 00
Captain J. T. Hunter, Bronte	5 00
Captain J. T. Hill, Maynard	5 00
J. C. Cox, Tyler	5 00
B. V. Arnold, Rockdale	5 00
J. T. Reeves, Caldwell	5 00
H. P. Trayweek, Burnet	5 00
Dr. J. C. Loggins, Ennis	10 00
R. A. Brantley, Somerville	10 00
R. K. Felder, Independence	10 00
E. K. Goree, Huntsville	25 00
General J. B. Polley, Floresville	25 00
John H. Drennan, Calvert	25 00
J. W. Sneed, Rosebud	25 00
F. B. Chilton, Houston	25 00
Captain T. C. Buffington, Anderson	50 00
Captain W. H. Gaston, Dallas	100 00
M. V. Smith, Luling	10 00
Total	$448 75

Working hard during 1907 and with poor success raising funds, Comrade Chilton explained the situation to the reunion at Jacksonville, Texas, June 25th, 1908, and tendered his resignation as President of Monument Committee. Association refused to accept his resignation, except for action. They then rescinded resolutions passed at Navasota and framed resolution empowering the President to select his own committee and proceed his own way to build the monument and re-elected Comrade F. B. Chilton President of whatever committee he saw proper to create.

Jacksonville, Texas, June 25, 1908.

Minutes read as follows:

RESOLVED, That this Association elect a comrade as President of Hood's Texas Brigade monument fund and committee, who shall be charged with the erection of a suitable monument on the capitol grounds at Austin to the memory of Hood's Texas Brigade; that said President, when so elected, has full authority of this Association to name his own committee and other assistants, and to act in all premises as his best judgment dictates, and complete his work as soon as it is possible to do so; this resolution to take the place of the former monument resolution of June 27, 1907.

RESOLVED, That Hood's Texas Brigade Association, in reunion at Jacksonville, Texas, June 25, 1908, having full confidence in the integrity and ability of Comrade F. B. Chilton of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, with one voice hereby elect him President of Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee and fund, empowering him under resolution previously passed, with full authority to name

his own committee, and to proceed his own way to erect said monument as soon as possible, and we pledge him all the support in our power to bestow.

Monument Committee report was adopted. President Chilton then stated his committee as follows:

Captain F. B. Chilton, Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Angleton, President.

General W. R. Hamby, Company B, Fourth Texas Regiment, Austin, Treasurer.

Captain W. T. Hill, Company D, Fifth Texas Regiment, Maynard.

Captain W. H. Gaston, Company H, First Texas Regiment, Dallas.

Governor T. M. Campbell, Governor of Texas, Austin.

Major George W. Littlefield, Terry's Texas Rangers, Austin.

Hon. John H. Kirby, President Kirby Lumber Company, Houston.

Hon. J. G. Willacy, State Senator, Corpus Christi.

GRANDLY ELOQUENT SPEECH DELIVERED BY JUDGE N. G. KITTRELL AT NAVASOTA REUNION.

Navasota, Texas, June 28.—Interest on the second and last day of Hood's Texas Brigade's annual reunion centered in the oration delivered by Judge Norman G. Kittrell of Houston, who spoke at the special invitation of the brigade. Judge Kittrell, a forcible and entertaining speaker on all occasions, was at his best in addressing the veterans today. No more eloquent words have been spoken in behalf of the cause of the South that those which fell from his lips. He said:

Veterans of Hood's Brigade:

Twenty-one years have passed since you gathered in reunion where you are today welcomed and honored guests.

Great have been the changes in those passing years. The cycle of the grim reaper has fallen relentlessly along your lines and many a comrade has gone to answer the final call.

Governments have been established and overthrown. Political parties have triumphed and been defeated. The maps of nations have been changed. The theories of financial convulsions have shaken a continent, but amid all these mutations there is that which has proved defiant of time and change, which has ever been and is the same whether in prosperity or adversity, in brightness or in gloom, that is the genuine, generous and unfailing hospitality of Grimes County.

It is not a hospitality which finds expression in loud professions or pretentious parade.

The refinement, culture and good breeding which have here a home and an abiding place forbid all ostentatious display.

The traditions of the olden time, when that hospitality which was ever ready to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest was esteemed a virtue, linger yet among this people.

You can read your welcome in the eyes which brighten at your coming; in the hearty clasp of the hands that for months have gladly labored to prepare for your reception; in the sincere and cordial greeting of brave men and fair women; in the rippling laughter and joyous step of youth and maidens, and in the clapping hand and hurrying feet of children who have learned from their mothers' lips the story of your deathless deeds.

I most cordially congratulate you on being gathered here today for there is no contribution to your pleasure that your hosts can make but that will be gladly made.

If you catch on the air a grateful odor which stimulates your appetites and recalls the contrast of those days of the long ago, when, weakened by hunger, you tramped and fought, it betokens near at hand a spread for you, compared with which the banquet of the gods was a Barmecide feast.

If your hearts be stirred by notes of merry music and the flashing of bright eyes till your blood courses with the force and flow of youth, and you fain would join the votaries of Terpsichore, you need not wait for merry maids. You will find here scores of bewitching maidens whom, when you see them, you'll swear had either in the throng been an Olympus "then the gods had not changed their cupbearer" and they will dance you from the falling of the evening shades "till the wee sma' hours awant the twa."

If any of you gray and grizzled veterans have not provided yourselves with connubial mates, or, having done so, have discreetly left them behind, and now under the seductive influences of these surroundings deny their existence and stand ready to pay your devoirs at the shrine of beauty, here is your field.

Be brave and fear not. There is less danger in bright eyes than in buzzing bullets, and these last you oft have faced. I assure you of patient

hearing, even if your suit should fail. On this point in these parts I am prepared to speak from varied and protracted experience.

To the suggestions of hospitality, which is to this people as natural as it is cordial and unstinted, are added yet more potent influences, prompting them to do you honor, for they are linked to this "Old Brigade" by as tender and sacred ties as ever bound human hearts in holy communion.

No knightlier or more chivalric defenders of home and native land ever dared death for duty's sake than those who a third of a century ago marched forth from this old county to join your ranks; and no nobler spirits ever sank to rest in a country's cause than the heroic sons of Grimes County, who, on Virginia's sacred soil, died that constitutional liberty might live.

Here today from homes and hearts on every side of the lines of memory stretch out to many an historic battlefield and many a lonely grave.

This is not the time nor place for argument or for the discussion of the historical and constitutional quarters which for their final solution were adjourned from council hall to battlefield.

With faith inviolate you abide the arbitrament of the sword. Apology you have not made—you will not make. Defense of your action is unnecessary. With consciences void of offense toward God or man, you fear not the record of impartial history; you court the judgment of posterity.

If any man beyond the sound of my voice—for there is no such man here—doubts the right and justice of the cause in behalf of which you wrought deeds of such surpassing valor, I bid him carefully peruse the report of the committee on history of the Association of United Confederate Veterans made a few days ago at the annual reunion in Richmond by the chairman of that committee, that bullet scarred veteran, knightly gentleman and accomplished lawyer, Judge George L. Christian. The report is as unanswerable as a demonstration in mathematics. It puts beyond the range of debate or controversy these propositions:

First. That there was never given by the Constitution, or by those who framed it, was never supposed to have been given to the general government the power to coerce a sovereign State.

Second. That the North was responsible for the causes which brought about the war, being responsible for the existence of slavery and the slave trade

Third. That the North was the aggressor in the conflict

Fourth. That the South struck in lawful self-defense.

Fifth. That the soldiers and leaders of Southern armies conducted themselves during the conflict more in accordance with the rules of civilized warfare.

The report has been set forth before all the world, and if any man desires to assail or controvert any statement therein contained, let him make the attempt.

None will do it, because it is bed-rocked on eternal right, and the Constitution, and the truth of history make it uncontrovertible and unanswerable.

With these brief references to history, I will content myself, for this is an hour not for debate or discussion, but one consecrated to tender sentiment and holy memories.

By pure and noble impulses you have been drawn together today in annual reunion, to live over again for a brief season the scenes and events of the past, to meet again the comrades who with you dared death, but yet remain with the living to proclaim their unalterable faith in the justice of the cause for which they battled, and to assert before all mankind, by their assembling, that neither to them nor their cause did defeat bring dishonor.

The spirit of patriotism, springing from the noblest impulses of the human heart, is diffused abroad among a great people, and acting with irresistible force upon minds and hearts has grown and strengthened through all the changing years, and in its primal power holds sway over every patriotic heart in this presence today.

By its force has been gathered here this vast throng of brave and stalwart men, tender, gentle women, lisping childhood and hoary age, to do reverence to those whose names and fame are immortally associated with all that is noblest and best in the annals of that young nation, the brightest pages of whose history are those on which is written the records of their deeds.

One of the senators who represents Texas in the most august parliament on earth, has before you set forth with transcendent power, a defense of the cause in behalf of which you fought, and I, your humble friend and whilom public servant, have come to bring my greeting and tender to you my reverent salutation.

As I look upon this great concourse, the scene spread out before me is one over which the living may well rejoice; and if, as I steadfastly believe, the dead be permitted to take cognizance of the things of earth, I feel that there bends over us the host of our deathless dead, looking with joy upon the scene where we have with grateful and patriotic impulses gathered, upon the soil of the

beloved land for which they offered their lives, a sacrifice, and which has been hallowed by their devotion and consecrated by their blood.

Methinks that around us today hover these invisible visitants, and that you, as you form again your old broken ranks and march to the sound of familiar music, with noiseless tread—but keeping step with you—moves a phantom phalanx.

I seem to see, leading that line of ghostly warriors, that grand Christian soldier, the greatest military genius developed by Civil War, that unique personality, who "was born 'neath the aspect of a bright-eyed star and whose triumphant adamant of soul was but the fixed persuasion of success"—Stonewall Jackson.

Side by side with him is that majestic soldier who fell too soon for his country's weal, but who fell in the hour of triumph, and whose dying ear caught the shout of rejoicing for a victory won by his own consummate leadership, and whose soul went home to God on the wings of the shouting of his victorious legions—Albert Sidney Johnston.

There too is that daring and dauntless cavalier who mocked at danger and whom his great commander trusted in every "imminent and deadly breach," and whose name the dying lips of Lee and Jackson sealed for immortality—A. P. Hill.

And in fit and worthy companionship with these heroic spirits march Hood, and Marshall, and Gregg, and Upton, and Robertson, the gallant leaders under whom you gray and grizzled veterans won the fadeless laurels with which fame has garlanded your brows.

Never had army such leaders, and never had leaders such an army! Heroes all! Fame hath them on her deathless roll and history will perpetuate their memories unto remotest time.

The measure of fame, which justly belongs to the martial deeds of a people, is not to be determined by the mere physical courage of its soldiery.

Savages knowing nothing of God, and with no thought of the future, save as affording a field for increased physical enjoyment, and unmoved by a single noble impulse, recklessly risk death inspired by the base motives of plunder or revenge.

The peasantry of despotic power, whether ordered to battle for conquest or defense, like "dumb driven cattle" yield mechanical and perfunctory obedience, and sullenly march to a death which is robbed of half its terrors by the thought that it will prove to be for them the gateway of deliverance from poverty and oppression.

The soldiers of the South were inspired by lofty motives and must be judged by lofty standards.

They will be judged by the degree of their education and intelligence, the extent of freedom to which they had been accustomed, the motives that prompted them, and the character and degree of the civilization of which they were at once the product and exponents.

Just in proportion as was their intelligence, the blessings and comforts which surrounded them, their capacity for social and political enjoyment and promotion, their opportunity for increase of material wealth, and the extent of their privileges as freemen, so was the measure of the sacrifice they made for duty's sake; and as was the measure of their sacrifice, so is the measure of the glory and the fame to which they are entitled.

There were in the army of the South no hirelings and no Hessians. The South was too poor to hire defenders and too rich in patriotic sons to make such hiring necessary. In the ranks of that army were to be seen the types and exponents of the loftiest civilization the world ever saw in any land.

Justly proud of her sons and their achievements, she stands prepared to match them deed for deed and man for man with all whose names are on history's record or on the roll of fame.

How great hath been her contribution to the roll of presidents, statesmen, jurists and orators, history abundantly attests, and she shrinks not from a contest of comparison in the arena of martial fame.

If the daring deed of the sons of Sunny France at Lodi's Bridge be cited, we match their valor with Hood's Brigade at Gaines' Mill and the Wilderness.

If McDonald and his immortal band at Wagram be named as an exhibition of lofty heroism, the South matches it with Pickett and his dauntless division at Gettysburg.

If any man asks for an illustration of great military skill and genius, we point him to Lee's campaign in the Wilderness in 1864 and tell him upon the authority of the highest military critics of this generation that it has never been surpassed in ancient or modern times.

Let any nation name any son of hers, living or dead, who in grandeur of character, glory of achievement or in the elements of greatness stands pre-eminent in her history, and the South will more than match him with that son of hers, that proud scion of a knightly race, that most beauteous flower of her chivalry, that humble childlike Christian, that great soldier,

"Who led his army like a priest of men
And fought his battles with anointed spears"—
Robert Edward Lee.

His deeds and the deeds of those who followed him with unquestioning confidence and unshaken devotion will live in song and story when you and I are in the dust, and upon the glorious record of those deeds men will feed in their hearts and minds until they grow rich in noble impulse, and brave and strong in high and patriotic endeavor.

These men and numberless thousands springing from the same stock were the products of the social, political and industrial system of the South, and to use the language of one of the sweetest of Southern poets, I ask:

"Who shall blame the social order
That gave us men like these?"

And I ask furthermore, my countrymen, when and where will you match them in all the elements and characteristics of true greatness and exalted character?

I have spoken of leaders and great commanders, and I ave endeavored to pay them some measure of the tribute that is justly due them, but something is due also to the far greater number, of whom it may be said, if comparison and distinction may be permitted in this connection, that upon them rested the greater and real glory of the conflict, the "privates in the ranks."

They served their country for very love of her and not for glory or for gain. They offered their lives for her, though they knew unmarked and perhaps unknown graves awaited them if they fell, and "by the simple manhood of their lives and the patient endurance of suffering they glorified a fallen cause." But the humblest private neither fought nor fell unnoticed. There rested upon him the all-seeing eye of Him

"Who reads
Through the guises of the heart
And looks not at the splendor of the deeds,
But the way we do our part,
And when He shall take them by the hand
And their small service own,
There'll be a glorious band of privates stand,
As victors, 'round the throne."

And now the pleasing task assigned me by your officers is nearly finished, yet it would be unworthy and incomplete did I not pay some tribute to those who, if possible, even more than ourselves, ennobled and glorified a holy cause.

Doubtless there are in this presence today some in whom the sad times of preparation and parting 41 years ago sent their sons to battle and consecrated them by a mother's prayer to their country's service.

There are here, too, some whose locks are now silvered by the touch of time who were then in the flush and beauty of youth and buoyant womanhood. They, too, made their sacrifice, and unlocking their arms from a father's or a brother's neck, bid him for honor's sake go where duty called.

In the dark hour, war from many a Southern maiden claimed that "nearer and dearer one" with whose life was entwined all her love and fondest hope, and as was permitted in such an hour, "the maiden softening from her coy reserve, gave her true knight some token kind to take as Hope's talisman to battle," and laid her sacrifice and holy offering on her country's altar.

The heaven born spirit that nerved gentle women to the sacrifices such as these has survived wreck and time and change and murmuring not at fate, they live over again the sad scenes today and memory touching with her wand the treasury of tears from womanly eyes the tribute of a never dying love.

For the woman of the South no suffering was too deep, no sacrifice too great, no hardship too severe, if they could but aid that cause which was to them so dear.

They toiled in the day time and in the night with weary hands and aching hearts to feed the hungry and clothe the naked and relieve the suffering.

They comforted the sorrowful, nursed the sick and wounded, and when death came to end for the soldier the "weary hopelessness of the hospital," his dying pillow was smoothed by a woman's gentle hand, and his soul was wafted home to God on the wings of a woman's prayer.

Memories of past trials and struggles dwell yet with this people. The anniversary of every battle is the reminder of some loved and lost one, and is a—

"Date written in fire on history's scroll,
Date drawn in deep blood lines on many a soul."

The South trod alone and without murmuring the wine press of sorrow. She walked with heroic fortitude through the valley of war and suffering and humiliation.

Yet never in the history of the world, after the close of devastating war, has any people wrought such great work in the field of physical reconstruction and material development.

That has been accomplished because that people have apprehended and acted upon the great principle in the philosophy of physical and material progress, that not only is rapid and enduring material development and prosperity consistent with devotion to the memories of an his-

toric past, and with the perpetuation of the records of great achievements, but that there can be no real and lasting glory for a nation or a people or a city which does not build on some surer foundation than one purely commercial and financial.

It has been by reason of their fidelity to conviction and their changeless love for the land of their birth that they have been able to successfully solve the great social, industrial and commercial problems which have confronted them and to bring about that regeneration of their material interests which is the marvel of the century.

When the South lay prostrate and wounded, there was among all the nations of the earth no good Samaritan to bind her wounds or soothe her sorrows. All passed by on the other side. She was left to tread the wine press of sorrow alone. The mantle of mourning enshrouded her. The voice of her Rachels wailing for their first born smote upon the air. Her fields lay desolate, her industries were destroyed, and in the ashes of her desolation she bowed by the graves of her buried hopes, but in that dark hour she did not despair, and though she passed into the very shadow of political and commercial death, thanks be to God, she has proved the angel of her own resurrection.

Scorned and derided in her day of defeat, the world pays her homage in her day of peaceful triumph.

The kings of commerce, the monarchs of manufacture, the magnates in the marts of domestic trade, and in lands beyond the seas, bend eagerly to catch the tidings from the fields of her chief staple, and King Iron has placed his crown upon the brow and his spectre in the hand of grand old Alabama.

The stone which the builders rejected has become indeed the headstone of the corner. When the cry goes forth:

"Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are,

The answer cometh back:

"Look ye, men of every land,
Upon the glorious Southern star."

That star has emerged from the clouds which so long obscured it and shines now as a beacon light to guide the eager millions who have seen it, and who, in the song of the husbandman, the hum of the spindle, the whirr of the loom, and the roar of the furnace have caught the notes of the South's triumphant march, and are hastening to lay their offerings at the feet of the recrowned and re-enthroned queen.

In adversity strong and brave, in prosperity, rejoicing and grateful, neither fortune's favors nor her frowns have been able to shake her people from the sure anchor of their firm and fixed political faith, but they have in sunshine and in storm treasured that faith as through 40 years of weary wandering Israel of old guarded the Holy of Holies where rested the ark and Shekinah of God.

Glorying in her past, rejoicing in the present and looking with an abiding confidence to the splendid future which is unfolding before her enraptured vision, the South standing upon that record which is written in the blood of her children, doth

"All power defy
To quench her love of liberty,
Or shake her trust in God."

That record is complete and closed and elapsed. It is richly red with patriotic blood, luminous with the light of living and eternal truth and divinely radiant with lines of fadeless glory.

Upon that record she fearlessly confronts the future, and confidently awaits the verdict of impartial history.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS BY SENATOR JNO. G. WILLACY, AT NAVASOTA REUNION.

The following fine address was delivered by Senator John G. Willacy at Navasota reunion in honor of the dead of Hood's Texas Brigade:

After reading of mortuary report by Comrade Barry, Senator McDonald Meachum of Navasota stepped forward to introduce Senator J. G. Willacy of Corpus Christi, who would deliver the memorial address. Senator Meachum's introduction was thoughtful and suggestive of the solemn occasion.

Senator Willacy's circumscribed bounds seemed no barrier to his eloquence, and he ably and feelingly spoke of Hood's Brigade in all their stormy way from adhesion of principle to death, and in many flights of heaven-pointed oratory proved that there is a sure reward for devotion and courage. Particularly was Hood's Texas Brigade pleased with the Senator's bright picture of their proposed monument and his pledged assistance and guaranty as to its build-

ing. The Senator left friends among the veterans, as well as their sons and daughters, who constitute the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the United Sons of Veterans, who will remind him later of his interest and promises.

SENATOR WILLACY'S ADDRESS.

First, let me thank you for this honor, conferred upon an humble citizen of Texas, proud to be with you, and in spirit one of you, though unscarred by battle, yet sharing in your glory—for the Texas heart, whether by birth or adoption, is none the less Texan, proud of his State and people and jealous of its traditions. Receiving its glorious birthright from the sword, inheriting the valor of Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee and other kindred people at the Alamo and at San Jacinto, Texas character was molded in patriotism and given as a precious heritage to its sons and daughters who, while not unmindful of its infinite value, realize and accept its responsibilities. Of the South they lived in the atmosphere of the South, sharing its destiny, its hopes and its burdens, and when appeal to arms was made in defense of honor they shared its trials and its glory, and true to their birthright placed one more jewel in its imperial crown and enhanced the splendor of their heritage.

But how inadequate are mere words to express the gratitude I feel for the privilege of addressing such an assembly as this and upon such an occasion, and how unresponsive are the lips when fitting tribute calls for heart language so eager for expression and yet not coined in the language of men. To such as I, who have followed the tragedies of war only in its written history there is a sublime pathos in the presence of those who have suffered its burdens upon the field of battle and offered their heart's blood upon the altar of patriotism. No gathering of people ever represented higher ideals than the assembly now before me just as in '61 to '65 no purer patriotism ever responded to a country's call, and when I look into the faces of those before me, both men and women, and read the hearts of those who have fought and suffered for a great principle and met, in its fullest, the obligations of citizenship, bravely bared their breasts to the sword of the invader of their homes, it opens to me a new chapter in that glorious history of the Southland and a new meaning to valor.

DIED IN GLORY.

To shed one's life blood in defense of home and country is man's first privilege—to offer it is equally patriotic, and both are engraven in ineffaceable characters of glory upon a nation's heart. To the dead, wrapped in the gory garment of the slain, we bring the myrtle and the ivy and the rose, mute yet eloquent tributes of our grief, and teach them to grow above his last resting place, at once a lesson to posterity and proof of unforgetfulness, and we write upon his tomb the epitaph, "Died in glory that the honor of a noble people may live forever!"

"To the living we have a grateful acknowledgment of his heroism and weave about his brow and heart the evergreen of a never-dying love and an unending obligation—not forgetting that while one must die that a noble cause may be refined in the crimson crucible of his heart's blood, yet another must live to bear witness to war's tragedies and its truths. No historian's pen can write the history of Manassas or Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Antietam and Chickamauga as it is imprinted upon the hearts and minds of those who shared its carnage. No writer of history or fiction can portray the contending emotions at Appomattox; no artist's brush can picture the red tongue of death as at Eltham's Landing, at Little Round Top, at Gaines' Mill and at Chancellorsville it sought to quench its thirst for blood, as it is engraven upon the memories of these surviving heroes. No science of art can record the heart anguish of the living as, far from home and kindred, brother or friend is placed beneath the sod, a gory tribute to a nation's glory, and what writer would dare to picture the emotions of those tender hearts at home of wife or mother or sister, or perhaps a heart in which the petal of the love rose had found a sweet and ofttimes secret lodgment; dear ones who had proudly and cheerfully offered brave sons upon the altar of patriotism, yet praying God they might be spared to them! Who will ever dare to reproduce the heart sobs and welling tears over the remains of heroes slain and the soft whisperings of the living, broken heart to its precious lifeless clay? I say none. The genius of talent in pen or brush must yield to the lips of the surviving men and women, and when they are called by the great Commander of hosts, the only true image will be hung upon the walls of heaven.

THE MARTYRED DAVIS.

"Yes, some must die to refine war's glory as some must live to speak its tragedies and its truths. What artist has adequately written the divinely noble character of the martyred Davis, and what brush has painted his heart, swelling with pride with each victory of his intrepid soldiery, and who would presume to paint the crushing weight upon that noble heart when the cause of the Southland went down in defeat before a vastly superior force, and how he bore,

without complaint, the sufferings of his people. Carve, if you can, the grandeur of that character, as looming through all the years of tribulation it reflected imperishable glory upon the cause whose martyr he became, or the memory of him—so unspeakably precious to the people of the South. Let talent call to aid the master hand of art and then—even then—there will be but one work of art sufficient unto him and that was engraven by the instrument of his own noble, self-sacrificing character upon the hearts of his own countrymen. Open the bosom of the Southland and witness there an almost divine engraving of him who dedicated his life to his people, smiling only as they smiled, but suffering always when they suffered.

"And Lee and Jackson! War eagles of the Confederacy, masterpieces of the omnipotent war god. Who could paint them as they were? Incomparable Lee! Invincible Jackson! Oh, fickle god of fortune! Hadst thou but have stayed the hand of chance and given full sway to genius—what glorious history might have been the heritage of posterity!

"Robert E. Lee! What magical inspiration in the name of that noble hero who, by his genius and valor, inspired by his patriotism, wrote his name upon the most glorious pages of the world's history and wrought in the heart's of his countrymen a halo around that noble brow, snow-crested by the legacy of time and his people's sufferings.

EAGLES NORTH, EAGLES SOUTH.

"At Appomattox! When heroes had yielded step by step to the inevitable and the American eagle once more spread its wings o'er all American soil, in victory for the North, but with equal glory for the South, how quickly the great American character asserted itself—eagles South and eagles North, in the terms of surrender and parole. Can any one picture on canvas or in marble the pride in the heart of the Federal commander at the final surrender to him of the greatest general in history? Can any one paint the magnanimity of the victorious general when he refused to stipulate for the sword of Lee—a trophy so priceless in its meaning that for an equal proof of valor emperors and kings of history would have ransomed kingdoms and empires to possess? Wellington, Napoleon nor Alexander ever dreamed of such priceless trophy of war, and yet the American spirit, that sense of oneness, one people, one country, one hope, one common glory—that American spirit refused to accept what emperors and kings would have given even scepters to have possessed for a single hour.

"Yes, indeed, it was a priceless trophy, but who can chisel its value in marble or paint its sentiment on canvas? Who can write the heart-pangs of Lee when the hour at last confronted him and the redeeming sense of pride in the proof of American brotherhood so prompt of assertion, and who can say it was not his noble character that inspirerd it into action—who can chisel it all into faithful image.

"Jackson! Invincible 'Stonewall' Jackson! Paint, ye who can, the matchless splendor of his achievements upon countless fields and the measure of his genius. Invincible in battle as immaculate in soul, what a shadow fell o'er the Southland in his hour of victory at Chancellorsville—when the war god called him to council in the heavens. And Albert Sidney Johnston! Shiloh and Chancellorsville! What an awful price to pay for victory, what irreparable loss to the Confederacy, but how glorious the grave.

THE LONGSTREET CORPS.

"And Longstreet's corps—the battering ram of the Confederacy. And Hood's Brigade—sweeping like a tempest across the gory field and into the jaws of death. Invincible Texans, with the ever-living spirit of the Alamo and San Jacinto unfurled in their heroic bosoms upon many a hard-fought field. At Boonsboro; at Sharpsburg, where the noble first Texas fighting against heavy odds left four-fifths of their number upon the field. At Gaines' Mill, where the Fourth Texas, first to pierce the stronghold of the enemy, but leaving over one-half of the regiment upon the field, and where the gallant Hood's Brigade, composed of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas and the Eighteenth Georgia and Hampton's Legion, fought their way into the very heart of the enemy—what artist could picture such deeds of valor, or picture its battle-rent flags and the devotion interwoven with every thread?

"Hampton's Legion! Ah, the brave South Carolinians; no braver soldiers ever lived than they, and the Eighteenth Georgia, called through a spirit of brotherhood 'the Third Texas,' sharing as a part of Hood's Brigade in its battles and its glories, and with equal courage. No wonder that Lee and Jackson and Longstreet relied upon this brigade and called upon it when hard fighting was to be done; it was always ready for fight at any time, at any place, in any way; not only ready, but fought. The first to strike the enemy and the last to leave it.

"Again we find them at Thoroughfare Gap, and second Manassas. Victorious, do you ask? Why, of course. Didn't you know that Hood's Brigade was composed of the ragged-robed First Texas, so named because before the war its

members wore well ventilated clothing, due to the warm climate of Texas it is supposed, and further, because during the war, anticipating the extreme heat of battle, they wore clothing still better ventilated. However, it is understood that their coats were in good order. But feathers are no proof of flesh, and no truer hearts ever beat than those that responded to the call of the South by the men of the heroic, though ragged, First Texas. Their clothes may have been torn, and often indeed their bodies, but their patriotism was intact and unflinching to the end.

"Then there was the Eighteenth Georgia fighters, too, and, with no superiors in valor anywhere on earth; heroes of the Rock fence at Fredericksburg, where the gallant Meigs' Irish Brigade went down before it like wheat before the whirlwind. And they were gallant soldiers, those Irish boys of Meigs, and brave as the bravest, but they were up against the Eighteenth Georgia—what else could they expect?

AND HAMPTON'S LEGION.

"And Hampton's Legion! Ah, the brave, intrepid, unconquerable South Carolinians. Shoulder to shoulder with the Texans and Georgians of Hood's Brigade they wrote history—bloody history it is true—but magnificent in the grandeur of its valor at Gaines' Mill and upon a hundred fields, until it seems as though the 'tar heel' was the emblem of victory and glory everywhere.

"And later the Thirteenth Arkansas, selected heroes from heroic thousands, fit comrades for the bravest of the brave—fighters everywhere—and with a record for intrepid courage quite in keeping with the Texans.

"And the Fourth Texas—the 'hell roaring Fourth'—what a name—but what a people, and what other soldiery could earn the title? None could shout louder, fight harder and earlier, or quit later. No wonder they were called the 'hell-roaring.' In the light of valorous history written upon sanguinary fields we are justified in transposing and calling them 'roaring hell.'

"And they do say that chickens 'roosted high' when these Texans were around. Well, even chickens have instinct, and somehow seemed to understand that these brave boys, except when in battle, when their gaze was intently and earnestly forward, were generally looking down—counting or burying their own dead or the enemy's dead during intervals between battles.

"And then 'the Bloody Fifth!' And it was no misnomer—they had earned the title and baptized it in the blood of heroes—North and South, upon many a field. At Manassas, where the Federal Zouaves were annihilated and the field left strewn with their bright uniforms and lifeless bodies. Onward swept invincible Hood's Brigade, capturing batteries and colors and men, pushing back the enemy so far that even Longstreet—dashing, invincible—cyclonic in battle, as he was, had to send a message to those intrepid Texans to proceed less rapidly, as he could not keep up with them and in supporting distance. But the Texans knew no bounds to valor, and as the gallant Upton had been slain, in the language of Hood, these dauntless spirits 'slipped the bridle,' broke loose from its brigade and dashed into the seething carnage of death. Ah! Alamo and San Jacinto! Valorous deeds have sprung from the seed of thy patriotism, and though it is sleeping quietly in the days of peace, it but needs the call of bugle and the roll of drum to light its fires into grand, beautiful and glorious flame upon a thousand hills and in one thousand times one thousand hearts.

HOOD'S INSPIRATION.

"Who can wonder at Sharpsburg, and Round Top Hill, and Thoroughfare Gap, and Manassas, at Chickamauga, at Gettysburg, at Cold Harbor or Gaines' Mill? Who can wonder at the deeds of the battle-scarred Hood, when one remembers his inspiration? Born beneath the bright blue sky of my own Kentucky home, transplanted to Texas and became a Texan by adoption, breathed the atmosphere of its patriotism that makes heroes of her sons whether by birth or adoption, and hence a Texan like the gallant members of his brigade—heroes of many a bloody field. They could destroy an arm at Gettysburg; they could take from him a leg at Chickamauga; they could reduce his body, but not his spirit, and just in proportion as his body was reduced, his patriotism grew greater in determined resistance to invasions of his country and in defense of honor. Who could picture such as this? By what genius could be wrought in marble or in bronze the deeds of Hood's Brigade with all its sufferings and its valor, with oftimes its stomach empty of food, yet its heart full and to spare of rich patriotic blood. For they were men—'men behind the gun' in spirit and in deed. Chisel nor brush nor pen can reproduce that which God in His supreme handiwork had made inimitable—it is beyond the art of earthly man.

"And all for Dixie! Immortalized in song and verse. Dixie! Away down South in Dixie! How sweet its melody—how dear its flood of memories. Ringing as it did among the hills and valleys of the dear old Southland and in the hearts of men, so will it ever ring among the hills of time. No enchanting bard ere sang so sweetly to his lute; no courtly nightingale ere sang so

tenderly to his mate. At once the pledge of faith and love, it fills the hearts of men in patriotism inseparable from the South and its history. Inspired by devotion, it lives in glory and will die only when glory may cease to live. And, as I speak to you, I remember, when a barefoot boy I first heard its entrancing strains, and it seemed as if all nature—its good and its evil—its pride and its humility—its love and its memories—were blended in one beautiful inspiring song.

HOW DIXIE THRILLS.

"Yes, Dixie! We hail thee, the embodiment of faith, of chivalry and patriotism. Like the rose it sends sweet fragrance into the hearts of men and like the ivy binds us closer together. No other strain can so arouse the soul—none other may cause the lifeblood to course through the veins of men. On distant shores thy sons and daughters may gather—to other climes they may be called—but thy sweet inspiring strains, floating like sweet memories across the hills and vales of time, will bring them back again to Dixie and to home.

"Play once more its strain, oh bard, and let the last days of heroes revel with its glory; sing again its words of patriotic devotion and let its inspiration fill the hearts of sons and daughters of glory land. Strike once again the harp and let the gladdening shouts of heroes pay their tribute of valor and patriotism to the advancing years as a precious legacy to endless time.

"But when the last bugle call is made, when the last roll of the drum is heard, when the call is made to heavenly arms, then will the image in form and spirit be complete before the infinite sculptor. It is then that peace will be eternal and the spirit of the hero will marshal in the home of his creator. Heaven will be the gainer—earth the loser—except in grateful memory of the noble sacrifices of men.

"Did I say 'of men,' Mr. Chairman? Then let me correct myself and say 'of men and women,' for they, too, had their sufferings and bore them bravely and with equal patriotism. They, too, had their battles, not so bloody, it is true, but calling for equal heroism, and they, too, in a thousand ways, respouded to their country's call with equal sacrifices, and surrounded it with a halo of devotion.

SOUTHERN WOMEN PRAISED.

"God bless our Southern women! He must have looked away into the distant years and took her for his model when he gave a sweet companionship to man. With pity for the loneliness of that which He had created in His own image, He took a rib from next his heart, and adding to it the immaculate leaves of the lily, the petals of the sweet red rose, the sweetest balsams from India land, the finest grains of gold, and the purest particles of steel He modeled it into beautiful form. Breathing into her throat the soft voice of sylvan waterfall and the sweet call of the nightingale He wrapped her in folds of the first rays of the morning sun, and then reaching up into the azure dome of heaven He gathered two brightest stars that she might see the world she was to elevate, and kissed her into life.

"He had made woman! She was the first great work of art of the masterpiece of the infinite architect—God's last thought, but it was God's best thought.

"And when she stepped forth from His hand, beautiful and sublime—the flowers sprung into life and bloom, in the valleys and upon hilltops, and the feathered songsters of the air gathered above her in one glad, glorious chorus of song. Created after man she has followed his footsteps, healing the cruel wounds left by his iron heel. Teaching him lessons of kindness and tenderness, yet sharing in his sufferings, where is the sculptor, or painter, or writer, who can picture her heart torn with the miseries of war or the peace flowing from her tender heart and lips and the careful nursing of her tender hands as the life-blood of a thousand heroes welled from cruel wounds received upon the field of carnage? Engraven upon her heart it may be seen, but not upon canvas, or in marble or volume.

"Yes! When God molded finest grains of gold and truest particles of steel into her being—He must have taken as model the noble woman of our Southland. And when the last call of the bugle is sounded—the last roll of drum is heard the Confederate women will gather with that heroic brigade in the home of the heavens, and the Texan heart—the great Southern heart will be big enough, grateful enough and warm enough to hold and fold in endearing memory, all these noble, heroic spirits—men and women—until the advancing years shall cease to answer to the toll of time.

"And when the angel's bugle sounds, the call 'to arms' in heaven is made, there'll be no more glorious heroes there than the gallant Hood's Brigade."

SENATOR BAILEY PAYS GREAT TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

OPPOSED WRONG TEACHING.

"I remember when I first became a citizen of Texas, there was a gentleman from a Northern State at the head of the public schools of Gainesville. I soon found that he was teaching a history that called Confederate soldiers rebels, and presented a Northern view of the war between the States. I took the street corners, and aroused a public sentiment that drove him from his place. (Cries of 'Good, good.')

"I said there what I say here today, that I would infinitely rather my boy should be taught that twice two makes sixteen than to have him taught that his grandfather was a rebel and a traitor. (Applause.)

"The truth of history was on the side of the Confederate army. This Union could never have been formed if, when it was organized, it had been proclaimed that it could not be dissolved for any cause, however great or small. Nor was the South the first section to undertake to assert the doctrine of secession. The first attempt at secession in this Union was made, and successfully made, in New England.

"Vermont was the first seceding State. Vermont was originally a part of New York. Without the consent and over the protest of New York, Vermont seceded from it. New York sued in vain to exercise her authority over that commonwealth and Vermont was the first seceding State from the Union of States.

"Had I been here and within the age of reason, I know what view I would have taken. I would have joined Jefferson Davis in his memorable declaration when he said, 'This is a union of our fathers. We will remain in it and with it as long as we can do so with honor and safety.' (Long applause.) But when I became convinced that we could not longer remain in the Union with 'honor and safety,' so help me God, I would have withdrawn and cast my lot with Jefferson Davis. (Applause.)

DIRT EATERS OF THE NORTH.

"It was not Jefferson Davis who brought on the war. It was the dirt eaters of the North. I have heard them say that Jefferson Davis was responsible for the war, but the man who says it has neither truth in his mind nor fear of God in his heart. He was the last of all conspicuous Southern statesmen to give up the hope of a reconciliation between the sections. Why there are Mississippians here, if there be any (cries of 'yes, there are') who will remember that the Legislature of Mississippi one year before the war was declared adopted a resolution commending vigorously the patriotism of A. G. Brown and deploring the conservatism of Jefferson Davis. Davis and Brown were the Senators from Mississippi. Brown was for action without an effort to compromise. Davis still proclaimed this a 'Union of our fathers, and we will remain with it and in it so long as we can do so with honor and safety,' and up to the very hour his beloved State of Mississippi seceded from the Union, the best energies of Jefferson Davis were devoted to effecting a reconciliation between the sections. But when Mississippi seceded he went with them, not because he loved the Union less, but because he loved the State of Mississippi more. (Applause.)

LOVES STATE BETTER THAN NATION.

"I do not comprehend the patriotism of the man who subordinates his State to his nation any more than I can comprehend the affection of a son who prefers his grandmother to his mother in his love. As I love my father better than I did his father, so I love my State better than my Union. (Applause.) That was Jefferson Davis' patriotism.

"And this 'Union of our fathers.' It was a Southern man that at the head of the Colonial army achieved the independence of the American colonies. It was a Southern man, who sat as the President of the constitutional convention; it was a Southern man whose brains and hand did most to frame the constitution under which we live; it was a Southern man who with his eloquence thrilled the United States during the dark hours of colonial despotism that his countrymen arose as one man to die in the cause of liberty, and to this day children repeat until their little sisters and brothers catch from their lips those inspiring words which were a call to arms as they fell from the lips of the immortal Henry. These words more than all others sounded the bugle call to that united victory.

"It was a Southern man that drafted the Declaration of Independence. I love all these glorious heritages. In our mind Mr. Davis was well justified in saying that it was a 'Union of our fathers.'

"Hereafter, my countrymen, if any one tells you that Jefferson Davis was a fireeater, take him gently by the hand and lead him to that fountain of pure knowledge from which our children are given by the State's munificence to drink and let him read there the immortal truths of history, and let him learn that Jefferson Davis became the chosen leader of the

Southern people, not because he was an extremist, but because he was the greatest intellect and most unsullied character in that day of ours. (Applause.)

DAVIS A SOLDIER.

"Had Mr. Davis been permitted to choose his place of service to the Confederacy he would have led her army, and not have governed her in a civic capacity. He was a soldier, the equal of which has seldom appeared upon the theater of war. He was not permitted to engage in but one war. He more signally distinguished himself in that war than any other soldier in the noble muster roll of that struggle.

"Davis was a Senator in the Congress of the United States from the great State of Mississippi when the war with Mexico was declared. He had been admitted at West Point. He had been a soldier trained, and felt that he could better serve his country on the battlefield. He resigned his senatorship to become Colonel of a regiment of Mississippi volunteers." (Applause.)

Mr. Bailey paid a great tribute to Jefferson Davis' great qualities as a soldier, declaring that he and his men were the first to reach the scene of the conflict at Monterey, and told how later Davis saved the day at Buena Vista by his famous V movement. This movement, which stopped the onslaught of the Mexican cavalry, was one of the greatest evolutions in the science of war. It was later used, Mr. Bailey said, by Colin-Campbell in the Crimean war, and when the British Government, who in their stupidity, commended Colin-Campbell for the originality of the evolution, the British commander gave all the credit to Jefferson Davis.

The Senator told of how General Taylor, whose daughter Davis had taken, not stolen, came to Davis' tent after the battle and spoke to him for the first time since the wedding, declaring that "my daughter is a better judge of men than I am."

AGAINST FEARFUL ODDS.

"I speak it upon the authority of Mr. Davis himself when I say that had he been permitted to pursue his preference he would have served the Confederacy on the tented field, but I need not apologize for him or for the service which he rendered. Nothing could have won that war against those fearful odds. They had the world to draw from, and according to the returns they drew very liberally, for the Confederacy captured whole regiments whose men could not give the name of the American capital at Washington. (Laughter and applause.)

"They were men who fought, not as you fought for love of country, but men who fought for love of gold. With the world to draw from, we could not have conquered.

"But even though we lost the battles, even though they emancipated our slaves, even though they laid our country waste and sent to an untimely grave many of the best and bravest, I still find it in my heart to uncover at the feet of a Confederate monument, and thank God for the opportunity he gave our people to exhibit such sublime courage and such matchless fortitude. (Applause.)

"But, my countrymen, it is not enough for me merely to speak in defense of the Southern people without some word to those men who have made the glorious history of the South. (Applause.) Make all due allowance for my partiality—and I am partial. Every fiber of my nature is intensely Southern. I do not hate the North, but I just love the South. (Applause.) The only Northern man I hate is the Northern man who hates these Confederate veterans here. (Applause.) I am willing to sit and hear Northern men praise the valor of Northern soldiers, I am willing to say that they were brave and true; they had to be or else they could not have won from Jackson or Lee. (Applause.) But the time when I break the harmony of the occasion is when he says something against the South." (Great applause.)

LAUDED CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Mr. Bailey lauded the Confederate soldier for his bravery, for his courage, for his fortitude from the first Manassas to the last battle in Texas. The South, he declared, had no Benedict Arnold, and that there were no men who so distinguished themselves by their cowardice as to be remembered now.

As an example of the heroism of the Confederate soldier, Mr. Bailey told a beautiful story of the Virginia boy who joined the Confederate army when the troops passed through that State, and who when mortally wounded during an engagement was removed to a mound out of reach of the enemy's fire. There an orderly was holding a horse of an officer. The boy took the lines so that the other might join his comrades in the field of battle. At the close of the engagement the Virginia youth was dead, but he held the reins of the animal in a viselike grip.

Mr. Bailey reviewed the magnificent charges of the Confederate armies and eulogized its great commanders. He declared as one of the most magnanimous acts in history the refusal of General Grant, the leader of the Union forces, for his persistency in refusing to humiliate the brave Lee, despite the request of Stanton.

SOLDIERS IN WAR; CITIZENS IN PEACE.

"The courage of the Confederate soldier after he had surrendered, when he returned to his home and found his field desolated, his wife careworn, and some of the members of his family dead, did not become disheartened, but builded anew. These men who had made such splendid soldiers in time of war, resolved to show the world that they could make just as splendid citizens in time of peace. (Applause.) I believe, my countrymen, that this is the greatest test man can be subjected to. Mere courage may make a brave soldier in time of war, and virtue and industry may make a good citizen in time of peace, but whoever makes a great soldier in time of war and a good citizen in time of peace must be brave, must be honest, and must be industrious, too. (Great applause.)

"All of these men, now that the battles are over, and now that the flags are furled, not a soldier that is worthy the name, that does not enjoy life, confidence and respect of his fellow countrymen. (Applause.) Then, my countrymen, if you did your duty, and if you deserve our thanks and praise, what shall be said of the way in which your wives, and daughters, and your sisters did theirs."

Mr. Bailey paid a glowing tribute to the Southern woman, and showed by their acts and by the inspiration the thoughts of them afforded to the soldier, whether at the camp fire, on the march, or in battle. "As God made you better than your fellows, He had to make your helpmeet better than you were, and He did His work, as He always does His work, perfectly." (Applause.)

Mr. Bailey closed with an appeal to the young men, now that the ranks of the old Confederates were thinning out, that so long as they live no man shall insult their memory.

When Mr. Bailey had finished his address the cheering lasted several minutes. The old Confederates crowded around the Senator, eager to shake his hand, and he held a reception that lasted fully half an hour. It was a great greeting to a young orator by the men who fought for the Confederacy.

MONUMENT TO JOHN B. HOOD.

(*Houston Chronicle,* on Navasota Reunion.)

The movement inaugurated at the Navasota reunion to erect a monument to General John B. Hood on the capitol grounds at Austin is in every way commendable.

The name of John B. Hood is linked with the Texas brigade which he commanded in indissoluble bonds of glory and honor.

It carved an ineffaceable record on the scroll of fame.

It received the unstinted plaudits of Robert E. Lee, and won for itself a fame as fadeless as the stars.

It will be most fit to put upon the capitol grounds of the State, the history of which he made luminous by his deeds, the majestic figure of John B. Hood, there to stand with those other symbolic shafts and monuments which perpetuate the name and fame of the sons of Texas and the soldiers of the South.

Monuments on one side of that spacious avenue typifying the dash, the valor and the devotion of Terry's dauntless band of rangers, and on the other side perpetuating in enduring bronze the name and deeds of Hood's Brigade will be sufficient to consecrate these grounds unto glory forever, for never did nobler defenders than those who constituted those two commands ever bare their breasts to the deadly hail of battle, or never did nobler sentinels keep watch over a beloved land

Texas should honor Hood, for he reflected upon her unfading glory.

HOOD'S BRIGADE MONUMENT.

(*Houston Post,* on Navasota Reunion.)

The Hood's Texas Brigade Association, at its recent reunion in Navasota, determined upon the erection on the capitol grounds at Austin of a monument to General John B. Hood and his Texas Brigade, and to that end the proper committees were appointed to raise the funds. The record of this famous brigade during the Civil War was one of continuous brilliant achievement. In valor, devotion and patriotism, these Texans were not excelled by any other troops of the Confederacy. They illustrated the loftiest qualities of true fighting men and reflected everlasting luster upon the State of Texas. Their leader was one of the most gallant of a brilliant galaxy of Southern heroes, and it is meet and proper that the survivors of this noble band and their children and children's children should wish to perpetuate the deeds of Hood and his Texans in enduring granite and bronze.

It is believed that the people of Texas, proud of Hood's Brigade, will consider it a privilege to assist in erecting at Austin a monument that will suitably commemorate its imperishable deeds. To do this will require a large sum of money, for no ordinary memorial can properly blazon to posterity the mighty achievements of Hood's superb soldiers.

The Post bespeaks for this movement the sympathy and support of all Texans. It makes

little difference on which side one may have fought. What Hood's Brigade did constitutes an imperishable example of American valor and posterity will not, in pondering the deeds of the Civil War heroes, stop to judge their motives. There will be few children two generations hence who will not count among their forbears soldiers of both armies, and at that distance from the conflict all will be honored alike.

If every Texan will contribute a small sum to the Hood monument fund the committee will be able to erect a memorial that will amply prove our devotion to the memory of the heroes whose rich contributions to our history constitute a priceless heritage for all the people.

WIVES AND CHILDREN OF VETERANS ENROLLED AT NAVASOTA.

At Navasota reunion Comrade J. C. Loggins made some splendid remarks when speaking of a past resolution wherein all Sons and Daughters had been made honorary members of the Association, and how little attention had been made to enrolling their names. He urged that we were fast passing away, and if we expected our sons and daughters to keep our memory green and the record of Hood's Texas Brigade alive, it was time we were enrolling their names. Comrade Loggins was right and enrollment began at once. Following is a list of honorary members as then and there prepared:

Mr. W. E. Wilson, Navasota.
Mrs. J. B. Beatty, Houston.
Miss Katie Daffan, Ennis.
Mrs. Hallie Jones Wofford, Cameron.
Jones Wofford, Cameron.
Nat Wofford, Cameron.
J. B. Fuqua, Houston.
Miss Julia Branard, Houston.
Mrs. B. W. Pierce, Navasota.
Mrs. W. A. Watson, Thornton.
Mrs. W. J. Town, Powell.
Miss Lillian Sessions, Rice.
Miss Winnie M. Loggins, Ennis.
J. C. Loggins, Jr., Ennis.
Mrs. H. H. Hilyard, Rogers.
Miss Ola Walling, Corsicana.
Mrs. J. H. Drennan, Calvert.
Miss Sherrill, Rosebud.
Mrs. J. H. Plasters, Temple.
Miss Sneed, Rosebud.
Miss Sneed, Rosebud.
Mrs. A. M. Clay, Independence.
Mrs. Anna W. Brantley, Somerville.
Mrs. B. T. Wellborn, Somerville.
R. A. Brantley, Jr., Somerville.
Miss Maggie Eldridge, Brenham.
Miss Sherrill, Ben Arnold.
Mrs. J. W. Dallas, Brenham.
Miss Johnson, Palestine.
Mrs. W. H. Mathews, Livingston.
Mrs. J. E. Landes, Chappell Hill.
Mrs. W. T. Hill, Maynard.
Mrs. J. C. Hill, Maynard.
Miss Felder, Chappell Hill.
Mrs. C. H. Holman.
Miss Mamie Barry, Navasota.
Mrs. J. F. Spann, Navasota.
Mrs. A. Y. Bryan, Columbia.
Bowers Chilton, Houston.
Mabelle Chilton, Houston.
Mrs. Mabel Bowers Chilton, Houston.
Miss Kate A. Norwood, Navasota.
Ewing Norwood, Navasota.
Shields Norwood, Navasota.
Mrs. Stella Martin Brosig, Navasota.
Miss Ira Mai Blackshear, Navasota.
Mrs. Bessie Barry Blackshear, Navasota.
Mrs. Roland McCune, Navasota.
Mrs. G. C. Stoneham, Navasota.
J. S. Martin, Navasota.
D. M. Martin, Navasota.
C. H. Martin, Navasota.
Mrs. Jessie B. Lott, Navasota.
Mrs. Jessie Lott Peterson, Navasota.
Mrs. J. F. Martin, Navasota.
Mrs. J. T. Evans, Navasota.
Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Seguin.
Mrs. Mary Hunt Affleck, Brenham.
Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco.
Miss Lessie T. Sauls, Beaumont.

Many other names will be added as soon as comrades send in the names of their children to the secretary.

Registry of Sons and Daughters present as follows:

Children of Colonel R. J. Harding—Edwin J. Harding, Jackson, Miss.; May A. Harding, Jackson, Miss.

Children of Joe J. Hail—Amanda L. Steel, Birdstown, Texas; Margaret Jane Kelley, Corsicana, Texas; Mary Robert Gregory, Streetman, Texas; Fannie Lee Stern, Fairfield, Texas; Rose Gertrude Hail, Corsicana, Texas.

Children of Dr. Sam R. Burroughs—Mrs. Evie Lee Hill, Buffalo, Texas; Mrs. Cora Lee Baker, Brownwood, Texas; Mrs. May Louelia Glen, Brownwood, Texas; Robert Edgar Burroughs, Buffalo, Texas.

Children of A. Miles—Mrs. G. N. Goodwin, C. F. Miles, Mrs. Louise McWilliams, Miss Alice Miles, W. A. Miles, Mrs. George C. Ellington.

Sons and Daughters of Brigade—William Longino, son of Thomas Longino, Company E.

Children of J. N. Johnson, Company F, Fourth Texas Regiment—Mrs. H. P. Barron, Crystal Springs, Miss.; W. C. Johnson, Spencer, Va.; Mrs. M. V. Smith, Florence, Miss.; J. N. Johnson, Palestine, Texas; J. D. Johnson, Spencer, Va.; Rev. C. T. Johnson, Waco, Texas; Mrs. Bessie Lee Mannix, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. Lula G. Morrow, Gorgona, Panama; Mrs. A. L. Bridges, Cornhill, Texas; Miss Carrie A. Johnson, Palestine, Texas; Jim E. Johnson, Palestine, Texas.

MAGNIFICENT GIFT PRESENTED ASSOCIATION AT NAVASOTA REUNION BY SON OF A COMRADE.

LOVING CUP PRESENTED.

The association had a pleasant surprise when Hon. A. F. Brigance approached the stand with a carefully wrapped package of large dimensions, and, craving the attention of the association, delivered a beautiful eulogy to the brave of every nation, replete with special allusions to the part Texas and Texas heroes had played before the eyes of the world on every field where her men and courage were called into requisition, from earliest Texas down to now; and when he touched on Hood's Texas Brigade he unfolded to our view a beautiful loving cup of magnificent design and generous proportions, and presented it to the association in beautiful sentiment as coming from W. E. Wilson in honor of his father, R. T. Wilson, a member of the brigade.

The cup was received with fitting words by Captain W. T. Hill, president of the association.

The cup was, by voice of the association, placed in charge of the president, with instructions that he have it at each recurring reunion.

VALUABLE BRIGADE HISTORY BY AN ABLE COMRADE, AT NAVASOTA.

"THREE GLORIOUS REGIMENTS."

By Comrade Wm. E. Barry, Lieutenant Company G, Fourth Texas Regiment.

There were only three Texas regiments in the Virginia army: The First Texas Regiment Infantry, Colonel Lewis T. Wigfall; the Fourth Texas Regiment Infantry, Colonel Jno. B. Hood; the Fifth Texas Regiment Infantry, Colonel J. J. Archer.

Brigaded with these three regiments at the time they were formed into a brigade, was the Eighteenth Georgia Infantry, Hampton's Legion of South Carolina, and Reiley's celebrated battery of Light Artillery. The two regiments were separated from us in 1862, and attached to us thereafter to the close of the war was the Third Arkansas Infantry.

Our winter quarters in 1861-2 was near Dumfries on the Potomac. Considerable scouting service was done by the brigade during the winter on the Occoquan and Potomac, and these laid the foundation of the high reputation we afterward gained and so eminently maintained to the close of the bloody drama.

Our first regular battle occurred on the 7th day of May, 1862, at what is known in history as Eltham's Landing on York river, and by some as West Point. The army, under command of Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, was on the march from Yorktown to Richmond, followed by Gen. McClellan and the Yankee army. Early in the morning the brigade was quietly marching on the road, bringing up the rear of the Confederate army. When on top of a high hill we were fired upon very suddenly from an apple orchard at a distance from not over 50 yards, the Fourth Texas being in advance of the brigade with General Hood at the head of the column. We were marching according to orders with unloaded guns—only one man, John Deel of West Texas, had his gun loaded; he quickly fired and brought one of the Yankees to the ground out of an apple tree. Only one man was wounded by this fire into our ranks—Hart T. Sapp, now residing at Houston—who has the honor of being the first man belonging to the brigade wounded in battle. Although the fire upon us was sudden and unexpected, there was no panic among the Texans, who proceeded at once to load their rifles and fired a volley into the squad of Yankees, killing four of them before they could escape to the timber.

Company G from Grimes county, and Company B from Travis county, two very large companies, were thrown out as skirmishers and advanced down 600 yards through an old field towards the dense woods in the bottom lands of York river. We fully expected to receive a volley from the enemy just before we entered the timber, but not a gun was fired at us. We discovered just within the timber the four dead Yankees. As we advanced we became actively engaged fighting from tree to tree. Steadily ad-

vancing, the three Texas regiments became heavily engaged, and more particularly the First Texas, which had a fearful struggle with the First California. After repeated charges and repulses they succeeded in driving the First California under the protection of the gunboats in the York river. The engagement was between Franklin's Division and the Texas Brigade. History devotes but scarcely half a page to this battle. Its successful result saved the army wagon trains with its supplies and munitions of war belonging to the Confederate army, for which we received the following thanks and praise of Gen. Gustave A. Smith, commanding the division:—

"The Texans won immortal honor for themselves, their State, and for their commander, General Hood, at the battle of Eltham Landing, near West Point. With 40,000 such men I would not hesitate to invade the North, and would before winter make them sue for peace upon our terms, or destroy their whole country. But in praise of the Texas Brigade of my Division I could talk a week, and then not say half they deserve. If the regiments now organized in Texas could be transported here and armed tomorrow, properly led, they would end the war in three months."

For fear this article may be too long, I pass by other scenes and battles, and at once enter upon the great charge made at Gaines' Mill on the 27th of June, 1862, where the Fourth Texas won imperishable renown. The enemy had repulsed all the forces brought against them and held a high hill beyond Powhite creek; several hundred yards beyond the creek, the space between the apex of the hill and the creek, which was densely timbered, the timber having been cut down forming a chevaux de frise of the timber. The hill was entrenched. The Fourth Texas was formed in line of battle on a timber covered ridge; we were under the immediate eyes of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Some six hundred yards in front was an open field without anything to obstruct the view of the enemy from the hill two hundred yards beyond the creek. General Hood placed himself in the lead of the regiment with orders not to fire until we arrived at the creek. The command was given to forward. At once we began the desperate charge (and though with forlorn hope, we recognized that it was the key to the entire battlefield), with steady steps, and as if on dress parade, we marched amid crashing shell and shot. Silence appeared to prevail on the whole line of battle as if to witness the desperate charge of the Texans where others had so often been repulsed. Onward we continued to advance; crashing shell and grape shot flew thick and fast over and around us, cutting down our brave comrades at every step. Above all this din was heard the voice of Hood, "Close up," "right dress." Steadily through all this hell on earth we arrived on the banks of Powhite creek; to this point we had not fired a gun. The command was given to fire and charge, then was heard over all the reverberation of the cannon, the volley of musketry. One long, wild, shrill Texas yell, terrible in its awful significance! No spirits from hell itself ever uttered anything equal to this terrible cry; with one wild, reckless, desperate charge, we hurled ourselves upon the enemy, sweeping him before us like chaff before a cyclone, up the hill. Over the dead and dying we rushed like wild demons, clearing the hill and capturing four pieces of cannon which had hurled so many of our brave comrades to eternity. In twenty-eight minutes from the time we commenced the charge (the hill was deemed impregnable) the situation was ours. The key to the battlefield was in the hand of General Lee. General Fitz John Porter, with his splendid division, was in rapid retreat, panic stricken, for the James river.

Thus in this brief time was the name of Texas made glorious in all the annals of war.

A few hours afterward, Stonewall Jackson, in examining the route we took and the position we captured, said in a few laconic words all a great soldier could say when he turned to those with him and said: "The men who took this position were soldiers indeed."

Fitz John Porter said in substance that no troops could resist the impetuosity of the charge made by the Texans. Senator Daniel, but a few days ago in his great speech at the reunion at Richmond, said in substance that no charge ever made in ancient or modern warfare ever surpassed this charge, and he witnessed it.

Grimes county contributed her full quota of the deathless heroes—about forty of her sons being killed or wounded, among them being the gifted and lamented Capt. J. W. Hutcheson, Lieut. Lewis Butts and the genial soul, Capt. Tom Owen, who though commissary of the regiment, could not resist the temptation to go with us.

I must again pass by other battles and take the brigade to Second Manassas, fought on the 30th and 31st of August, 1862. Longstreet's corps formed on Jackson's right on its arrival in the forenoon of the 30th. Late that evening at sundown we advanced in line of battle. After nightfall we all got mixed up with the enemy so we could not tell friend from foe, and we finally found our way back to the position we occupied before. We did not get untangled until daylight, when one of our boys, Dick

Boozer, discovered that he had unwittingly bunked with a Yankee. Both were equally astonished and mutual explanations were in order. On the 31st we lay upon our arms listening to the continued sound of battle, when at 4 p. m. we were called to attention and begun another famous charge.

Riley's battery opened fire upon a battery of Yankee artillery, and in the fire of the first piece planted a shell in a caisson, blowing it up. We charged the battery and captured its four pieces. In this charge the Fifth Texas covered itself with glory. Confronting them was the crack regiment of the Yankee army, the Fifth New York Zouaves, (Duryea's), which is said had been hunting the Fifth Texas, which held its fire until it got in a few paces of the Zouaves, when they delivered a most terrible and withering fire at short range right into them. Their wish had been gratified; they met the Fifth Texas and were no longer a regiment, for they were left dead on the field of honor, for they were brave men. By the dim light of a lantern I visited this spot that night. I never saw more dead men on the same space of ground on any battle field of the war. Among the dead was that chivalric soul, Colonel J. C. Upton, Fifth Texas, who led his regiment like the true hero he was. He was a lion in battle, a lamb in peace.

I stand again upon the historic field of Sharpsburg, 16th and 17th of September, 1862. General Lee had thirty-three thousand men, McClellan over one hundred thousand. On the 16th we were most of the time under artillery fire, interspersed with skirmishing. About 1 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, rations, consisting of beef and flour, were issued to us, near the Dunkard church, with no cooking utensils. We made our flour up on our rubber blankets and cooked it on our ramrods, and broiled our meat on the coals. We were engaged at this pleasant occupation, when a terrible musketry fire opened on our right, and artillery commenced firing on our position. We were quickly in line of battle and going into the charge; in doing so remember passing Stonewall Jackson and General Hood, who were in earnest conversation in the midst of the charge. A Yankee regiment had a Confederate flag which I presume they had captured from some Confederate regiment. About fifty of us took after it. When I came to my senses, I was in a lane, and on my right was the First Texas in a cornfield about 50 to 100 paces from me. They were confronted it seemed to me by ten times their number, still standing firm and dying like beavers. We who were in the lane had all we could do in our own immediate front. In the midst of the conflict I happened to cast my eye to our rear and discovered the cornfield was full of the enemy, and that they had cut us off from the brigade.

I at once made a dart in the direction of the Dunkard church to escape, and owing to smoke and fog fell into the hands of the Yankees and was made a prisoner; they captured eighteen Texans. I was taken back to the rear a mile or two and then halted by the side of the road. I discovered a peculiar lone star flag coming down the road, being escorted by a band of Yankees. I discovered it was the First Texas flag; they halted and a colonel of cavalry asked me if I knew the flag. I informed him it was the First Texas flag. I asked the man who had it where he got it. He said in the cornfield. I told him many men died before he got it. He said yes, when he found it there were thirteen dead men on and about it. I asked him to hand it to me a moment—he did so; I kissed it and handed it back to him, my eyes blinded with tears. I am the last living Texan that had that splendid flag in his hands.

In this battle the First Texas, by intrepid valor, held their position so long, they lost more men than any regiment during the war.

I again pass over several other battles, to meet again on the 6th day of May, 1864, on the field of carnage, "The Wilderness." I behold once more Lee and Traveler. That morning before daylight we heard the rattle of a horse's feet in the public road rapidly approaching the camp: in a few moments he dashed up on his panting horse; we were quickly aroused from our much needed rest and were on the double quick to the run. The sun had begun to gild the tree tops and to sparkle upon the dewy grass. We dashed into the little glade where sat our beloved chieftan upon his famous warhorse. He said he had lost ground that morning and he sent forces to take it back, and would lead us. From the entire line rang out, "Lee to the rear." "Lee to the rear." In a moment several men were about him, and old Traveler's head was turned back to the rear. Under such circumstances the veriest coward would have went to his death. With the wildest yell, the brigade once more hurled itself like an avalanche upon the enemy, driving him back and cutting his lines in two.

This scene has been made immortal by the historian, the painter and the poet. Others claim the honor, but the survivors of Hood's Brigade know full well to them belongs the honor of this occasion. We went in that charge to do what our beloved chieftain wanted us to do or to die in the attempt. We accomplished our task, at a loss of our bravest comrades, and Grimes County paid her tribute of blood.

I have attempted in the above to give a short statement of the prominent battles in which the brigade acted with great gallantry. It is a recognized fact, among the survivors of the brigade, that the Fourth Texas had its inning at Gaines Mill, June 27, 1861; the Fifth Texas at Second Manassas, August 31, 1862; and the First Texas at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. They acted their part well at Seven Pines, Freeman's Ford, Boonesborough Gap, the siege of Suffolk, where they fought every day for three weeks. They stormed Little Round Top and Big Round Top at Gettysburg July 2, 1863. They acted a distinguished part at Chickamauga Sept. 19 and 20, 1863. In November, 1863, they besieged Knoxville, Tenn., but for the defeat of Bragg at Missionary Ridge, that city would have surrendered. From the 6th of May, 1864, at the Wilderness, they were in every engagement to the finale at Appomattox. They held a conspicuous part always, and lost none of their laurels.

A PARTIAL BIOGRAPHY AS A TRIBUTE TO GEN. JOHN B. HOOD.

"In the fall of '61, a young Lieutenant of cavalry reported for duty at Yorktown. He was immediately assigned to the command of all the cavalry on the peninsula, and given the temporary rank of Major, till the appointment could be confirmed from Richmond. Our troops had been greatly harassed and annoyed by sensational reports from the inexperienced and unorganized cavalry pickets. These false alarms immediately ceased at Yorktown, and were transferred to the lines of the enemy. His marauding parties were beaten and driven in. His scouts were captured or compelled to remain under the guns of his fortifications. The shivering garrison at Newport News could not cut a stick of firewood, without the risk of ambuscade and death. In one of the expeditions of the bold Major, while driving through the woods a party of the enemy, a wounded Federal begged piteously for someone to pray for him. A Confederate (we believe a cousin of General McClellan) halted, offered up an earnest petition for the dying man and then promptly regained his place in the chase.

"The young officer left the peninsula to take charge of a regiment of Texans on the Potomac. With a noble band of congenial spirits and a more important field of enterprise, his highest qualities were rapidly developed. His untiring watchfulness and ardent zeal soon attracted all eyes. At Eltham's Landing, it was his good fortune to defeat McClellan's attempt to cut off Johnston's retreat from Yorktown. From that time forth "Hood and his Texans" became associated in men's minds with all that was efficient, enterprising and chivalrous. With the wreath and stars on his collar, he had other troops added, first to his brigade and then to his division. These were as true and dauntless, with some exceptions, as his old command. But by popular consent the brigade and the division were both spoken of as "Hood and his Texans." This may have been partly due to the sort of proprietary right which the Texans claimed in their youthful leader. The wonderful devotion of these men was intensified by the terrible ordeal of fire at Gaines' Mill. We heard the next day that on some previous occasion he had quieted his old regiment (which had felt aggrieved by another being elected for a certain duty) by the promise to lead it in person in the next fight. When the regiment found itself in front of earthworks and battery of artillery rising above battery the men called out to their General to remember his promise. Placing himself in their front he carried them through as awful a storm of projectiles as ever beat upon the heads of devoted troops. The guns were captured, the enemy was beaten; but alas! how few of that band of heroes were left to exult over the victory. Grief and not triumph marked the bearing of the leader of the charge for many a long day. His scouts were known to be the most daring as well as the most trustworthy in the army. We happened to be present on the morning of the battle of Malvern Hill when he directed one of his scouts to go through a ravine and bring in a prisoner. The man replied: "General, if it is more important to get one from the top of the hill, I think that I can manage it." 'Twas not very clear how a prisoner was to be brought off in the face of that army of infantry and artillery. The General laughed and said that a man from the outpost would answer. And here we must digress a moment to notice a similar incident at Chickamauga. When Granger's Corps appeared on our flank late in the afternoon he called up some of his men and said: "I want to know what troops those are; bring me in some prisoners." In half an hour the squad was seen returning with three prisoners. "I knew that they would bring

them," was all the comment that he made. It was the very highest compliment that language could have employed.

"When Garland was killed and his brigade scattered, on the right of the turnpike at Boonsboro, the enemy had an open road to our rear. But he felt his way very cautiously and did not seem to be aware of his advantage till "Hood and his Texans" stopped the way. 'Tis well known, too, how effectually and successfully they covered the retreat that night, bringing off the immense parks of artillery and trains of wagons. But 'tis not so well known how often the weary, the despondent and the broken down, who had sunk down by the wayside, were encouraged to go on by the kind words of cheer and comfort spoken by the commander of the rearguard.

"Then, too, the whole brunt of the infantry fight on the afternoon of the first day at Sharpsburg fell upon the same devoted troops. The wonderful deeds of prowess performed by these men on the next day were never surpassed by the knights of the age of chivalry. At early dawn that noble soldier and gentleman, Captain Hamilton of Hood's staff, came to the writer of this with a request for reinforcements. Three brigades (feeble in number) were sent him. With this slender support he beat and drove back Hooker's Corps and the blue coats lay as thick in his front as did the red breeches on the ground over which he made his terrible charge at second Manassas. But a fresh corps was thrown upon him and he in turn was forced to retire. The First Texas lost its flag, but not until (in the words of the General) "it was buried under a pile of its defenders." After the defeat of Hooker, General Hood thought that the easiest and most decisive victory of the war could have been won had he been supported by the troops which ought to have been up.

"At Chicamauga Rosecrans withdrew a division from his right to meet Breckenridge's determined and successful assault on his left. This left a gap in his line of log breastworks undefended and Hood's quick eye detected it and his heroes were soon sweeping McCook and Crittenden before them, like chaff before the wind.

"These services should never be forgotten. Men are more inclined to censure than to praise, and more apt to remember a disaster than a success. But we trust that so long as there is soul enough in the South to admire pure patriotism and noble deeds of prowess, 'Hood and his Texans' will be honored and loved.

BRAVERY OF GENERAL HOOD.

"At one place where an entire forest of trees had been felled and sharpened in front of a Yankee redoubt to prevent the Confederates charging, General Hood walked out in front of the brigade and pointing to the freshly sharpened limbs of trees that glittered in the morning sun like a solid rampart of brass pikes, said: 'Boys, I don't ask you to go anywhere, but will you follow me?" Not a man of that immortal brigade faltered, but replied: "We will; we will," and "Three cheers for General Hood." Forward.

"It has been done before, it has been done since and it will be done again by disciplined troops where the officers line up behind the privates ready to shoot the first soldier that hesitates or looks to the right or left, but in Hood's Brigade every man was a volunteer and every inch a soldier, who knew no such word as fear.

"Ten centuries hence school boys will read of Hannibal's Carthagenian Cavalry that rode bareback and without bridles, Caesar's Tenth Legion and Hood's Texas Brigade."

DAUNTLESS COURAGE AND HEROIC DEEDS.

True Hood's Brigade History, by Comrade W. E. Barry, Lieutenant Company G, Fourth Texas Regiment.

On the 4th of September, 1862, Hood's Texas Brigade crossed the Potomac River into Maryland; after a few days of much needed rest at Frederic City, Maryland, we took up our march for Hagerstown with Longstreet's corps, in the meantime having destroyed the bridge of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad over the Monocacy River. On the 14th day of September we left Hagerstown on a forced march for Boonesboro Gap; at the entrance to the gap the brigade stacked arms. We had become disgusted with the situation of affairs, and felt very much incensed at Gen. Evans, who commanded a South Carolina brigade, and being the senior of Gen. Hood, he ordered a lot of ambulances, which had been captured at Manassas, to be delivered to the Quartermaster of his brigade, which order Gen. Hood refused to obey, and for this reason Hood was put under arrest and ordered to march in the rear of his brigade; the ambulances had been captured by the Texans, was the cause of the refusal of Hood. The bri-

gade declined to go in the fight commanded by Gen. Evans, of which Gen. Wofford notified Gen. Lee, who at once ordered Hood to take command of his brigade. As he rode through our ranks to the head of the brigade he was given quite an ovation. At once we formed line of battle on the right, fixed bayonets and charged; the enemy quickly retreated from their position. We remained in position in the meantime until Gen. Lee heard from Gen. Jackson at Harper's Ferry, where that intrepid General had captured eleven thousand prisoners, 73 pieces of artillery and thirteen thousand small arms and other munitions of war. He then left Gen. A. P. Hill to attend to the final conclusion of the surrender. Gen. Jackson with the remainder of his army rapidly pushed forward to Sharpsburg, arriving there on the 16th of September, and uniting with Gen. Lee, on the march to Sharpsburg, the 15th of September. Hood's Brigade brought up the rear among them that day. On the 16th of September at night we took position in an open field in front of the old Dunkard Church, confronting the Federal army, which in the meantime had crossed the Antietam River in large force.

General Jackson's command being on our left, some time in the night we were withdrawn from our position and marched into the grove surrounding the Dunkard Church, where rations of beef and flour were issued to us, something which had not occurred for some time, having subsisted on corn and coffee. We were engaged in cooking our rations, when day began to dawn; the musketry fire had been increasing for hours, and added to it was the war of cannon, all rapidly drawing near our position. Shells were sweeping through the tree tops, hurling their limbs about us; we were at once called to attention, the troops in front of us consisting of Lawton, Hays' and Trimble's brigades were overpowered. Gen. Walton and Lawton were wounded and most of the regimental commanders were killed or wounded and the men suffered terribly. Hood's Texas Brigade and Laws' Alabama Brigade relieved these troops; confronting these two small brigades were two corps of the Federal army; we were in extreme peril and our position was absolutely terrible to contemplate. General Hood fully realized the dangers which surrounded us and asked for help, but none could be spared. Gen. M. Laws with his division was to support us, but was slow in coming; in fact, did not get to us until after 10 o'clock; we stood our ground, charged and counter-charged, the dead and wounded covered the ground. We were fighting and dying like heroes. In the report of Gen. Hood, he says:

"Here I witnessed the most terrible clash of arms by far that had occurred during the war. The two little giant brigades of my command wrestled with the mighty force, and although they had lost hundreds of their officers and men, they drove them from that position and forced them to abandon their guns on our left."

In this memorable engagement the First Texas Regiment charged into the corn field and then held their position against ten times their number until two-thirds of them were dead or wounded; in fact, their loss in that battle was computed to be 85 per cent. of the regiment killed and wounded.

These brave men were mowed down like the corn surrounding them; without ammunition, they stubbornly fell back, still hurling defiance at the enemy, meeting the huzzas of the advancing enemy with their blood-curdling rebel yell; in my opinion, and I believe also of my comrades, this was the most terrible and bloody battle in which Hood's Brigade ever participated, considering numbers engaged.

In front of the cornfield, where the First Texas was located was a lane. I think about fifty Texans, mostly from the Fourth Texas, got into the lane to the left of the cornfield and also to the left of the First Texas; we knelt and fired at the enemy, resting our guns on the fence until the barrels of our rifles would almost burn our hands, by our incessant firing. I frequently cast my eyes towards the cornfield, the position of the First Texas, which was 75 to 100 yards to my right; the smoke hanging like a pall over the corn was so dense I could scarcely see anything. On one brief occasion I saw the fragments of the legs of one poor Texan's body flying in the air, having been torn and dismembered by a shell. Before any of us in the lane realized it, we discovered the enemy in our rear, the cornfield having been given up by the First Texas after a most terrible and bloody resistance, having fought with ten times their own number. The only chance for escape, as I thought, was to make a run to the left down the lane in the direction of the Dunkard Church; there were two boys near me and as I glanced down the line I saw the most of my comrades were either dead or wounded, and we decided to make the effort to escape. Running about a hundred yards, we ran into a New York regiment, I think the 33rd; they were lying down. They rose and fired a volley into us, killing the two boys with me. Strange to say, not a bullet touched my flesh. After this regiment discovered I was a Texan, they seemed to be in a terrible rage. They said they had belonged to Franklin's division whom we had encountered at West Point on the 7th of May,

and repulsed with great loss to them, saying we had cut the throats of wounded prisoners who fell into our hands in that battle; also saying we had fought them with negroes, etc. All of this I denied, but to no good. They forced me into the front line of battle, under my most solemn protest. As they began the charge there was nothing in their immediate front to prevent their progress. After going several hundred yards, they arrived at a fence. About a hundred yards in front of the fence was a dense skirt of timber; the Yankees halted at the fence and seemed to be in evident dismay. Many of them appeared to be under the influence of liquor, and wanted any pretext to kill me. In the timber everything appeared to be as quiet as the grave. I turned to the Yankee who had me in special charge and asked his permission to lie down, to which he consented. I had noticed a flat rock as large as a barrel head. I took the rock as I lay down and placed it against my head; the Yankees near me asked me why I did that. In a loud tone of voice, so as many could hear me as possible, I said: "Boys, I know those men who are in that timber; in a few minutes there will be the awfulest wool-tearing right here the world ever witnessed." In about five minutes there was a flash and a roar of artillery and musketry. Coming out of the timber was a sheet of fire, gleaming bayonets and a most unearthly rebel yell. I myself felt the blood running through my veins, almost freezing. I presume my hair was standing straight up. My Yankee escort placed his musket against me and told me to run. We all certainly got up and got. As we ran back some distance, we all struck a fence and as we got on top of it there was an awful roar of artillery from the timber. As I flashed my eye along the fence, many men were falling forward and backward, dead or wounded. I here made an attempt to escape, but lost out.

I was carried back to the rear some two miles, passing General Joe Hooker, having his boot-leg cut off, being wounded. I was turned over to a Major of cavalry, who had several companies.

We were on the main road from the battlefield; an endless procession of ambulances were loaded down with wounded and blood had sprinkled the road as if a street sprinkler had passed. While standing there I saw coming up the road from the battlefield some colors, with an escort. When they arrived the Major asked the Yankee with the colors where they got them. He said in the cornfield. He turned to me and inquired if I knew the colors. I told him they belonged to the First Texas Regiment, remarking at the time that where he got the flag there was many a dead Texan there. He said there were thirteen dead men lying on and around it when he found it. I asked him to hand it to me a moment, which he did. I took it in my hand, kissed it, and handed it back to him, tears blinding my eyes. Forty-five years have passed since. I was young and impulsive then. Observing a short distance from us one of the main signal stations of the Yankee army, I asked permission of the Major to go to a fence where I could see the battlefield, remarking I had never enjoyed that privilege. He granted me permission on parole, asking me not to get near enough to hear anything said at the signal corps. I sat on the fence and saw Burnside's Corps as it crossed the Antietam, and formed in line of battle. The sun flashed from their muskets, and from the many musical instruments of the bands of each. I had a splendid view and it was a magnificent scene as that splendid corps was forming in battle array in the Antietam Valley; off in the distance was a thin line of Confederates to oppose their splendid corps. Standing on a hill appeared a man, who seemed to be looking intently at the Yankees. I thought he was using glasses in his examinations. My heart sank. I thought all lost for the Confederacy. I saw dust arising over the treetops near the old Dunkard Church; in a few moments a man dashed forward on horseback and in a swift gallop approached the lone man; in a moment from out the timber appeared a long line of Confederates on the double quick. As they came forming in the right and left in line of battle, men and couriers riding everywhere and placing themselves in line, a roar of artillery in rear of the Confederates as they began the advance, responded to by the Yankee artillery; shells were bursting everywhere. The Confederates steadily advanced and hurled themselves upon Burnside's Corps, with the courage of despair. Quickly the scene was changed; that splendid corps was hurled back on and over the Antietam River.

That lone man I first saw I believe was General Lee. The man who reached him on horseback I think was Gen. A. P. Hill, fresh from Harper's Ferry, where he had finally closed up the surrender of that place and rapidly marched to Sharpsburg and arrived in time to save the Confederate army that day. I saw him lead his troops into the thickest of the fray with a dauntless courage.

We had fought at Gaines' Mill June 27, 1862; at Freeman's Ford, August 23; and second Manassas, August 30; Boonesboro Gap, September 14, and Sharpsburg September 16 and 17, 1862, all under the eyes of General Lee and General Jackson. On the 21st of September,

General Lee wrote the following letter, which will give some idea of his opinion of the Texans.

Headquarters Army of Virginia,
September 21, 1862.

Gen. L. T. Wigfall:

General—I have not heard from you with regard to the new Texas regiment which you promised to raise for the army. I need them very much. I rely upon those we have in all our tight places, and fear I have to call upon them too often. They have fought grandly and nobly, and we must have more of them. Please make every possible exertion to get them on for me. You must help us in this matter. With a few more regiments as Hood now has, as an example of daring and bravery, I could feel more confident of the campaign.

Very respectfully yours,
R. E. Lee, General.

Above written four days after battle of Sharpsburg.

HOW MONUMENT WAS PUSHED AFTER NAVASOTA REUNION.

(*Houston Chronicle.*)

As an evidence of what influence and energy can accomplish, Comrade Chilton lost no time in pushing monument work, as he stated it was his determination to erect the monument within two years. During October he electrified his friends and comrades with the following publication that went beyond all precedents:

JOHN H. KIRBY GIVES $4,000 TO HOOD'S BRIGADE MONUMENT FUND.

Two citizens of Texas, both honorary members of Hood's Texas Brigade, one an old soldier and the other too young to take part in the war, but whose warmth of sentiment toward the famous fighting organization is indicated by the size of his check, have contributed $5,000 to the Hood's Brigade monument fund. This is one-tenth of the amount of $50,000 which it has been decided to spend in the erection of a monument which will rescue from oblivion the memory of the greatest fighting organization that the world has ever known.

The two men who have made this handsome donation are Major George W. Littlefield, President of the American National Bank of Austin, and Hon John H. Kirby, whose residence is in Houston, but whose magnificent benefactions have made him a citizen of all Texas. These gentlemen have subscribed to the monument fund as follows:

Major Littlefield, $1,000.
John H. Kirby, $4,000.

Major Littlefield's donation was made subject to a condition; Mr. Kirby's subscription removed the condition.

Major Littlefield wrote to Captain F. B. Chilton, President of the Monument Committee, that he would make a positive subscription of $500, and that if four men could be found in the State who would give $1,000 apiece, then he would make the subscription $1,000.

Mr. Kirby took the place of the four men required by Major Littlefield and himself subscribed the entire $4,000. Circumstances are fully set out in the correspondence given herewith.

The first letter is from Captain F. B. Chilton to the Chronicle, the second is from Major Littlefield to Captain Chilton and the third is from Mr. Kirby to the same gentleman. Here are the letters:

CAPTAIN CHILTON'S LETTER.

Houston, Texas, Oct. 12, 1907.

To the Editor:

Hood's Texas Brigade never faltered during the sixties, no matter how fearful the odds or dangerous the duty, but on Sunday when your paper is read throughout Texas and the inclosed letters are comprehended, every survivor of Hood's Texas Brigade will stand with bated breath, thankful heart and overflowing emotion while he offers a prayer of thanks to Almighty God that he created such men as George W. Littlefield of Terry's Texas Rangers and Hon. John H. Kirby, of all Texas. May God ever shower his choicest blessings on both, and may their pathway through life be one of such unalloyed peace and happiness as should be the portion of him whoever doeth good works in this life. With one voice Hood's Texas Brigade, in honor of their nearly four thousand dead heroes, prays God to forever bless Major Littlefield and Hon. John H. Kirby. Your paper will be furnished a full list of contributors, if possible, by next Sunday.

F. B. Chilton,
President Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee.

MAJOR LITTLEFIELD'S LETTER.

Austin, Texas, Sept. 20, 1907.

Hon. F. B. Chilton, Houston, Texas.

Dear Sir: I have yours of the 19th and note contents. Yes, the Terry Rangers and Hood's Brigade were soldiers endeared to each other by the trials and suffering of four years of war. My heart loves the Confederate soldier. Hood's Brigade stands first with me. In my opinion, to them belongs more credit than can be claimed by any command that served during the war, and to their memory should be erected a grand monument. We who are left from that army owe it to Hood's Brigade, and I, as a citizen and Confederate soldier, feel it my duty to do what I can that Hood's Brigade may have a monument in memory of their gallantry and suffering endured for the cause we all loved so well. I will give $500 and pay same when you complete the foundation of such a monument as your committee may adopt, to be erected on the capitol grounds at Austin, or I will be one of five to give $1,000 to secure that monument and pay as above stated. People of the South should and must wake to the duty they owe the Confederate soldiers' memory.

Wishing you success, and that your committee may soon begin work with funds sufficient to complete the monument, I am, yours most truly,

GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD.

MR. KIRBY'S LETTER.

Houston, Texas, Oct. 10, 1907.

Captain F. B. Chilton,

My Dear Captain Chilton:

Confirming our conversation today regarding the glorious work you have undertaken, I hereby subscribe the sum of $4,000 to your monument fund.

As long as men honor chivalric manhood, and value constitutional government, every patriotic Texan will esteem it a privilege to aid in erecting a monument to those gallant patriots who constituted Hood's Brigade in the Civil War. They need no monument to perpetuate themselves in the hearts and affections of all the sons and daughters of Dixie, but nevertheless we honor ourselves in the effort to so honor them by this outward expression of the pride we, as Texans, feel in the memory of their courage and sacrifice.

I make this subscription in honor of the brave men of East Texas, and especially of Tyler and adjoining counties, who formed part of this illustrious brigade.

I trust you will have no serious difficulty in raising an ample fund.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. KIRBY.

REUNION AT JEFFERSON A MONUMENT LOVE FEAST. CONTRACT LET.

Up to reunion at Jefferson, Texas, June 25-27, 1909, Comrade Chilton did not let it be known what giant strides he had taken towards erection of monument, nor that he had perfected every detail and was ready to let the contract. The reunion met very blue as to monument prospects and were thunderstruck when they found how Comrade Chilton had succeeded. It was supposed, and based on the Treasurer's report believed, that not more than $2,000 cash had been raised and that monument would likely not be seen by any living member of Hood's Texas Brigade. To the contrary:

JEFFERSON MINUTES READ AS FOLLOWS.

Captain W. T. Hill, ex-President of Hood's Texas Brigade and officer in command of the Fifth Texas Regiment at Appomattox, next spoke as to monument, and wound up by saying that in the hands of Comrade F. B. Chilton he felt sure the monument would be built.

Comrade F. B. Chilton followed with a splendid talk on monument and exhibited a design offered by McNeel Marble Company of Marietta, Ga., which after considerable discussion and every feature having been fully explained by W A. Florence, agent and representative of McNeel Marble Company, was fully accepted as monument to be erected to Hood's Texas Brigade on capitol grounds at Austin, and President Chilton was unanimously authorized to close contract for erection—if he knew how to pay for same, since no other could see how it was possible.

Amid immense applause Comrade Chilton read the following letter from Hon. John H. Kirby, wherein he raises his subscription to monument from $4,000 to $5,000, which by rising vote was ordered printed in Hood's Texas Brigade History, now nearly ready for press, and same was ordered turned over to Gen. J. B. Polley, historian, for that purpose.

A GLORIOUS LETTER FROM A GRAND MAN.

Hon. John Henry Kirby's Eloquent Tribute to Hood's Texas Brigade.

New York City, June 14, 1909.

Captain F. B. Chilton,
Pres. Hood's Brigade Monument Committee.
Houston, Texas.

My Dear Captain:—

I am doing all I can to conclude my work here and get to Jefferson by the 25th in order to be present at the reunion of the brigade and meet and greet the scarred and grayed veterans who conferred upon me the highest honor of my life when by their generous courtesy they made me a comrade among them. I specially desired to be present when matters relating to the monument were being considered. But today I am fearful that this wish cannot be gratified. I am engaged here upon a business matter of much consequence to Texas, and especially to South and East Texas, whose progress and prosperity will be given a decided impetus by an early consummation of these plans. The work may not be concluded in time to enable me to reach Jefferson by the 25th. If I am not there, I wish you to answer roll call for me and tell my comrades that duty and not indifference compels my absence.

My very keenest interest is enlisted in the success of our plans for erecting the monument. To no nobler sentiment did men ever dedicate their hearts; to no nobler work did the men of Texas ever devote their hands than in erecting upon the grounds of the capitol at Austin and as a silent sentinel at the State house of Imperial Texas some token to the memory of the illustrious dead and some tribute to the heroism of the distinguished living who won immortal fame under General Hood. The glory achieved by these sons of Dixie is a common heritage to all the people of Texas. No page in the history of the world is more inspiring than that which records the achievements, the sacrifices, the sufferings, the patriotism and the unconquerable spirit of these citizen soldiers. Nothing in the annals of this republic more forcefully exemplifies the wisdom of its founders in resting its maintenance and its defense, not upon a standing army, but upon the patriotism and courage of a citizen-soldiery than, in the language of General Lee, "regiments such as Hood now has."

In erecting this monument we do not seek to rekindle the animosities of the Civil war. We mean not to detract from the honors won by those who wore the blue. We mean only a simple tribute to the flower of Southern manhood; an emblem of our veneration for deeds brave and heroic, for men of iron and blood, for men capable of acts of incomparable dash and daring in battle, and of gentle, chivalrous courtesy in camp. We honor ourselves when we honor such men and we ennoble the ambitions and exalt the purposes of the youth of Texas, rich as our matchless state is in the martial valor and deathless glory of an Alamo and a San Jacinto, when we, by a suitable monument point the present and succeeding generations to the imperishable example of the matchless men composing Hood's Texas Brigade.

With assurance of my sincere attachment, believe me, your friend and comrade,

JNO. H. KIRBY.

MR. KIRBY RAISES HIS $4,000 TO $5,000 AND MAKES MONUMENT A CERTAINTY.

New York City, June 14, 1909.

Captain F. B. Chilton, Houston, Texas.

My Dear Captain: I have your special delivery letter of the 8th. As I understand you, the funds so far secured for our Hood's Brigade monument are not quite sufficient for our purposes. I agree with you that this deficiency should be covered promptly to the end that there be no delay in proceeding with the work. If necessary to accomplish this end I will raise my contribution from $4,000 to $5,000. Your friend and comrade, JNO. H. KIRBY.

LETTER FROM GOV. HOKE SMITH, OF GEORGIA.

Atlanta, Ga., June 9, 1909.

Captain F. B. Chilton, Houston, Texas.

Dear Sir: I understand that the McNeel Marble company is about to furnish designs for a monument which will be purchased on the 25th of this month by yourself as president of Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee.

I only write to say that I have known this company for a number of years and have seen much of their work. The officers of the company are men of high character and their work gives universal satisfaction. I commend them to you most cordially. Very truly yours,

HOKE SMITH.

LETTER FROM U. S. SENATOR, A. S. CLAY, OF GEORGIA.

Marietta, Ga., June 15, 1909.

Captain F. B. Chilton, Houston, Texas.

Dear Sir: I am informed that the McNeel Marble company of Marietta, Ga., will submit

designs to you for a monument which will be purchased on the 25th of this month by yourself as president of Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee.

The McNeel Marble company is a firm composed of three of the best business men of Marietta, my home town, and I have known them personally for years. Their work has given complete satisfaction in this locality. Some time ago I bought a monument myself, and after looking over designs of other companies, I gave the contract to the McNeel Marble company, and their work was absolutely satisfactory and up-to-date. They have a complete plant in Marietta and are capable of doing anything they might contract for. It is with pleasure that I recommend them. Yours truly,

A. S. Clay.

President Chilton then read a letter and offer from the McNeel Marble Company of Marietta, Ga., which fairly set the reunion on fire, and accepting its contents with hopes and hearts ablaze, they, by unanimous vote, ordered the letter likewise printed in Brigade History.

Letter and proposal of McNeel Marble Company to erect monument, as taken from Jefferson minutes. Same was accepted by President Chilton and contract duly made.

The McNeel Marble Co.,

Marietta, Ga., June 20, 1909.

Captain F. B. Chilton,
President Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee, Jefferson, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Our two Mr. McNeels are natives of Brazoria County, Texas, and adopted sons of Georgia. The Eighteenth Georgia Regiment was a part of Hood's Texas Brigade, and with a desire to honor both the State of their nativity as well as that of adoption, and further to do honor to the Eighteenth Georgia Regiment, hereby make your Association this offer:

We herewith submit to you the very best design for a suitable monument for your noted brigade we can possibly get up. We will erect this monument on selected site, capitol grounds, Austin, Texas, within six or eight months from date of contract, complete in every particular, for the sum of $15,000, payable in cash on completion. We also hereby offer: If our design, specifications and plans are accepted by your Association, that in behalf of the State of Georgia and in honor of the Eighteenth Georgia Regiment, we will donate $5,000 of the contract price for said monument and accept $10,000 as full amount to be paid us in cash on completion of monument.

(Signed) McNeel Marble Company,
By W. A. Florence, Agent.

At annual reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade Association at Jefferson, Texas, design, plans and specifications with above offer to donate $5,000 by McNeel Marble Company of Marietta, Ga., was submitted by their agent, W. A. Florence, and same was accepted and F. B. Chilton, President of Monument Committee, duly entered into contract with said McNeel Marble Company June 25th, 1909, in accordance with above offer, both contract and proposal being spread on minutes of Association.

F. B. Chilton,
President Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee.

President Chilton then asked for monument subscriptions to complete the amount necessary to liquidate the contract made with the McNeel Marble Company of Marietta, Ga., and the following cash subscriptions were received:

J. W. Dallas, cash	$5 00
Mrs. Juliette Bush, cash	10 00
R. W. Brahan, cash	5 00
Cash	75
James Sharp, cash	1 00
R. M. Simmons, cash	1 00
M. D. Kelley, cash	2 00
J. W. Walling, cash	5 00
J. C. Alvord, cash	2 00
Colonel Jim Harding, cash	20 00
Captain J. T. Hunter, cash	20 00
Mrs. M. B. Walker, cash	5 00
J. J. Evans, cash	5 00
J. A. Bolton, cash	2 50
W. T. Hill, cash	10 00
J. J. Hail, cash	20 00
Total cash	$114 25

Following call subscriptions:

M. V. Smith	$100 00
Governor T. M. Campbell	100 00
Captain E. K. Goree	250 00
J. B. Polley	10 00
Miss Doris Young	25 00
Dr. S. O. Young	25 00
J. W. Trowbridge	10 00
David Bronaugh	20 00
Captain W. H. Gaston	100 00
Dr. Sam Burroughs	25 00
W. A. Florence	25 00
J. C. Hill	25 00
W. P. Johnson	5 00
Total subscription	$720 00

Making total cash and subscription at Jefferson $834.25. There still being a balance of $846.83 necessary to complete the desired amount. President Chilton offered to stand good for same, and by a rising vote the Association pledged itself to have said $846.83 soon in the treasury, and before same was due.

Patriotic members of the Association were not willing that Comrade Chilton should alone guarantee the deficit of $846.83 necessary to liquidate the monument contract and the following pledged themselves for the amount.

Minutes read:

There being a shortage of $846.83 of the amount due to liquidate the contract for the monument and Captain Chilton having guaranteed prompt settlement with the McNeel Marble Company as soon as the contract is completed, the following members of the Association rose to their feet and pledged themselves for prompt carrying out of the monument contract and that above shortage would be covered when due:

Captain W. H. Gaston, Dallas, Texas.
General William R. Hamby, Austin, Texas.
Colonel R. J. Harding, Jackson, Miss.
Captain W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas.
J. C. Hill, Maynard, Texas.
Judge J. B. Polley, Floresville, Texas.
Dr. S. O. Young, Galveston, Texas.
Dr. Sam Burroughs, Buffalo, Texas.
Captain J. T. Hunter, Bronte, Texas.
Captain F. B. Chilton, Angleton, Texas.
R. A. Brantley, Somerville, Texas.
J. J. Hail, Corsicana, Texas.
E. K. Goree, Huntsville, Texas.
Captain George T. Todd, Jefferson, Texas.
Dr. J. C. Loggins, Ennis, Texas.
M. V. Smith, Luling, Texas.

The above $846.83, as stated, was entire shortage of amount necessary to complete monument contract in full, and the McNeel Marble Company had agreed to accept Capt. Chilton as sole surety for same, when above 15 comrades, backed by the whole Association, bound themselves to raise and have the amount ready by completion of contract. Through General W. R. Hamby, Miss Katie Daffan, President of U. D. C., heard of the situation and under her persuasion the various chapters instituted "Tag Day for Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Fund," and raised and remitted in full of whole deficit."

Following resolution was offered by Dr. S. O. Young of Galveston and carried by a unanimous rising vote:

"It is with feeling of justifiable pride that we, the members of Hood's Brigade Association, point to the fact that in a few brief months work has been accomplished by those having the proposed monument in hand, that has taken years for other associations to accomplish. We feel that this has been done through the untiring zeal and devotion of the committee having the matter in hand, and we congratulate ourselves that such wisdom was shown in selecting the members of the committee.

Without the least intention of reflecting on the effort of any member of this committee, we still feel it our duty, in view of the magnificent work done by them, to select from that committee two of its most brilliant workers, its President, Captain F. B. Chilton, and its Treasurer, General W. R. Hamby, whose zeal, devotion and untiring energy has done more than all the other causes combined to make our monument an assured fact. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That, as an evidence of our gratitude, we return thanks to them by a rising vote."

General W. R. Hamby rose to a privilege and disclaimed any of the honor, and stated that to Captain F. B. Chilton, President of the Monument Committee, belonged all the credit, as he alone had begun, kept up and completed the monument work.

President Chilton, in turn, said, as a matter of fact, much praise was due Captain W. T. Hill for both monument and history zeal, and that he indeed had been ably helped by all his Monument Committee.

President Chilton stated that the security of the cash for liquidation of monument contract which he had closed with the McNeel Marble Company of Marietta, Ga., and which called for completion within six months—by January 1, 1910—was a matter for consideration, and he offered a resolution that same be placed as a special trust fund in the Citizens Bank and Trust Company of Austin, Texas, subject to draft of the President of the Monument Committee in liquidation of the monument contract. Same was unanimously carried.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the monument contract was let and every cent of money provided for before the reunion closed at Jefferson, and the greatest victory ever obtained by Hood's Texas Brigade had been scored wherein a very few survivors had stood up for the honor and glory of all and succeeded in gaining lasting recognition for their dead comrades where all the world could see and read for all time to come. Resolutions were passed as to collections, soliciting more money, so as to meet all expenses incident to dedication.

MONUMENT INSCRIPTIONS.

Jefferson reunion minutes read as follows:

Resolution was unanimous that every subscriber send in his subscription at once to General William R. Hamby, Treasurer of the monument fund, and by him to be deposited in the Citizens' Bank and Trust Company of Austin, Texas, subject to draft of the President of the committee to pay for the monument, and every one was beseeched to stir himself for further subscriptions with which to build an iron fence around the monument and otherwise beautify the holy spot. General Hamby was instructed to exert himself at once in collecting all subscriptions and appealing for more.

Colonel R. J. Harding, Captain W. T. Hill, Captain W. H. Gaston, Captain J. T. Hunter, Captain George T. Todd, Captain A. C. Jones, General William R. Hamby, General J. B. Polley, Dr. J. C. Loggins, E. K. Goree and others were selected as a committee to determine what should be inscribed on Hood's Texas Brigade monument and having assembled for that purpose, Captain Chilton, President of the Monument Committee, stated that he had signed the monument contract with the McNeel Marble Company of Marietta, Ga.; that said monument was to be erected complete on the site at Austin, within the limit of eight months, and that the contract provided for such inscriptions as were to be immediately forwarded by the President. Captain Chilton then submitted to the committee the following battles and inscriptions as being appropriate, which, upon motion of Colonel Harding, were unanimously adopted as a whole:

Colonel Harding further said: "I think just one more inscription ought to be added, 'We did our level best, but failed.' Hon. Cone Johnson, an invited spectator, said, "Amen!"

Battles and inscriptions are as follows, in order as written, and are same as inscribed on monument as it stands today at Austin:

PRINCIPAL BATTLES.

SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.
ELTHAM'S LANDING.
SEVEN PINES.
GAINES' MILL.
MALVERN HILL.
FREEMAN'S FORD.
THOROUGHFARE GAP.
SECOND MANASSAS.
BOONSBORO GAP.
SHARPSBURG.
FREDERICKSBURG.
SIEGE OF SUFFOLK.
GETTYSBURG.
CHICKAMAUGA.
SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.
THE WILDERNESS.
SPOTTSYLVANIA.
COLD HARBOR.
BERMUDA HUNDRED FRONT.
SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.
WHITE OAK SWAMP.
CHAFFIN'S FARM.
DARBY TOWN ROAD.
APPOMATTOX.

There were many skirmishes of note and various places where brigade was under heavy fire and lost men, but above were considered enough battles to inscribe on monument.

It was decided to use what was said of brigade by highest authority, and such as is borne out in all history, therefore following selected by Captain Chilton was unanimously indorsed as what should be inscribed on monument, and was so ordered:

CROSSED BATTLE FLAGS.

CROSSED SWORDS.

CROSSED GUNS.

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Confederate States of America, 1861 to 1865.

First Texas Regiment.
Fourth Texas Regiment.
Fifth Texas Regiment.
Eighteenth Georgia Regiment.
Third Arkansas Regiment.
Hampton's (South Carolina) Legion.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

General John B. Hood.
General Jerome B. Robertson.
General John Gregg.

ERECTED BY SURVIVING COMRADES AND FRIENDS, A. D. 1910.

"The troops of other states have their reputation to gain; the sons of the Alamo have their's to maintain."—*President Jefferson Davis, C. S. A.*

"I need them very much, rely upon them in all our tight places and fear I have to call upon

Monument to Hood's Texas Brigade on Capitol Grounds, Austin, Texas, Erected March, 1910.

them too often. They have fought grandly and nobly and we must have more of them."—*General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A.*

"Hood's Texas Brigade is always ready." (Hood's Texas Brigade at Darby Town Road.) —*General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A.*

"They have shown on many battlefields their willingness to die for Dixie and have a right to wear on their banners the motto of Hampden: 'No steps backward.' "—*President Jefferson Davis, C. S. A.*

"Their ragged clothes make no difference, the enemy never see their backs."—*General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A.*

"Hood's Texas Brigade shall retain its original formation as long as there is a man left to wave its flag."—*President Jefferson Davis, C. S. A.*

"All troops have failed to silence those batteries." "I have Texas troops that will try to do it."—(Hood's Texas Brigade at Gaines' Mill.) *General John B. Hood, C. S. A., to General Robert E. Lee.*

"They were soldiers indeed that carried those works." (Hood's Texas Brigade at Gaines' Mill.)—*Stonewall Jackson, C. S. A.*

"They have slipped the bridle and straggled to the front." (Hood's Texas Brigade at Second Manassas.)—*General John B. Hood, C. S. A.*

"My men are dying out yonder." (Hood's Texas Brigade at Sharpsburg.)—*General John B. Hood, C. S. A.*

"Texans, I will lead this charge."—*General Robert E. Lee at Wilderness.*

"General Lee to the rear; we won't go forward until you go back." (Hood's Texas Brigade at Wilderness.)

"Texans, the eyes of General Lee are on you. Forward, Texas Brigade."—*General John Gregg at Wilderness.*

"I saw Hood's Texas Brigade pierce the Federal lines at Gaines' Mill; I saw their magnificent charge at Second Manassas. I witnessed the glory the brigade won at Sharpsburg; I saw them go in the second time; I saw them almost annihilated by overwhelming numbers; I saw them broken and shattered, yet giving the rebel yell in defiance. They were under my eyes all the time."—*General Stephen D. Lee, C. S. A.*

"Small as the Texas Brigade is, it cannot be spared. It contains some of the best troops in the army, and its loss would be severely felt."—*General Robert E. Lee to President Jefferson Davis,* February 25th, 1865.

"No brigade has done nobler service or gained more honor for its State than Hood's Texas Brigade."—*General Robert E. Lee to Secretary of War,* January, 1865.

The monument is to be erected on capitol grounds at Austin, Texas, within a limit of eight months, same to be unveiled May 7, 1910. Base of monument is 16 feet square. Bronze private 9 feet high. Monument 44 feet. And the Association rejoices over speedy consummation of its dearest hopes.

DEFECTIVE STATUE DEFERS MONUMENT DEDICATION.

The erection by the McNeel Marble Company of the monument was perfect and on time, but on account of defects statue had to be rejected after having been placed on top of granite structure, in consequence of which contemplated dedication on May 7th, 1910, had to be postponed. It took some time to procure another statue, so dedication and unveiling did not take place until October 27th, 1910, on capitol grounds at Austin, Texas.

MONUMENT COMMITTEE HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

Captain F. B. Chilton, Co. H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Houston, Texas, President.

General Wm. R. Hamby, Co. B, Fourth Texas Regiment, Austin, Texas, Treasurer.

Captain W. H. Gaston, Co. H, First Texas Regiment, Dallas, Texas.

Captain W. T. Hill, Co. D, Fifth Texas Regiment, Maynard, Texas.

Major Geo. W. Littlefield, Terry's Texas Rangers, Austin, Texas.

Governor T. M. Campbell, Governor of Texas, Austin.

Hon. John H. Kirby, Houston, Texas.

Hon. Jno. G. Willacy, Corpus Christi, Texas.

LETTER OF GRATITUDE FROM PRESIDENT CHILTON OVER FINAL ERECTION AND DEDICATION OF MONUMENT.

Houston, Texas, Nov. 24, 1910.

To My Comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade:

Reviewing the events of a month ago at Austin, our blessed reunion, grand monument, completed rolls, and splendid history, surely I would be less than human did I not, on this Thanksgiving day, all over our land, feel my own heart overflowing with a sense of God's goodness to my comrades and myself. We have much to rejoice over—for truly our victory has been great. It does not belong to you or me, for, indeed, we would have followed all our departed comrades and been forgotten had it depended on us to win the fight. We owe it to one who is too modest to claim or want any distinction above the comrades he is proud to honor as his own. You must know that when I accepted the trust you confided in me, I safely thought I knew how to calculate on success. It was because I knew one man who rose as far above the ordinary as it is possible for mortal man to do. The rich are not usually to be depended on—outside of what concerns them. Their dollars are too often hoarded for business here—to be turned loose only when they can no longer control them. In this instance I had a friend of many years standing and who I am proud to say has not become ossified or allowed wealth, influence, position or power to separate him from true manhood or cause him to forget his fellow creatures. In every walk of life he has been true and never did he prove how grand he was than when he responded to our appeal for money to build our monument. The money he gave us could not be mentioned in the same breath with the words he uttered and wrote nor with the true feeling that prompted his giving. Suffice to say he gave without question one-half of the entire cash cost of our grand monument and I cannot pass his generous act without saying something of the man himself. His past reads a valuable lesson to all humanity and proves how true purpose, coupled with a correct life, and indomitable energy, can succeed in all it undertakes.

I had occasion to write my friend Capt. F. A. Reichardt and spoke of what, and how, I felt towards the Hon. John Henry Kirby for his timely and glorious help in building our monument and saving my reputation. Captain Reichardt's reply is so full and satisfactory to my heart and was such honor to the friend we all love that I presume to use it.

To have and own such a comrade as Hon. John H. Kirby is now among our proudest possessions, and Hood's Texas Brigade will do him honor while they live and transmit to their descendants a hope and prayer that they will ever remember him who so helped them to honor their dear dead comrades through that beautiful monument at Austin. It will ever be our hope and desire that Comrade John Henry Kirby will never miss a single one of our reunions in future.

As ever your comrade,

F. B. CHILTON,

President Hood's Texas Brigade Association.

CAPT. REICHARDT'S LETTER.

Houston, Texas, Nov. 18, 1910.

Capt. F. B. Chilton, Houston, Texas.

Dear Captain: I know how highly you regard our friend, Jno. H. Kirby, and that you are fully advised as to his successful business career, and that you believe him to be a man in whose veins flows the blood of human kindness to an extent remarkable for one who has accomplished such big things in the commercial world. But I feel that only those who have been his constant associates really know and can testify to the great trait in the character of this man which distinguishes him from all other men of my acquaintance. I have been his friend and close associate for many years and have therefore had many opportunities to observe his superb unselfishness. His unflagging interest in his friends, marked by personal sacrifices to promote their good; his remarkable love of his fellow-man shown in his constant effort to improve their condition; his devotion to the public weal in disregard of his own personal advancement or prosperity, are all based on that conspicuous unselfishness for which he is so loved.

His life and his fortune are constantly devoted to making men happier and better, and his aim is always to do for others with no thought of self. Men in despair go to him and leave with sunshine in their hearts. Men without hope seek him and go away with renewed courage and a renewed purpose. Penniless men go to him and if he can't give aid himself he points a way to needed relief.

He is indeed a marvel in his love for hu-

HON. JOHN H. KIRBY, HOUSTON, TEXAS

PRESIDENT KIRBY LUMBER COMPANY

Regent University of Texas. Honorary Comrade of Hood's Texas Brigade,
Member of Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee

manity and his sympathy with human frailties, as well as his admiration for genius and virtue.

Very truly yours,

F. A. Reichardt.

Surely none but one who knows could pen such words. I know all Captain Reichardt says to be so for have not we received wonderful and precious evidence of their truth. Having known our friend and comrade so long and well, I take more than ordinary pride in giving a brief sketch of his eventful and useful life, as follows:

HON. JOHN HENRY KIRBY

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

President of Kirby Lumber Company, Houston, Texas. Honorary Member of Hood's Texas Brigade. Member Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee. Regent of University of Texas.

John Henry Kirby was born on a little farm of 70 acres near Peachtree Village in the north end of Tyler county, Nov. 16, 1860. He was the youngest of seven children.

His father, John Thomas Kirby, came to Texas from Mississippi in 1850. His grandfather, James Kirby, was born in Surrey county, North Carolina, in Colonial days, and his great-grandfather, Edmund Kirby, came to America from England.

The subject of this sketch, John Henry, grew up in the neighborhood of Peachtree Village. He worked upon the farm and also in his father's blacksmith shop. Being the baby of the family he had the careful attention of his mother and his associates were principally his sisters. He early developed a studiousness that won the favor of the teachers of neighborhood schools. The country was sparsely settled and the average term of these schools did not exceed six weeks in each year, but this gave him such a start that with the aid of his mother and sisters and his own studious habits, he was a well-read boy at 16. At 19 he was taken in charge by Professor Frank P. Crow, who tutored him for six months, after which he went to the High school at the county seat, Woodville.

In his early youth the nearest postoffice was Moscow, in Polk county, a distance of fourteen miles from his father's farm. Later a postoffice was established at Peachtree Village under the name of "Chester," and the mail came weekly. He was then a lad of about 13.

In those days the farm hands invariably took Saturday afternoon as a holiday. John Henry, as a hand upon the farm, was released by his father on such afternoons and he worked for neighboring farmers picking cotton and at other labor for his own account. The money thus earned he spent for books and for magazines and periodicals, which he received weekly at the village postoffice. These he read with much earnestness.

His first employment other than on the farm or in the blacksmith shop or at like labor was to teach a neighborhood school for a term of two months in 1880. He then entered the employ of the Lone Star Publishing Company as a book agent, his territory being Brazos and Robertson counties, which in the Autumn of 1880 he worked with much diligence.

In December, 1880, when he was 20 years old, he entered the sheriff's office at Woodville as the chief deputy and was placed in charge of the collection of taxes. In this position he saved his money and in 1882 entered the Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas.

On November 14, 1883, he married Miss Lelia Stewart, of Woodville. He became a student of law under S. Bronson Cooper at Woodville, but continued to perform the duties of tax collector as a means of support.

In 1885 he was admitted to the Woodville bar as a lawyer and entered immediately upon the practice of his profession, winning success from the very start.

In 1886 he was employed by Horatio R. Fletcher, of Boston, Mass., to look after some litigation in Tyler county. He was so successful with this litigation that he won the admiration of Mr. Fletcher and his associates. The result was that he influenced these Boston gentlemen to make investments in East Texas pine land. A company was organized with a capital of $400,000 with Mr. Kirby as manager.

In 1890, in order to enjoy larger commercial advantages, he moved to Houston, where he has since resided. From the beginning of his association with the Boston capitalists in 1886 up to the present time he has induced large investments of New England and New York money in Texas. Among his enterprises was the building of a railroad from Beaumont to San Augustine through the heart of the timber territory, which is now a part of the Santa Fe system.

First and last, Mr. Kirby has been influential in bringing probably more than $100,000,000 of Eastern capital into Texas for the purpose of developing the natural wealth of the country and increasing the opportunities of his home people.

He is reputed to have amassed a great fortune. Seven years ago he became involved in a

controversy with certain Wall Street financiers over the timber properties in Eastern Texas, with whom he had been so long associated, and during the years of litigation that followed his fortune was non-productive. The litigation was ultimately settled in accordance with his contentions and with satisfaction to all of the bona fide investors in the properties.

Mr. Kirby is intensely Southern. His father was sheriff of Tyler county when the Civil war began and he resigned his office to devote his energies to the Confederacy. He offered himself for enlistment as a private in Company F of the First Texas Regiment, then part of Hood's Brigade, and of which regiment his friend, Philip Alexander Work, was Colonel, and of which company his friend, Sam A. Wilson, was Captain. Company F was organized at Woodville and was composed of the intimate personal friends of the elder Kirby. At the time he resigned the office of sheriff the company was then in the Army of Northern Virginia, and instead of accepting his services he was detailed to other duties.

Captain Henry S. Kirby, the uncle of the subject of this sketch, was in the Army of Tennessee, and James L. Kirby, the brother of the subject of this sketch, was a private in Captain Ben Ross' Company, stationed for most part on the Texas coast.

John Henry was but four years old when the war closed, but he was the recipient of many kindnesses from the survivors of the Confederate Army and especially of Company F, First Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, and Company K of the Fifth Texas Regiment. It was the memory of these great soldiers and the kindness they had done him in his youth, the encouragement and support they had given him in his manhood, that influenced him to be so generous when the Brigade Association was striving to erect its monument.

Governor Colquitt did his incoming administration the honor to name Mr. Kirby as one of the Regents of the University of Texas, which bears out the confidence Mr. Colquitt's friends had in the sound judgment he would manifest in the make-up of the men that would do most honor to the state and reflect greatest credit upon his administration. Hon. John H. Kirby is fully equipped for the exalted position and as a native son of Texas his love will be great for the continued upbuilding of the first University in the land.

TRIBUTE TO CONGRESSMAN JOHN M. PINCKNEY

(COMPANY G. FOURTH TEXAS REGIMENT.)

BY LELLA MAUDE LESLIE, BROOKSHIRE, TEXAS.

John M. Pinckney is dead! The words repeat themselves, monotonously beating against our quivering brains, clamoring for recognition. But even yet we are dazed and scarcely realize our irreparable loss.

A great heart is stilled! A nobler man, one controlled by more generous impulses, never breathed than our golden-hearted chieftain. He was true to the interests of his people, faithful to his friends and just to his enemies. He had an ever-ready ear for tales of woe and a heart for the poor. He was victorious over every obstacle, unconquered and unconquerable; in the zenith of his glory his star went out to reappear more gloriously beyond the sunset. His people admired him for his devotion to the right and unfaltering courage to stand by his convictions, but greater than this was the love lavished upon him by little children, youth and aged people.

"The bravest are the tenderest," and he was never too busy or tired to champion the cause of woman, and only shortly before the awful tragedy he said: "I would give my life for the women and children of Waller county." And that life so full of hope for our county, upon which rested so great responsibility, is it possible—in the midst of whirling thoughts and heart-breaking memories—to realize that it is over? So filled with energy and indomitable will, it seemed for death to quiet his great heart with leaden kisses. "Our John," as we lovingly called him, is today beyond the reach of our tears and prayers, but across his shoulders our "Lord, God, laid the sword of his imperishable knighthood."

His deeds will be kept green in our memories, his name carved high in the halls of fame, and when it is spoken at the last roll call, the response for him will come from his general, J. B. Hood—"Died at his post of duty."

Moons wax and wane, the sun shines and the world moves on, but the man we love, our leader, our friend, our defender, lies enfolded in "God's white slumber." What a consolation it was to bereaved ones to look upon his still white face

and trace in every line the well remembered features, so calmly quiet and natural and though hot tears fell above the precious clay, we feel that with him, "All is well."

"The loved and lost." Why do we call him lost?
Because we miss him from our onward road,
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and, loving him the most
Straightway relieved him of life's weary load.
He is not lost; he is within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing,
With angels bright and loved ones gone before."

And instead of sinking under our heartbreak, we should endeavor to do as we know would best please our dear friend, for—

"There is an inward spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust,
It bids us do the work that he laid down,
Take up the song where he broke off the strain;
So journeying, till we reach the heavenly town
Where our lost loved one will be found again."

"Dear brave true heart! You fell as falleth
A star, when, from far spaces calleth
God's voice that shakes the trembling spheres;
Fell? Nay! That voice, like softest lyre,
Whispered in thy dreams: 'Come higher
Above earth's sorrows, hopes and fears.'

"Good-night! Good-bye! Above our sorrow,
Comrade! thine is a fair 'good-morrow,'
In some far luminous world of light.
Yet, take this farewell, love's last token
We leave thee to thy rest unbroken,
God have thee in His care. Good-night!"

HON. JOHN PINCKNEY

"Our John!" We held him as our own
Against all others clamoring for the place
So near our hearts; and though his fame is known
Afar, we loved him first and best. His face
True mirror of the loyal soul that's gone,
Was an uplift to those faint-hearted grown.

O, God! We feel Thou hast forsaken us,
As sheep without a leader wander on,
So wander we in our heart-brokenness,
And blindly grope through shadows to the dawn
Which lies beyond the gloom of hopelessness,
The sunrise toward which duty bids us press.

Let us be true and follow where he trod,
Doing the things we know he'd have us do,
And, mayhap, in the "far fair fields of God"
A winged messenger will cleave the blue,
Bearing to him the knowledge that we plod
Along as best we know, submissive to our God.

HE LIVED "BUT ONCE," HIS MOTTO.

"I shall pass through
This world but once.
Any good therefore,
That I can do
Or kindness show
To any human being,
Let me do it now.
Let me not defer
Or neglect it, for I
Shall not pass this way again."

CAPTAIN F. B. CHILTON

HIS LIFE WORK IS BUILDING A MONUMENT TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

(*Houston Chronicle, July* 1908.)

Capt. F. B. Chilton was born in Marion, Perry county, Ala., February 27, 1845. Six years later, in 1851, he came to Texas, and has since lived around within 50 miles of Houston, making his home within the Gulf Coast which is now being recognized as the most fertile and attractive in this section of the country. As a planter he has achieved success, having owned large plantations in Fort Bend and Brazoria counties. He was graduated in law directly after the war and has filled many civil and official positions.

In all matters appertaining to the development of the state of his adoption he has been among the foremost. He was a member of all deep water conventions and took an active part in securing aid to better the condition of the inland water highways. In other ways, also, he assisted in the industrial development of Texas, being manager of State Immigration Bureau and General Manager of the Southern Interstate Immigration Bureau, president of the Austin Loan and Trust Company; president of the Marlin Loan and Building Association; and has been honored with commissions for the State,

the principal being State Commissioner to Paris, France, and State Commissioner to the New Orleans and Chicago expositions.

In matters of religion, Captain Chilton has been a Baptist for 52 years, and always a teacher, and sometimes superintendent of Sunday schools. His politics has been Democratic for 52 years.

Captain Chilton went to the war before he was 16 years of age as a member of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He rose to the rank of Captain before he was 19 years of age. In one of the many fights in which he took part he was disabled, and was then placed on post duty on account of his wounds. He was chief ordnance officer of the State of Texas on the staff of General J. B. Robertson of Hood's Texas Brigade when the war ended.

Captain Chilton has a comfortable home in Houston, where he is happily and pleasantly ending his days among those he loves. His home and his wife's cordial hospitality are equally well known among his wide circle of friends, who know of the true-hearted Southern graces that are to be found there. His children and grandchildren admire the sturdy figure of their parent, who finds his lifework in building a suitable monument at Austin to his comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade.

Captain Chilton has just been re-elected president of the Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee by the Association, which met in annual reunion at Jacksonville on June 25 and 26. This committee is composed of some of the best men of Texas, representing millions of wealth. It is as follows:

Captain F. B. Chilton, Angleton, president; General William R. Hamby, president of the Citizens Bank and Trust Company, Austin, secretary and treasurer; Capt. W. T. Hill, Maynard; Governor T. M. Campbell of Texas; Major George W. Littlefield, president of the American National bank, Austin; Hon. John H. Kirby, president of the Kirby Lumber Company, Houston; Captain W. H. Gaston, president of the Gaston National bank, Dallas; Senator John G. Willacy, Corpus Christi.

This committee hopes to unveil the monument at Austin during the coming year. It will be one of the most memorable occasions the state capital has ever witnessed. Some of the most eloquent speakers of the nation are expected to be present.

After Hood's Brigade, which is to be immortalized in stone and bronze, had returned from the war, Captain Chilton commanded the Cleveland Rifles and the San Marcos Greys, and was one of the most prominent officers of the "Aid and Protection Society" in Fort Bend county during reconstruction days. He is now living among the same people he has moved among for over half a century, and his whole life has been so unimpeachable that he holds to an added degree the confidence and heartfelt friendship of all. The love and confidence of his old war comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade he counts as the greatest boon this world can give him, and his devotion to them knows no bounds.

CAPTAIN JAMES T. HUNTER

COMPANY H, FOURTH TEXAS REGIMENT, HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

Captain J. T. Hunter is one of the most sterling Nature's noblemen this earth ever produced. His has been a life without regret or reproach. The writer has known him for over fifty years and in all that time has never known of an act or heard a human being say that James T. Hunter was not a man—among all men. Before 1861 he had military experience during the Cortina war. In 1861 he raised first body of men from Walker county for Confederate service. He consolidated his men with other squads from Montgomery and Grimes counties and while he was the logical captain and could have been so elected, he gave way to P. P. Porter, from Montgomery county, as Captain, and took the place of First Lieutenant. Capt. Porter was killed at Gaines' Mill, Va., and Lieut. Hunter became Captain. Outside of the time he was on General Hood's staff, and the many times his peculiar fitness for command of advance pickets and scouts kept him away, he commanded Company H, Fourth Texas, up to Appomattox, where he surrendered with his Company and Regiment. Captain Hunter was never absent from duty except when twice wounded, sick, or on staff or detached service. He commanded the Fourth Texas Regiment at battle of Wilderness and was always a brave, efficient officer. His early military life gave him a love for the service, and had the Confederacy been successful he would have continued a soldier. His bearing, in all walks of life has been manly and dignified and he has a scorn for every kind of deceit. He re-

CAPTAIN JAMES T. HUNTER

CAPT. JAMES T. HUNTER,
HOUSTON, TEXAS

Company H., Fourth Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade,
Army of Northern Virginia, Ex-President of Hood's
Texas Brigade Association. Commanded
Fourth Texas Regiment at Wilderness

turned to Huntsville after the war and has been often honored with positions of honor and trust by his people. He was sheriff of his county for a long time. He is in his seventy-fifth year, but still as erect as an Indian, and as tasty and tidy in his dress and manners as a painstaking officer and soldier would never cease to be. He yet has every friend that ever knew him. He loves the Confederacy and is true to every principle of the past. He adores a good Confederate soldier, loves all his comrades and never misses a reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade. May he live many years yet to be an inspiration to all with whom he comes in contact and to help his few surviving comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade leave an indelible print behind them—as to what a true Confederate soldier was and is. God bless and keep you, my old comrade, in the bosom of His love and may your remaining years of this life ever fall in pleasant places is the wish of all your comrades and friends.

PARTIAL SKETCH OF MAJOR F. CHAS. HUME

COMPANY D, FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

F. Charles Hume was born in Walker county, Texas, February 17, 1843, the son of John Hume, a native of Culpepper county, Virginia, a planter, who immigrated to Texas in 1839, and resided in Walker county until his death in 1864.

Mr. Hume received a liberal education. At the age of 18 he left his native state, immediately after the first battle of Manassas, in a company of volunteers known as Company D, Fifth Texas Regiment, organized in Virginia, and placed under the command of Colonel J. J. Archer of Maryland. This Regiment, together with the First and Fourth Texas, at one time the Eighteenth Georgia, and subsequently the Third Arkansas, constituted the famous command known in history as "Hood's Texas Brigade," of which General Louis T. Wigfall was the first and General John B. Hood the second commander. Its first winter was spent in the snows about Dumfries, on the Potomac. He participated in Johnson's celebrated retreat from the peninsula, and entered his first battle at Eltham's Landing (West Point), near the York river. He was in the battle of Seven Pines, and shortly afterward, near the same ground, was wounded in the right leg while participating in an assault on the enemy's works, led by Captain D. U. Barziza, in command of 150 men chosen for the purpose from the three Texas Regiments. Confined in the hospital at Richmond by his wound until after McClellan had been defeated and driven to Harrison's Landing, he did not rejoin his regiment until the beginning of the lighter engagements that culminated in the second battle of Manassas. Seven flag bearers of the Fifth Regiment were wounded in the battle, Mr. Hume being the sixth, receiving a bullet in the left thigh. He was mentioned in complimentary terms in the official report of the battle made by the Colonel of the Regiment, J. B. Robertson, afterward commander of the Brigade.

After the healing of his wound, Mr. Hume rejoined the army at Culpepper court house, and participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, late in 1862. Shortly after this he was promoted from the ranks to a First Lieutenancy in the Confederate States army, and assigned to duty on the peninsula as adjutant of the Thirty-second battalion of Virginia cavalry. In this capacity he served until the battalion, with another, was merged into a regiment, when he was assigned to command a picked detail of scouts on the lower peninsula. With this command Lieutenant Hume operated for several months near Williamsburg, experiencing all the perils of that peculiar service and becoming familiar with its ceaseless ambuscades and surprises.

General M. W. Gary of South Carolina in 1864 assumed command of the cavalry in the peninsula, and attached Lieutenant Hume to his staff. Shortly after this a bloody battle was fought at Riddles Shop, on the Charles City road, in which General Gary engaged troops under General Hancock, the latter having been sent to threaten Richmond to cover Grant's crossing to the south side of the James. In this action Lieutenant Hume had the honor of being assigned on the field to the command of the Seventh South Carolina Regiment of cavalry. The last considerable battle in which he took part was the engagement of Tilghman's Farm, on James river, the Confederate commander being General Gary. Here he received his third and last wound, having been shot through the body. The Richmond papers published his name in the dead list of that action. When sufficiently recovered to travel he went to Texas on a furlough, reaching there in October, 1864. Recovering health, he was requested by General

J. G. Walker to inspect troops and departments about Tyler, which he did. Soon afterward he accepted an invitation from General A. P. Bagby to serve on his staff in Louisiana, and remained with that officer as assistant adjutant general with the rank of Major.

When the great Civil war ended Major Hume began to prepare in earnest for the important battle of civil life. He completed his preparations for the bar, and was admitted to practice by the district court of Walker county at Huntsville, in 1865, and followed his calling there for about one year. From Huntsville he went to Galveston and rapidly took rank as an able lawyer. His patient industry, fidelity and attainments soon gave him prominence at a bar that has no superior in the State of Texas. He was admitted to practice in the supreme court in 1866, and in 1877 was enrolled as an attorney of the supreme court of the United States at Washington.

In 1902 he removed from Galveston to Houston, where, together with his family, he now resides. He is the senior member of the law firm of Hume, Robinson & Hume.

As a guide by which each Company could perfect its roll, Comrade Chilton had following roll of Company H, Fourth Texas, published, and herewith re-submits same in order that all rolls may be completed and ready for delivery to the Association at the Cameron Reunion, and afterwards filed with Company H roll by the side of the record of the Alamo and battle of San Jacinto in State Librarian's office at Austin.

RECORD OF COMPANY H, FOURTH TEXAS REGIMENT, HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE, C. S. A.

Company H, Fourth Texas, was organized at Red Top, now Prairie Plains, Grimes county, on May 7, 1861.

Original roll is preserved in a galvanized iron cylinder supplied by Capt. Chilton, and inscribed as appears below. The correspondence which follows is a certified copy of the record from the office of the State Librarian, Austin, Texas, and is self-explanatory:—

INSCRIPTIONS.

Side and top of galvanized iron cylinder:

"Muster roll of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, 1861 to 1865—from the beginning to the end. A sacred relic."

Around side of top:

"What a tale of bravery, patriotism and death is here told. 'Pro patria.' 'Spectemes agendo.' 'Post cineres gloria venit.' 'Spes tutissima coelis.' That is where the last roll call will find every Confederate soldier."

Around side of box:

"Muster roll of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. Copied by Thomas Seargent from original roll of 1861, and kept up during the war as well as it was possible then to do. This roll has been inspected, revised and made complete, and a full history of the company added through a committee selected from survivors of the original company. Said committee, composed of Hart T. Sapp and Frank B. Chilton, made the new roll and report thereon March 9, 1905, and same was accepted and approved by Capt. James T. Hunter, surviving Captain of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

"This roll was sent to the Governor of Texas, S. W. T. Lanham, with request that he order same placed among State archives in Adjutant General's Department."

After receipt and inspection of contents of the galvanized iron box which contained the roll, Governor Lanham decided that so glorious and precious a relic ought to be placed in the State Librarian's office beside the sacred record of the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto, therefore he directed Gen. Hulen, Adjutant General of Texas, to deliver the cylinder box that contained the roll of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, to Judge C. W. Raines, State Librarian, to be placed by him in its honored resting place.

* * *

This certifies that I have carefully compared the following forty-two pages, including this, with the originals on file among the archives of the State Library, and find them to be true and exact copies of the same. I further certify that the two foregoing pages are true and exact copies of the inscriptions on and around the cylinder box which contains the said original papers constituting the muster roll and notes of Company H, Fourth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia—1861-1865.

C. W. RAINES,
State Librarian.

Jan. 23, 1906.

* * *

Houston, Tex., Mar. 9, 1905.

Governor S. W. T. Lanham,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Sir: We hand you herewith a document that should produce within every breast

a feeling of reverence and pride, and particularly should it strike a tender chord in the bosom of every Texan and make proud the man who presides over the destinies of our great State as its worthy Governor.

About forty-four years ago there went from Texas to Virginia several splendid companies of brave men, all of whom were willing to give their lives for a cause they deemed just and right, and which none of those who were left to witness its failure have ever been willing to acknowledge was wrong.

Now, after forty years have elapsed since that struggle ended so disastrously for the South, we among the few survivors of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, place in your hands a copy of the original roll of said company, together with a history of said company, and the fate of each member as near as it is possible to give.

Said roll has been carefully inspected by a committee selected by Capt. J. T. Hunter, surviving Captain of Company H, and said committee, composed of H. T. Sapp and F. B. Chilton (two of the original members of said company), have made the roll as perfect and complete as possible. It is likely no such evidence of patriotism, bravery, devotion to duty and terrible mortality on the battlefield was ever left of record for rising generations to possess.

Company H left Texas for Virginia in 1861 with 105 men; during the war there was added to original company thirty-eight recruits and two substitutes, making a total membership of 145 members.

Out of that number sixty-seven lost their lives and forty-eight were wounded, many of them dying from their wounds. Both substitutes were killed. Thus it will be seen that nearly every member of the company was either killed or wounded—and some wounded many times.

There were but few discharges or transfers and hardly a known, real desertion. The few classed as deserters joined other branches of the service.

Company H surrendered at Appomattox with nine men—rank and file.

Your Excellency is most respectfully asked by the few survivors of this grand old Texas Company to receive this roll with its accompanying testimonials in the name of the State we all so much loved, and we further ask that you append thereto your order to the Adjutant General of Texas—under the great seal of the State—that he place the said roll of Company H, Fourth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, on file in his office, there to be kept as a sacred trust through all future generations. With much respect we have the honor to be your obedient servants.

J. T. HUNTER,
Captain Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment.

H. T. SAPP,
First Seargeant Co. H, Fourth Texas Regiment

F. B. CHILTON,
Private Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment.
All of Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

Roll of original members Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia—

This roll was sent to the office of the Adjutant General at Austin, Texas, to remain on file among State archives as a memorial to one of the grandest companies of brave men that ever went out to die for home, country and principle. The cause for which they fought failed, but the principle and evidence of their courage and devotion will live forever and go ringing through all the times and changes of coming ages. They were silenced only when there was hardly a man left to wave the tattered flag they loved so well. Today there are but few of that old company of Lee's army to remember and treasure the names and exploits of their dead comrades, but those few are deeply grateful for the following roll of the original company prepared and made complete and perfect as possible by Hart T. Sapp and Frank B. Chilton, a special committee appointed by Capt. J. T. Hunter:

ORIGINAL ROLL CO. H, FOURTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

Captain P. P. Porter, killed at Gaines' Mill, 1862.

First Lieutenant James T. Hunter, survived.

Second Lieutenant Tom M. Owens, killed at Gaines' Mill, 1862.

Third Lieutenant Benton Randolph, disabled at Gaines' Mill, 1862; dead.

First Sergeant C. E. Jones, killed at Manassas, 1862.

Second Sergeant S. Y. Smith, put in substitute in 1862; dead.

Third Sergeant J. S. Rudd, promoted to artillery in 1861.

Fourth Sergeant Nels A. Meyer, killed at Gaines' Mill.

Fifth Sergeant J. W. Lawrence, missing.

First Corporal H. T. Sapp, disabled at West Point in 1862.

Second Corporal Z. Landrum, disabled at Gettysburg, Pa.; dead.

Third Corporal G. L. P. Reed, hospital steward.

Fourth Corporal A. C. Morris, died at Dumfries, Va., 1861.

Musician J. R. P. Jett, survived.

Private Ben H. Allen, killed at Gaines' Mill, Va.

Private B. F. Bullock, dead.

Private O. W. Bell, discharged, 1862; dead.

Private Henry Barzo, killed at Gaines' Farm, Va.

Private G. F. Bascom, died at Dumfries, Va., 1861.

Private Thomas A. Brent, killed at Manassas, Va., 1862.

Private Jacob Beck, died in 1864.

Private E. W. Cartwright, killed at Holly Springs, Miss., 1861.

Private James Cartwright, killed at Wilderness, Va., 1864.

Private F. B. Chilton, discharged Sept. 15, 1862, by order of Secretary of War.

Private James Connelly, disabled at Gaines' Mill, 1862.

Private W. E. Copeland, lost foot at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Private C. M. Conroe, killed at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Private R. C. Dawson, killed at Manassas, Va., 1862.

Private Adam Damm, died at Richmond, Va., 1863.

Private J. E. Edmison, died at Charlottsville, Va., 1862.

Private W. S. Fisher, lost a foot at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862; died.

Private A. Faulkner, discharged in 1861; reenlisted and killed at Sharpsburg, Miss., 1862.

Private Howard Finley, promoted out of company in 1862; dead.

Private D. D. Farrow, died at Dumfries, Va., 1861.

Private Richard Fox, killed at Sharpsburg, 1864.

Private Green Griggs, disabled in Virginia in 1863; dead.

Private J. H. Gillham, killed at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Private J. H. Hall, died of wounds in Virginia, 1864.

Private L. B. Hatch, died at Dumfries, Va., 1861.

Private C. S. Howard, died at Dumfries, Va., 1861.

Private N. F. Howard, died at Fredericksburg, Va., 1862.

Private A. C. Holt, discharged in Virginia, 1862; dead.

Private A. Hahn, dead.

Private J. C. Hopkins, died in Rock Island, Ill., 1864.

Private D. Harrison, missing, 1863.

Private M. C. Holmes, lost a leg at Manassas, Va., 1862; dead.

Private G. W. Keyser, discharged in 1861; dead.

Private G. W. Kipps, killed at Wilderness, Va., 1864.

Private W. C. Kerr, survived; dead.

Private S. P. King, killed at Manassas, Va., 1862.

Private F. G. King, killed or captured.

Private John Long, killed or captured.

Private J. W. Lemon, transferred to cavalry in Virginia in 1864.

Private W. J. Landrum, survived.

Private James L. Lewis, killed at Manassas, Va., in 1862.

Private Clint Lewis, killed at Gaines' Mill, Va., in 1862.

Private William Loper, transferred to Company G, Fourth Texas, and killed in Pennsylvania in 1863.

Private J. M. Lackland, discharged in 1861; dead.

Private W. L. Martin, killed at Gaines' Farm, Va., in 1862.

Private L. A. Mathews, discharged in 1861; dead.

Private A. J. McCowan, disabled in knee, Tennessee, in 1863; dead.

Private Y. L. McDaniels, disabled in leg, Virginia, in 1864; dead.

Private M. F. Meyers, survived; dead.

Thomas G. May, survived.

Private D. G. May, disabled in leg at Gaines' Farm, Va., in 1862; dead.

Private W. C. May, survived.

Private R. M. May, survived; dead.

Private William Milliken, discharged in 1861; dead.

Private William McGraw, discharged in 1861; dead.

Private D. E. Nevill, discharged in 1862; dead.

Private T. T. M. Petty, died in East Tennessee in 1863.

Private William Peacock, killed at Chickamauga, Tenn., in 1863.

Private William Parker, killed at Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.

Private G. A. Peasley, died in Fredericksburg, Va., 1862.

Private J. P. Rogers, died in Richmond, Va., 1861.

Private Ben Reynolds, killed at Gettysburg, Va., 1863.

Private D. J. Randolph, discharged in 1861; dead.

Private R. W. Ransom, killed at Manassas, Va., 1862.

Private J. R. Seward, died at Dumfries, Va., 1861.

Private R. R. Stratton, disabled at Gaines' Mill, 1862.

Private J. M. Sanderlin, discharged in 1861; dead.

Private Ed Savage, killed or captured on return from Maryland.

Private J. E. Stewart, lost a leg in Virginia in 1862; dead.

Private R. H. Stewart, survived; dead.

Private J. H. Sharp, killed at Petersburg, Va., in 1863.

Private A. B. Seay, disabled in knee, Virginia, 1863; dead.

Private Thomas Seargent, survived; dead.

Private J. S. Spivey, survived; dead.

Private Henry Travis, killed at Wilderness, Va., 1864.

Private D. J. Tucker, survived; dead.

Private R. J. Tedford, disabled in leg at Chickamauga, Tenn., 1863; dead.

Private E. C. Thigpen, discharged in 1861.

Private G. C. Thigpen, discharged in 1861.

Private Alex Taylor, survived; dead.

Private J. Thomas, survived.

Private J. Taliaferro, disabled in arm in Pennsylvania, 1863.

Private R. L. Tyler, killed at Gaines' Farm, Va., 1862.

Private C. M. Waltrip, survived; dead.

Private J. M. Wallace, discharged in 1861.

Private William A. Watson, survived; dead.

Private T. W. Wilcox, died at Fredericksburg, Va., 1862.

Private G. A. Wynne, killed at Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.

Private J. A. Wynne, discharged in 1861; dead.

Private T. O. Wilkes, killed at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Private F. H. Wade, transferred to artillery, Tennessee, 1863.

Recruits received in 1862:

Private B. Anders, dead.

Private W. L. B. Bryant, killed at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Private L. C. Cartwright, lost arm in Virginia in 1865; dead.

Private B. H. Cathey, died at Franklin, Va., in 1863.

Private William Cude, survived; dead.

Private L. C. Clepper, survived; dead.

Private T. C. Dillard, survived; dead.

Private B. C. Dowdey, disabled in leg in Virginia in 1864; dead.

Private G. W. Dale, survived, dead.

Private A. H. Collier, musician, survived; dead.

Private Jack Ellis, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1863.

Private Sam W. Farrow, survived; dead.

Private A. Faulkner, killed at Sharpsburg, Md., 1862.

Private R. D. Gafford, died in Richmond, Va., in 1862.

Private M. S. Jeffers, died in Virginia, 1862.

Private J. A. Kirby, killed at Chickamauga, Tenn., 1863.

Private Henry Keyser, survived; dead.

Private William Lewis, discharged in 1862.

Private Louis Le Vanture, died in Virginia in 1864.

Private Jacob I. Town, killed at Knoxville, Tenn., 1863.

Private M. Leach, died in Danville, Va., 1862.

Private T. J. Meyers, died in Danville, Va., 1862.

Private T. R. Mitchell, missing in Maryland in 1862.

Private J. Steussey, lost leg at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862; dead.

Private M. Steussey, lost arm at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862; dead.

Private John I. Smith, disabled in Virginia in 1864.

Private James B. Sergeant, disabled at Gaines' Mill, Va., 1862.

Private C. B. Sanders, discharged in Virginia in 1862; dead.

Private Bob Rankin, survived; dead.

Private J. C. Talley, died at Danville, Va., 1864.

Private Reuben Talley, survived; dead.

Private C. T. Taylor, disabled in foot in Virginia in 1863; dead.

Private T. A. Wynne, survived; dead.

Private S. W. Wynne, killed at Manassas, Va., 1862.

Private B. B. Wilkes, transferred to navy in 1864.

Private H. C. Watson, killed at Manassas, Va., in 1862.

Private R. Quigley, killed at Gaines' Farm, Va., 1862.

Recruits received in 1863:

Private Jim Conklin, killed at Wilderness, Va., in 1864.

Private Ed Keeble, transferred to Company D, Fifth Texas, in Virginia, in 1864.

Private H. T. Sapp, survived.

Substitutes put in the company:

Private John Smith, killed at Chickamauga, Tenn., 1863.

Private John Stanfield, killed at Chickamauga, Tenn., 1863.

* * *

Letter of Captain J. T. Hunter to H. T. Sapp and Captain F. B. Chilton, requesting their inspection of and report on the above roll:

Oakwoods, Texas, Jan. 9, 1905.—H. T. Sapp and Captain F. B. Chilton, Houston, Texas: Dear Comrades—I am in receipt of a letter of 5th inst, also copy of Comrade Thomas Seargent's roll of Company H, Fourth Texas Infantry, furnished the Adjutant General by Comrade James B. Seargent, and kindly furnished by him to myself.

Comrade Seargent also sent me a copy and I have carefully compared the two, and as I find some discrepancies in the two, and some mistakes as to fate, wrong initials, etc., and I am feeling very anxious to have this roll as perfect as possible so that each man, living and dead, shall have the honor due him, and none rest under the imputation of having "deserted" or been false to our colors in the cause we all loved so well unless it can be proven beyond doubt he was guilty. I think the most of those enumerated by Comrade Thomas Seargent's roll as deserters, simply from overwork and exhaustion fell on the march by the wayside and were captured by the enemy. Now, comrades, I request (the time has passed for me to give you orders) that you two go carefully over these rolls and make all corrections you know to be necessary, and where you need assistance I would refer you to B. F. Bullock, Rogers, Tex.; William A. Watson, Thornton, Tex.; W. E. Copeland, Rockdale, and T. A. Wynne, and I hope you will be impressed with the fact that very few of us remain from whom to get information, and what is done toward perfecting this roll must be done soon.

I feel under great obligation to Comrade Seargent for this roll, for it is much more perfect than I ever expected to get. Now, comrades, please attend to this request at your earliest convenience and let me hear from you. I send list of errors I note in the roll.

J. T. Hunter,
Captain Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

* * *

Reply of H. T. Sapp and Captain F. B. Chilton to Captain J. T. Hunter:

Houston, Tex., Feb. 12, 1905.—Captain J. T. Hunter, Surviving Captain Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, Oakwood, Tex.: Dear Captain and Comrade—We, the undersigned, in response to communication received from you under date of Jan. 9, 1905, requesting that we inspect and correct, so far as in our power, the roll of Company H, Fourth Texas, now in the hands of the Adjutant General of Texas, through our departed comrade, Thomas Seargent, beg to respond as follows: Appreciating the trust, we have carefully examined the roll and suggest the following corrections, which, when indorsed or approved by you and placed on file with said original roll in office of Adjutant General of Texas at Austin, will be about all we few survivors can do to perpetuate the memory of one of the most gallant companies that helped form the constellation of brave souls that early in 1861 backed a principle with their blood and lives, and although the cause they loved went down in defeat, yet it was a glorious victory for both flag and principle, since there was hardly a man left to wave the flag all were so willing to die to protect. We can hardly express our gratitude that it has been possible through the foresight and devotion of our departed comrade, Thomas Seargent, to preserve to history so complete a roll of our original company and the remarkable correctness of the fate of most of our comrades in arms that constituted said company. We all, both living and dead, are indebted to Comrade Thomas Seargent for his record so ably kept, which forty years after the struggle in which we were engaged leaves to posterity and coming generations a correct history of our noble company.

We submit the following addenda to the original roll on file at Austin:

Company H was organized at Red Top, Grimes County, Texas, May 7, 1861, and was made up of members from Montgomery, Grimes and Walker counties, electing its officers from each county as follows: Captain P. P. Porter, from Montgomery County; First Lieutenant, James T. Hunter, from Walker County; Sec-

ond Lieutenant, Thomas M. Owens, from Grimes County; Third Lieutenant, Benton Randolph, from Walker County.

Leaving Red Top, our company, in connection with other companies that had orders for Virginia, concentrated at Harrisburg, Texas, where they were regularly mustered into the Confederate service—"for the war"—by Major Earl Van Dorn, and from whence they took up the march, September, 1861, for the seat of war in Virginia. Reaching Richmond, Va., they were (at Camp Texas, beyond the rockets on the York River Railway) formed with other Texas companies into the Fourth Texas Regiment, with John B. Hood as Colonel, John Marshall, Lieutenant Colonel, and Bradfute Warrick as Major, and brigaded with the First and Fifth Texas Regiments into a brigade known as Hood's Texas Brigade.

Said brigade retained its original name and formation during the entire war, consisting of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas Regiments, with addition of the Eighteenth Georgia and Third Arkansas at different intervals, also Hampton's Legion and Reiley's Battery.

Captain P. P. Porter was killed while commanding Company H at Gaines' Mill, Va., June 27, 1862.

First Lieutenant J. T. Hunter, after death of Captain Porter (at that time on staff of General Hood), returned to Company H and remained as its Captain up to the surrender at Appomattox, only missing being in command of the company on the day of surrender because he was on duty as one of the field officers.

Second Lieutenant Tom Owens, while commissary of the regiment, was killed at Gaines' Mill June 27, 1862.

Third Lieutenant Benton Randolph was wounded and permanently disabled in same battle and was afterward appointed Judge Advocate and so served until the end of the war.

After the bloody experiences of Gaines' Mill, C. E. Jones was elected First Lieutenant, vice J. T. Hunter, promoted to Captain.

M. C. Holmes was elected Second Lieutenant, vice Tom M. Owens, killed, and Ben Reynolds was elected Third Lieutenant, vice Benton Randolph, disabled.

Lieutenant C. E. Jones was killed at Manassas. Lieutenant M. C. Holmes lost his leg in same battle. Lieutenant Ben Reynolds was killed at Gettysburg. R. J. Tedford and J. Syd Spivey were elected Lieutenants, vice C. E. Jones, killed, and M. C. Holmes, disabled.

Lieutenant R. J. Tedford was wounded and disabled at Chickamauga in 1863.

Captain J. T. Hunter being on staff duty, Lieutenant J. Syd Spivey was in command of Company H at Appomattox when war ended. Captain Hunter was wounded twice.

Taking the roll of Comrade Seargent, we beg to offer as corrections thereto:

Where battles are mentioned, it should be "Gaines' Mill" instead of Gaines' Farm, the former having been adopted in history.

Lieutenant C. E. Jones was killed at Manassas instead of Gaines' Mill.

Z. Landrum was disabled at Gettysburg, not Gaines' Mill.

E. W. Cartwright died from railroad accident at Holly Springs, Miss., while en route to Virginia with company.

F. B. Chilton, discharged by Secretary of War, Sept. 15, 1862, re-enlisted, was promoted to Lieutenancy and then to Captain, and served in many official capacities until disabled by wounds. He was Captain and chief ordnance officer with General J. B. Robertson (our old brigade commander) when the war ended.

Howard Finley was appointed Quartermaster Seargent to Major Moses George, Brigade Quartermaster in 1862, and so remaiend until end of war.

A. Hahn did not die in prison in 1863, but survived the war and was heard from in Georgia by Captain Hunter as late as 1902.

G. W. Kipps was killed while in command of company at Wilderness.

W. C. Kerr did not die in prison at Fort Delaware in 1864, but survived the war and died in Grimes County.

F. G. King was a good soldier. His brother, Sam, was killed at Manassas, and after that F. G. was not the same man. He remained a good soldier and it is believed he was either captured or killed by the wayside.

J. W. Lemon left Company H at Petersburg, but afterward wrote Captain Hunter that he had joined a Virginia cavalry company.

Ed Savage was most certainly killed or captured on the return from Maryland.

D. J. Tucker was appointed courier to General Longstreet.

J. Thomas (whose proper name was J. T. Nixon) was appointed wagonmaster by General Hood, went to Tennessee with General Hood and served as wagonmaster to the end of the war.

Ed Keeble was transferred to Company D, Fifth Texas, and not Company I.

The name of Robert Stratton does not appear on the roll. He was one of our original members, was wounded at Gaines' Mill, and survived the war. He was a true man.

The name of Richard Fox, who was killed at

Sharpsburg in 1864, does not appear on the roll. He was a gallant soldier and his name is an omission.

Where names of J. Steussey and M. Steussey (uncle and nephew) are mentioned on roll it should be J. Steussey lost a leg and M. Steussey an arm. Both survived the war and we believe died in Montgomery County.

H. T. Sapp was the first man wounded in Company H (in the head at West Point, Eltham's Landing, May 7, 1862), as well as first in brigade in battle. He was discharged on account of wounds in 1862, but rejoined the company in 1863. He was a paroled prisoner at surrender.

L. C. Cartwright was the last man wounded in Company H during the war, losing an arm in 1865.

It is impossible to name among those marked "survived" the wounded ones, number of times wounded and class of wounds. We know of but very few who were not wounded, and some many times. Numbers of those marked wounded afterward died of their wounds, and so few are now living that minute particulars are hard to get. The casualty list of Hood's Texas Brigade (secured from Washington) will be carefully revised and published later. It will be deposited at Austin as a part of this roll, from which the wounded can easily be ascertained.

Company H surrendered at Appomattox with nine men—rank and file—as follows: Commissioned and non-commissioned officers—Captain J. T. Hunter, First Lieutenant J. S. Spivey, Fourth Sergeant W. C. May, First Corporal R. S. Stewart. Privates—T. C. Dillard, T. A. Wynne, R. M. May, H. Keyser, W. A. Watson.

That there were even nine of Company H left to surrender was a miracle, as there was hardly one of the nine but had been wounded from two to three times, and were alive only because they could not be killed.

Now, dear Captain, we have complied with your request and filled the trust confided to us to the best of our belief, knowledge and ability, and if there is a motive on earth that would impel us to purest motives it would be in connection with our love and duty to our dear comrades—the dead and living heroes that constituted Company H, Fourth Texas, of Hood's Brigade. Nearly forty-four years have elapsed since those stirring events of 1861, and while no man or set of men are infallible, yet we believe we have, after due effort, succeeded in being very nearly correct in all details—at least just to all without knowing neglect of any. The few of us that are yet living are fast whitening for the grave, and soon there will be nothing left of the Confederate soldier except the record of his deeds as it appears in history, and it should behoove us all to leave the page as clean and clear as possible for all coming ages. Conscious of life well spent, where self has ever been subordinate to principle and duty, you should be surrounded with every environment calculated to sweetly round off a noble manhood, and that your declining years may be the happiest and most peaceful of all, is the prayer of your two faithful comrades here, and well wishers for all hereafter.

H. T. Sapp, First Sergeant.
F. B. Chilton, Private.
Company H, Fourth Texas, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

* * *

Indorsement of Captain J. T. Hunter, surviving Captain of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, to above roll, and corrections made thereto by H. T. Sapp and Captain F. B. Chilton:

Oakwoods, Tex., March 9, 1905.—Having had returned to me under date of Feb. 12, 1905, from Comrades H. T. Sapp and F. B. Chilton the above and foregoing roll and addenda thereto, as well as a list of corrections made by them at my request, and having carefully examined both roll and all matters bearing thereon, I do conscientiously, in honor to the dead and justice to the living, indorse the said Thomas Seargent's roll with its addenda and correction as supplied by Comrades Sapp and Chilton, as being as perfect and complete as we are ever likely to obtain, and it is my honest belief that we have been exceedingly fortunate at this late day to be able to have and leave behind us so good a roll and record of our loved company.

With a heart full of love for all my old comrades and a certainty that the last one of us will soon join the heroes who have gone on before and that ere many days we shall all answer that roll call "beyond the river, and rest under the shade of the trees," where wars are no more. your old Captain remains yours in life and death.

General John A. Hulen, Adjutant General of the State of Texas, is hereby requested to accept above roll of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, in the name of the great State of Texas, from which said company went, to which it belonged, and from which only death could sever its members.

It is requested that the roll and inclosures be

A Grenadier Soldier's Boy of 1861

A Genuine Soldier Boy of 1861

16 Years Old

(Taken in Richmond, Va., 1861)

F. B. CHILTON

Private Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army Northern Virginia, Later Captain C. S. A.

placed on file among the archives of the Military Department of our State Government, and there securely kept for all time as a memorial to as gallant a band of men as the Confederacy had. Respectfully,

J. T. HUNTER,
Surviving Captain Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

* * *

State of Texas, County of Harris: Before me, Alf H. H. Tolar, a Notary Public in and for said county, this day personally appeared H. T. Sapp and F. B. Chilton, both of whom are well known to me, and acknowledged to me, in my official capacity, that they had in good faith signed their respective names to this document on page 17 and page C. Given under my hand and seal of office this 9th day of March, A. D. 1905.

(ss) ALF H. H. TOLAR,
Notary Public for Harris County, Texas.

* * *

State of Texas, County of Harris—Before me, Alf H. H. Tolar, a notary public in and for said county, this day personally appeared Captain J. T. Hunter, known to me, and acknowledged to me, in my official capacity, that he had in good faith signed his name to this document on pages 8 and 18 and page C. Given under my hand and seal of office this 7th day of April, A. D. 1905.

(ss) ALF H. H. TOLAR,
Notary Public for Harris County, Texas.

* * *

Adjutant General's Office, State of Texas.—Austin, Tex., May 8, 1905.—Captain Frank B. Chilton, Houston, Tex.: Dear Sir—By the direction of Governor Lanham I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of the muster roll and historic data relating to the part enacted on many fields of battle by Company H of the Fourth Texas, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, as copied by Thomas Seargent, a member of the company, from the original roll of 1861, revised by a committee composed of Hart T. Sapp and Frank B. Chilton, and approved and accepted by Captain James T. Hunter, surviving Captain of Company H, with a full history of the company added by said committee.

It is but fitting that the record of a company, a unit of one of the immortal regiments from this State in 1861 to 1865, whose career shows all the heroism ever displayed by men in a bloody contest for liberty and the right, should become one of the sacred relics of Texas, and should be so kept that her citizens today and forever, may understand the indomitable courage of the soldier from the South in 1861. This would suggest that you permit me to file the muster roll and its accompanying papers in the office of the Librarian of Texas, to be placed with the relics of the Alamo and San Jacinto.

Assuring you that Governor Lanham highly values this relic, I have the honor to be, very truly yours,

JOHN A. HULEN, Adjutant General.

* * *

Houston, Tex., May 16, 1905.—General John A. Hulen, Adjutant General of Texas, Austin, Tex.: Dear Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your valued favor of the 8th instant, same having been written by direction of Governor Lanham in reference to acceptance and designation of muster roll and history of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

The kind words of Governor Lanham and yourself are much appreciated, and the committee accepts suggestions made and fully concurs as to the office of the Librarian of Texas being the most suitable place to file said roll and accompanying papers. There place them beside the records of the Alamo and San Jacinto to forever be a source of pride to every true man—no matter where he hails from—in doing of which you have our approval and thanks. Most respectfully yours.

F. B. CHILTON, for Committee.

* * *

Adjutant General's Office, State of Texas, Austin, Tex., May 26, 1905.—Captain F. B. Chilton, Houston, Tex.: Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your letter acknowledging mine of the 8th instant, and will take pleasure in filing the rolls and papers of Company H, Fourth Texas Infantry, in the office of the State Librarian of Texas. Judge Raines, the Librarian, has been spoken to, and assures me that they will be filed along with the records of the Alamo and San Jacinto. Very respectfully yours,

JOHN A. HULEN, Adjutant General.

* * *

Adjutant General's Office, State of Texas, Austin, Tex., June 8, 1905.—Judge C. W. Raines, State Librarian, Capitol: Dear Sir—By direction of a committee of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, composed of Hart T. Sapp and Frank B. Chilton, I have the pleasure to herewith transmit to you a corrected muster roll of Company H, Fourth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, 1861-1865. for file as an archive of your library.

This roll was accepted and approved by Captain James T. Hunter, surviving Captain, and contains a complete history of the company.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN A. HULEN, Adjutant General.

* * *

Department of Agriculture, Insurance, Statistics and History, State of Texas, Austin, June 8, 1905.—General John A. Hulen, Adjutant General, State of Texas: Dear Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt from Captain Phelps of your department today of the corrected muster roll of Company H, Fourth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, 1861-1865, for file in the archives of the State Library.

I assure you, sir, that I receive these precious memorials of Texas valor with inexpressible pleasure, and that I will file them in this library with the sacred records of the Alamo and San Jacinto for an inspiration to patriotism for all time. Yours respectfully,

C. W. RAINES, State Librarian.

Austin, Tex., May 22, 1906.—Captain F. B. Chilton, Houston, Tex. Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of other valuable historical matter relating to Hood's Texas Brigade. If all the old Confederates showed half the interest in the history of their particular commands as you do, our Confederate history would be well preserved. The last documents received were placed in the metal case with the others you sent, according to your wishes. Thanking you heartily for your zeal in the great cause of preserving our glorious Confederate history, I am, yours truly,

C. W. RAINES, State Librarian.

* * *

May 24th, 1872.

Hood's Texas Brigade Association.—This is to certify that Frank B. Chilton is a member of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, he having been a member of Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

ROBT. BURNS,
Secretary Hood's Texas Brigade Association.

TRIBUTE FROM PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

The President of the Confederacy Wrote Letter to Captain F. B. Chilton. Motto of Hampden.

Houston, Texas, August 13.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

As a Texas boy a long way from home and poor prospects of ever getting back, I was always a welcome visitor to the War Department and White House at Richmond, Virginia, in 1861. I had the further prestige of an uncle, Hon. Wm. P. Chilton, member of Congress from Alabama and my kinsman, General R. H. Chilton, at that time Assistant Adjutant General of the Confederacy, but subsequently chief of General Lee's staff. I also knew Judge Reagan of the cabinet and General Wigfall of the Senate, as well as all the Texas Congressmen, all of which coupled with my extreme youth gave me many privileges among the official Confederacy. It was my honor to often meet, and as a boy, know quite well the President's family and my dear privilege after the war to receive letters at various times from members of the family and it is the last letter received from our beloved President that I herewith enclose and submit to the Chronicle and ask its solution of a paragraph contained therein. Directly after adjournment of the Southern Interstate Immigration Convention that met in the old historic capitol building at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1887, and where by the delegates of 13 Southern States, I was elected the general manager of interests of the association there formed. I sent Mr. Davis the minutes of said convention as a matter of interest to him. Neither war or rumors of war was in my mind, nor did I mention the brigade or anything connected with the Confederacy—but the noble soul and master mind of Mr. Davis traveled back and connecting me with Hood's Brigade in his reply to my letter uses this language:

"The gallant and distinguished organization, Hood's Texas Brigade, to which you belonged, showed on many battlefields its willingness to 'live and die for Dixie,' and might have inscribed on its banner the motto of Hampden." Hood's Texas Brigade history is now being written by General J. B. Polley, brigade historian, of Floresville, Texas, and inclosed letter of President Davis will be used therein, and as there has been differences as to the "motto of Hampden," your Tuesday issue of the Chronicle

is most respectfully requested to tell us what the motto was that President Davis referred to.

I inclose both better of Mr. Davis and envelope that covered same. Please handle carefully. Copy exact and return safely to me, giving us a solution we can rely on. As the language comes direct from the President of the Confederacy, and is addressed to troops that were directly under his eye throughout the whole four years' struggle, it will not only appear in our history, but in substance may be inscribed on the monument we are soon to erect.

F. B. CHILTON,
President Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee.

Letter of President Davis to Captain Chilton, as copied from original and carefully compared is as follows:

Beauvoir, Miss., April 6, 1889.—Captain F. B. Chilton, Austin, Texas.—My Dear Sir: I am much obliged to you, both for your kind consideration and for the very interesting pamphlets you sent to me after the meeting of the interstate immigration convention. The gallant and distinguished organization, Hood's Texas Brigade, to which you belonged, showed on many battlefields its willingness "to live and die for Dixie," and might have inscribed upon their banner the motto of Hampden.

With best wishes for you and all the survivors of Hood's Brigade, I am,

Fraternally,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WHAT WAS MOTTO OF HAMPDEN?

Quotation From Jefferson Davis Starts the Query.

On page 2 of the second section of The Sunday Chronicle there is given a letter from Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, to Captain F. B. Chilton, in which Mr. Davis refers to the members of Hood's Texas Brigade and says they might have inscribed upon their banners the motto of Hampden. In republishing the letter Captain Chilton has asked The Chronicle to publish the motto of Hampden. Research into English history has thus far failed to disclose it.

John Hampden was a Yorkshire gentleman, who with John Pym, from Gloustershire, refused to pay the second ship tax levied by Charles the First of England in his terrific fight to secure funds to run the government without making application to parliament.

The first ship levy made by Noy's on the coast cities was paid. Then the inland country was asked to give a subsidy in money in place of furnishing a certain number of ships. Hampden's share of the tax was only 20 shillings but he refused to pay it, claiming that a great principle was at stake, the principle being a denial of the right of the king to levy taxes without the consent of parliament. Hampden and Pym were tried, arrested and convicted, but of the eleven judges trying the case five dissented and this dissent was supposed to be a great moral victory for the opponents of the ship tax money.

On account of the notoriety thus gained Hampden was sent to parliament where he was a consistent opponent of the king. He and Pym were two of the five men whom Charles went in person to expel from parliament but who had obtained warning and were not present at the time of his visit. When war broke out Hampden was made general in the parliamentary army and commanded the cavalry of a portion of it. He was wounded in an early engagement with the cavalry of the king led by Prince Rupert of the Palatinate and his forces were routed and he himself died from the wound thus received. His name is found in the most solemnly beautiful poem ever penned in the English language, Gray's Elegy, in the line—

"Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast the little tyrant of his fields withstood."

Who knows the motto to which President Davis referred?

How the great soul of the president of the Confederacy must have yearned and his heart gone forth to the old brigade when a quarter of a century after the war was over the name of Captain Chilton as one of the boy members he so well knew, brought the noble old brigade before him—as it were in reality—and he once more had his whole being stirred as in days of yore, when Lee listened for their terrible guns and death-dealing rebel yell at Gaines' Mill and relied on them to the death at Wilderness and how he as president had refused to have a single regiment of the brigade consolidated with other troops, even though they had but a corporal's guard left to each regiment, saying: "The Texas Brigade shall so remain until the last man has gone." He seems to have entirely ignored the substance of Captain Chilton's letter, but seeks at once—as he had often done in the past—to pay the highest tribute at his command to Hood's Texas Brigade, while sending his love to every survivor.

MOTTO OF HAMPDEN.

"No Steps Backward" Was What Davis Said of Hood's Brigade.

To the Editor of The Chronicle:

In answer to an inquiry contained in your issue of Sunday, will say:—

When King Charles I, by violence and per-

fidy, by tyranny and folly, alienated his parliament and the greater part of his people from all fealty to his person, and parliament, in self-preservation, had recourse to the sword against their foresworn and faithless king, John Hampden took a colonel's commission in the parliamentary army, and raised and equipped a regiment at his own expense.

His men were known by their green uniform and standard, which bore on one side the words, "God With Us," and on the other the motto, of Hampden, "Vestigia nulla retrosum." (No steps backward.) This is the motto Jefferson Davis in his letter to Capt. F. B. Chilton says might have been inscribed upon the banners of Hood's Texas Brigade. Respectfully,

JOHN A. KIRLICKS.

Houston, Texas, August 19.

PRESUMED LIVING OF TEXAS REGIMENTS OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

The following is list of every living man of the three Texas regiments of Hood's Texas Brigade, so far as probable at this date, January 1, 1911:

Company A, First Texas Regiment.

J. C. Alford, Daingerfield, Texas.
David Bronaugh, Whitewright, Texas.
Dr. James M. Blalock, Thomaston, Ga.
G. W. Hudson, Jefferson, Texas.
March Jones, Jefferson, Texas.
Capt. Geo. T. Todd, Jefferson, Texas.
L. B. Todd, Jefferson, Texas.

Company B, First Texas Regiment.

Colonel R. J. Harding, Jackson, Miss.
W. B. Shotwell, Moscow, Texas.

Company C, First Texas Regiment.

John O. Byrne, Austin, Texas.
T. J. Calhoun, Austin, Texas.
Solomon Lassiter, Tyler, Texas.
Polk Neul, Brandon, Texas.
James Williams, Coleman, Texas.

Company D, First Texas Regiment.

Dan Bartlett, Linden, Texas.
C. Curtwright, Cusseta, Texas.
E. Frazier, Linden, Texas.
Major A. G. Clopton, Jefferson, Texas.
Jack Glaze, Linden, Texas.
A. Miles, Atlanta, Texas.
Hal E. Moss, Bloomburg, Texas.
John Henderson, Cusseta, Texas.
Dr. A. C. Oliver, Douglassville, Ga.
W. A. T. Oliver, Gadsden, Ala.
S. W. Oliver, Weatherford, Texas.
J. Pink O'Rear, Atlanta, Texas.
J. C. Robinson, Bryan Mill, Texas.

Company E, First Texas Regiment.

T. H. Langley, Marshall, Texas.
W. D. Haynes, Ennis, Texas.
S. F. Perry, Marshall, Texas.
A. F. Wiggs, Bonham, Texas.

Company F, First Texas Regiment.

U. M. Gilder, Roekport, Texas.
A. C. Sims, Jasper, Texas.
J. M. Stallcup, Austin, Texas (Home).
Col. A. P. Work, Kountze, Texas.

Company G, First Texas Regiment.

Dr. S. R. Burroughs, Buffalo, Texas.
Sebe. Blackshear, Rio Vista, Texas.
Marshall Hamby, Elkhart, Texas.
Alf. L. Lewellyn, Archer, Texas.
B. Y. Milam, Palestine, Texas, R. 3, Box 70.
Elias Newson, Palestine, Texas.
John Parker, Elkhart, Texas.
W. J. Watts, Palestine, Texas.
R. F. Wren, Amarillo, Texas.
John Woodhouse, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Company H, First Texas Regiment.

J. M. Briggs, Kemp, Texas.
J. Q. A. Capps, Neches, Texas.
E. T. Ezell, Jacksonville, Texas.
Captain W. H. Gaston, Dallas, Texas.
J. R. Jones, Hubbard City, Texas.

Company I, First Texas Regiment.

A. A. Aldrich, Crockett, Texas.
F. A. Blackshear, Crockett, Texas.
H. W. Berryman, Alto, Texas.
Lieut. W. M. Berryman, Goodnight, Texas.
Winfield S. Bush, Houston, Texas.
Jim Clanahan, Chandler, Texas.
John G. Gates, Oakhurst, Texas.
J. J. Hail, Corsicana, Texas.
John A. Morris, Milano, Texas.
Dave K. Renfro, Brownwood, Texas.
Rev. Malley Reeves, Murchison, Texas.
A. D. Oliphant, Austin, Texas (Home).
Charles Scully, Alto, Texas.
Capt. W. B. Wall, Crockett, Texas.

Company K, First Texas Regiment.

W. W. Bate, San Augustine, Texas.
B. Bates, San Augustine, Texas.
Henry Bennett, Calcasieu Parish, La.
W. B. Davidson, Hemphill, Texas.
Frank B. Davidson, Hemphill, Texas.
John C. Fall, Chireno, Texas.
H. V. Fall, Chireno, Texas.
O. T. Hanks, Macune, Texas.

Sim Mathews, San Augustine, Texas.
R. T. Noble, Logansport, La.
W. I. Quinn, Alvord, Texas.
W. H. Watson, Macune, Texas.
Capt. Jno. N. Wilson, Nacogdoches, Texas.
A. J. Wilson, Fort Worth, Texas, 928 Mo. Avenue.
W. J. White, Lake Charles, La.

Company L, First Texas Regiment.

S. T. Blessing, Dallas, Texas.
Ed Buckley, Eagle Pass, Texas.
F. A. G. Gearing, Virginia City, Nev.
Geo. A. Merk, Mt. Selman, Texas.
T. L. McCarty, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Wm. Schadt, Galveston, Texas.

Company M, First Texas Regiment.

S. Dominey, Pennington, Texas.
W. A. Jernigan, Glendale, Texas.
J. G. Locke, Corrigan, Texas.
Geo. B. Lundy, Crockett, Texas.
William Roach, Nacogdoches, Texas.
Sam Stubblefield, Appleby, Texas.
W. J. Townes, Powell, Texas.
Tom White, Centralia, Texas.

Company A, Fourth Texas Regiment.

W. C. Francis, Austin, Texas (Home).
W. H. Pittman, Austin, Texas (Home).

Company B, Fourth Texas Regiment.

G. H. Crozier, Dallas, Texas.
Val C. Giles, Austin, Texas.
Wm. R. Hamby, Austin, Texas.
Dr. L. D. Hill, Austin, Texas.
E. B. Millican, Lampasas, Texas.
A. S. Roberts, Austin, Texas.
A. R. Masterson, Houston, Texas.

Company C, Fourth Texas Regiment.

J. H. Cosgrove, Shreveport, La.
J. H. Drennan, Calvert, Texas.
W. A. Jones, Dallas, Texas.
Dr. D. C. Jones, Cameron, Texas.
Milt Livingston, Lockney, Texas.
J. W. Sneed, Rosebud, Texas.
Jake Smilie, Rosebud, Texas.
O. H. Tindall, Calvert, Texas.
Bennett Wood, Temple, Texas.

Company D, Fourth Texas Regiment.

R. J. Burges, Seguin, Texas.
John Baker, Taylorsville, Texas.
M. S. Dunn, Austin, Texas.
Ed. Duggan, San Angelo, Texas.
A. M. Erkskine, Seguin, Texas.
W. T. H. Ehringhaus, Seguin, Texas.
J. E. LeGette, Seguin, Texas.
John M. King, Cuero, Texas.
B. Schmidt, Seguin, Texas.
J. D. Smith, Granite, Okla.
M. V. Smith, Luling, Texas.
W. P. Smith, Kyle, Texas.
J. T. Reeves, Caldwell, Texas.
Ben Terrell, Seguin, Texas.

Company E, Fourth Texas Regiment.

B. L. Aycock, Kountze, Texas.
J. A. Bradfield, Dallas, Texas.
T. M. Mullins, Big Hill, Texas.
N. N. Ripley, New Castle, Va.
P. M. Ripley, Tacoma, Wash.
J. C. West, Waco, Texas.

Company F, Fourth Texas Regiment.

Geo. Allen, Austin, Texas (Home).
T. J. Adams, Weimer, Texas.
Capt. E. H. Cunningham, San Antonio, Tex.
J. B. Currie, Paint Rock, Texas.
C. A. McAllister, Paint Rock, Texas.
W. P. Goodloe, San Antonio, Texas.
Calvin Goodloe, San Antonio, Texas.
Lieut. L. P. Hughes, Floresville, Texas.
R. M. Murry, San Antonio, Texas.
Jno. D. Murry, Sutherland Springs, Texas.
A. J. Sutherland, Sutherland Springs, Texas.
Texas.
Diek Sutherland, Sutherland Springs, Texas.
Texas.
J. B. Polley, Floresville, Texas.

Company G, Fourth Texas Regiment.

Capt. T. C. Buffington, Anderson, Texas.
Lieutenant W. E. Barry, Navasota, Texas.
L. H. Barry, Navasota, Texas.
John Atkinson, Edgecomb, Texas.
Robt. D. Blackshear, Schulenburg, Texas.
William M. Baines, California.
Robert Hasson, Anniston, Ala.
Dr. J. C. Loggins, Ennis, Texas.
Frank Kelly, Navasota, Texas.
J. A. Midkiff, Bedias, Texas.
Jno. F. Martin, Navasota, Texas.
Joe H. Plasters, Temple, Texas.
R. H. Pinkney, Hempstead, Texas.
Jas. M. Pettett, York, Ala.
Frank Webb, Erwin, Texas.
A. E. Watson, Marlin, Texas.

Company H, Fourth Texas Regiment.

F. B. Chilton, Houston, Texas.
James Connelly, Deanville, Texas.
Wm. E. Copeland, Rockdale, Texas.
Capt. J. T. Hunter, Bronte, Texas.
Dr. T. G. May, Ennis, Texas.
W. J. Landrum, Montgomery, Texas.
H. T. Sapp, Houston, Texas.
Robt. R. Stratton, Midway, Texas.
J. B. Seargent, Orange, Texas.
John J. Smith, Montgomery, Texas.

Company I, Fourth Texas Regiment.

M. Barry, Marlin, Texas.
W. H. Bates, Lone Grove, Texas.
J. B. Crabtree, Stone Point, Texas.
J. W. Duren, Corsicana, Texas.
J. H. Herbert, Brent Wood, Tennessee.
R. G. Halloway, Beard, Texas, R. F. D. No. 1.
A. M. Lemmon, Fairfield, Texas.
J. M. Lummus, Canton, Texas.
W. G. Jaekson, Austin, Texas (Home).
J. M. Polk, Austin, Texas (Home).
E. G. Session, Rice, Texas.
Pulaskie Smith, Lafayette, Texas.
W. W. Templeton, Lampasas, Texas.

Company K, Fourth Texas Regiment.

Luke Derden, Corsicana, Texas.
J. H. Kimbrough, Brownwood, Texas.
Jaek Smith, Ennis, Texas.
Robert Tubbs, Rosebud, Texas.

Company A, Fifth Texas Regiment.

J. A. Cameron, Houston, Texas.
B. L. Dyer, Opelika, Ala.
W. A. George, Houston, Texas.
James Landes, Chappel Hill, Texas.
F. M. Poland, Houston, Texas.
N. Pomeroy, Clara Milstret, County Cork, Ireland.
Dr. S. O. Young, Galveston, Texas.

Company B, Fifth Texas Regiment.

Dr. J. S. Bruee, Eagle Lake, Texas.
A. H. Carter, Columbus, Texas.
D. M. Curry, Durango, Texas.
J. C. Kindred, Weimer, Texas.
T. J. Roberts, Eagle Lake, Texas.

Company C, Fifth Texas Regiment.

Capt. J. E. Anderson, Jewett, Texas.
J. T. Allison, Marquez, Texas.
A. B. Allison, Groesbeck, Texas.
J. C. Cox, Tyler, Texas.
D. O. H. Caston, Bay City, Texas.
Sam W. Irwin, Marquez, Texas.
G. W. Irwin, Rosebud, Texas.
H. P. Trawick, Bertram, Texas.
C. M. C. Whaley, Jewett, Texas.

Company D, Fifth Texas Regiment.

R. A. Brantley, Somerville, Texas.
J. G. Bowden, Huntsville, Texas.
John Campbell, Knox City, Texas.
D. M. Campbell, Houston, Texas.
J. A. Diekey, Gatesville, Texas.
J. E. Gilbert, Lena, Miss.
Martin L. Gilbert, Lena, Miss.
A. M. Hinson, Gatesville, Texas.
Capt. W. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas.
J. C. Hill, Maynard, Texas.
Major F. Chas. Hume, Houston, Texas.
Walter Keenan, New Waverly, Texas.
Calhoun Kearse, Huntsville, Texas.
J. A. Murray, Phelps, Texas.
Wm. H. Myers, Poolville, Texas.
Col. R. M. Powell, St. Louis, Mo.
Dr. W. P. Powell, Willis, Texas.
J. N. Parker, Trinity, Texas.
J. R. Robertson, Demopolis, Ala.
J. M. Smither, Huntsville, Texas.
Dr. Edw. Shackelford, Prattville, Ala.
John A. Scott, Houston, Texas.
Robt. Wood, Willis, Texas.
Lieutenant Campbell Wood, Cherokee, Texas.

Company E, Fifth Texas Regiment.

A. M. Clay, Independenee, Texas.
S. T. Coffield, Wichita Falls, Texas.
Lieutenant B. Eldridge, Brenham, Texas.
R. K. Felder, Chappel Hill, Texas.
J. B. Gee, Austin, Texas.
John Gee, Bryan, Texas.
Jesse B. Lott, Navasota, Texas.
Wm. R. Lott, Navasota, Texas.
John J. Lott, Waco, Texas.
J. H. Roberts, Liverpool, Texas.

Company F, Fifth Texas Regiment.

B. P. Brashear, Beaumont, Texas.
Carl Curbello, Beeville, Texas.
W. A. Fleteher, Beaumont, Texas.
Milam Fitzgerald, San Antonio, Texas.
Henry Griffith, Dayton, Texas.
Darees Rashall, Sinton, Texas.

Company G, Fifth Texas Regiment.

John Allen, Marlin, Texas.
E. M. Bean, Davis, Okla.
T. M. Bigbee, Cameron, Texas.
Geo. Barnard, Gatesville, Texas.
C. J. Jackson, Nolansville, Texas.
A. M. McKinney, Jones Prairie, Texas.
L. W. Miller, Roekdale, Texas.
W. A. Nabors, Cameron, Texas.
C. P. Nance, Antioch, Tenn., R. F. D., No. 14.
I. M. Pool, Stamford, Texas.
E. W. Pool, Plainview, Texas.
J. G. Sherrill, Rosebud, Texas.
A. J. Sherrill, Ben Arnold, Texas.
J. L. Stewart, Goree, Texas.
J. D. Shelton, Rockdale, Texas.

Company H, Fifth Texas Regiment.

J. A. Chesher, Carlisle, Texas.
J. E. Fridge, Nixon, Texas.
E. K. Goree, Huntsville, Texas.
P. K. Goree, Midway, Texas.
Jacob Hemphill, Haskell, Texas.
T. S. Haynie, Jaekson, Miss.

Mat Ross, Houston Heights, Texas.
Hiram Simpson, Durham, Texas.
J. S. Stone, Blountstown, Fla.
J. L. Tarkington, Tarkington, Texas.
Wm. Woods, Glasgow, Ky.
S. E. Walters, Lake Charles, La.
R. T. Wilson, Singleton, Texas.

Company I, Fifth Texas Regiment.

Fritz Bettis, Merle, Texas.
W. T. Blackburn, Green Pond, Ala.
J. W. Dallas, Brenham, Texas.
J. W. Dean, Blum, Texas.
R. E. Fitzgerald, Llano, Texas.
J. S. Grant, Tunis, Texas.
D. Flanagan, Talbatt, Texas.
J. T. Hairston, Independence, Texas.
A. B. Hood, Somerville, Texas.
M. L. Lipscomb, Stone City, Texas.
Ed. McKnight, McKnight, Okla.
J. Norford, Blum, Texas.
H. M. Parker, Austin, Texas (Home).
H. O. Robertson, Independence, Texas.
W. W. Stephens, Temple, Texas.
J. H. Stephens, Temple, Texas.
W. F. Thomas, Clay, Texas.
H. S. Tarver, Brownwood, Texas.
C. Weibish, Brenham, Texas.
C. H. Graves, Corsicana, Texas.

Company K, Fifth Texas Regiment.

Lieutenant J. M. Alexander, Livingston, Texas.
Captain R. W. Hubert, Dallardsville, Texas.
J. M. Jones, Dallardsville, Texas.
T. F. Meece, Livingston, Texas.
W. H. Matthews, Livingston, Texas.
J. P. Smith, Gibton, Texas.
J. R. Townes, Dallas, Texas.
Rev. J. W. Stevens, Houston Heights, Texas.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS AND CONFEDERATE WOMEN, HOMES AND PENSIONS.

In 1895 the State took charge of the Confederate Home at Austin and through State appropriation began admitting indigent Confederate soldiers, disabled from labor, resident in Texas, at that date. It is estimated there are now near 369 inmates there. The accommodations have not only been enlarged and refurnished, when necessary, but the grounds have been beautified, making the Soldiers' Home a credit to the State.

The average number of inmates in the Confederate Home each year from 1895 and average death rate:

Year.	No. of Inmates.	No of Deaths.	Av. Per Cent. Mortality.
1895	120	14	11 2-3
1896	150	27	18
1897	180	21	11 2-3
1898	220	31	14 1-11
1899	240	26	10 5-6
1900	260	32	12 4-13
1901	270	20	7 11-27
1902	280	40	14 2-7
1903	300	20	6 2-3
1904	320	30	9 3-8
1905	334	27	8 1-11
1906	337	41	12 1-6
1907	335	64	19 7-67
1908	330	49	15
1909	337	30	8 10-11
1910	341	27	15 1-5

During the year ending August 10, 1910, the following changes have occurred in the Texas Confederate Home:

Number of inmates who have died	47
Number of applicants who have been admitted	88
Number of applicants who have been readmitted	17
Number of inmates discharged at their own request	24
Number of inmates dishonorably discharged	2
Number of inmates dropped from the rolls, having gone on furlough and never been heard of	2
Number of inmates discharged for having taken oath of allegiance to U. S. before end of war	1
Total number of inmates at the close of August 10, 1909	340
Total number of inmates at the close of August 10, 1910	369
Gain for year	29

The Woman's Home at Austin, which up to this date has been erected and supported by private solicitations of the Daughters, but which by an amendment voted at the past election will secure an appropriation by which the State will admit widows and women who aided the Con-

federacy, resident in Texas prior to March 1, 1880, has now become a State institution.

The pension history of the State begins with 1899, when $250,000 was voted, by an amendment, to Confederate soldiers and their widows resident in Texas prior to January 1, and March 1, 1880, respectively. This being found insufficient, another amendment in 1904 doubled this. By the act of the Legislature of 1909 the pauper clause was abolished and pensioners are now allowed as much as $1,000 worth of property. At the same time the date of marriage of widows was advanced from March 1, 1866, to March 1, 1880. This increased the pensioners from about 8,000 to about 12,000, and reduced the quarterly allowance from about $15.50 to about $10.25. A measure to again double the appropriation to $1,000,000 annually by amendment introduced at the last Legislature is now being favorably considered.

Last report estimates there are now about 10,000 Confederate soldiers enrolled in Texas Camps. The whole number yet living, without enrollment, is unascertained, as the law requiring the assessors to list them seems to have gone by default.

TEXT-BOOK LAW.

The text-book law, ending in 1907, was then re-enacted for five more years, so that no change in our public school curriculum can be had till 1912. The complaint raised by John B. Hood Camp of Austin in 1908, and joined by many Camps over the State, as to partisan matter creeping in certain text-books adopted by the State text-book board, has, in a degree, been eliminated by this board, but the law is radically defective in not allowing the board sufficient time to scrutinize the text-books submitted for its examination. Texas is old enough to do its own editing, printing and publishing, regardless of foreign influences, thereby furnishing our children proper books for Southern schools.

LETTERS FROM AN OLD COMRADE.

Col. R. M. Powell, Who Commanded Brigade at Appomattox.

(*Houston Chronicle.*)

Captain F. B. Chilton has furnished two letters, perusal of which will be of interest to Confederate soldiers everywhere. The author of the letters is Colonel R. M. Powell, who went out as Captain of Company D, Fifth Texas Regiment, and rose to Colonel of the regiment. He was one of the brightest intellects of the State. He never was absent from duty except when wounded or disabled, and commanded his company, regiment or brigade as duty called, in many battles. After other wounds, he lost a leg. He is now more than 80 years old and a resident of St. Louis. The first letter was sent to Captain Chilton and in it was enclosed the letter to the brigade. They are given in the order named, as follows:

4314 Maryland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., June 19.—Dear Captain: My inclination and desire to meet you and the survivors of the old brigade has to yield to the commands of the doctor and the protests of my family. My disappointment amounts to grief.

I enclose a message which I trust will be received in the spirit it is offered. It would be a great satisfaction to see you and all those who by the ties of kinship belong to the brigade. Memories are the only personal belongings the old have they can not give away or the thief can not take from us. They are each keepers of other possessions for those who come after them. When we can toil no more they are our only means of mental diversion or solace. My old friends are about me. I hear their voices in the whispering winds, their footsteps in the rustling leaves, their faces are in the changing shadows of light and shade. So I live a life apart from the stirring activities that interest the younger generations. I can only rejoice with them in their sweets and share their griefs.

Your letter pleased me so much it is a real joy to have such evidences of esteem and regard from an old friend and beloved comrade who earned merited distinction with the old brigade. My love to all the boys.

Yours truly,

R. M. Powell.

* * *

4314 Maryland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.—Comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade in Reunion at Jacksonville: I greet you and this token of remembrance bears to you my message. Seven hundred miles separates us and I feel them every one. Fain would I be with you, but desire and prudence seldom walk together. He that is deprived of the privilege of meeting and communing with old comrades and friends walks alone in the world. Nothing thrills like the touch of heroic hands. On this occasion are born the elements of varied emotions. There is the mist of sorrow in the eye, while loving greetings and felicitations are exchanged. The brigade hears expressions of condolence and "The Old Dixie" fails to disperse the mournful and sable coloring of personal bereavement. A brother's hand has vanished and a cheerful voice is still. Too many have passed on to "Fame's eternal camping ground." Alas! how few are left. At the last muster, when Fate—

that merciless arbiter—decreed that further contention was vain, tempestuous spirits with stern dignity reluctantly laid down their arms with the sacred promise never again to bear them in the service of the "lost cause." When hope went down behind sodden clouds at Appomattox there was no hint of the veiled glory that was destined to make the deeds of paroled prisoners illustrious. The souls of knightly and gallant men, victors on a hundred fields, were torn with doubt lest in one defeat the world would forget that for which they had fought and would be denied a place in the book of honor, or even a welcome home by despairing people. Passing from this woeful field they were driven by conflicting currents along uncharted ways through a universe of desolation, each path leading homeward was wet with tears. On every highway and gateway they encountered armed guards, watchful of thir acts and speech, observant of their worn and dilapidated apparel and noted if in process of making "treason odious" the disloyal buttons had been removed. Dismal was prospect of making homes under the shadow of bayonets, which instead of commanding order, encouraged lawlessness. But for the footsore, weary pilgrim, there was healing in store. They encountered mothers of the Confederacy, waiting and watching. These loyal mothers silenced their own grief to strengthen the fainting with the balm of sympathy, destitute themselves, they knew the grace of giving. What power there is in one kind and cheerful word or generous deed! They make a rift in the clouds and reveal the road to hope. Looking back we realize that noble lives were lost and four years of fraternal strife and blood disfigure the book of time. You surrendered your arms, but did not part with your honor; you kept faith with your victors and yourselves, and always loyal to truth, right and justice. The victors despoiled you of your possessions in the name of their saint, John Brown, and his hypocritical philanthropy, and now apologize to the world for the crime by singing a doxology to the Union, while they were the authors and instigators of the peril that threatened its integrity; you lost just what a brigand could deprive you of. The victors acquired nothing of value to them and nothing to be proud of. There is no market for the spoils, and storage is being devoted to more precious and congenial fardels. Philanthropy is overburdened. Africa does not claim her own and if presented to the Philippines it must be on the point of the bayonet and will be received on the point of the sword. The arrival of spoils, the fruits of conquest, from the South has ceased to create jubilant enthusiasm or to be an occasion for a banquet, benevolent smiles, or an address of welcome. If there is an "open door" no sympathetic courier is in evidence to lead the way to it. The "opportunity" with roseate promise also banishes. The cargo is put in cold storage. There is no "graft" in it. The tar brush has lost its magic touch. The peans of victory with the chorus "We Will Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree" is no longer the ritual of those who claim to belong to the refined and cultivated class. They want to forget it. The intelligent and noble, and those who possess the royalty of brains and character, have decreed that no one of the knightly race of the South could so degrade themselves or their literature by such vulgar exhibition of prejudice and hatred. The vocabulary of the slums is unknown to pure and lofty souls. "The songs of a nation reveal the character of the people." Now they are trying to rob us of our "Dixie" and make it utter strange words. The words known to us are simple and sweet. They are expressions of purity and tenderness, loyalty and reverence, the epitome of grace and beauty in poem and song. It was the inspiration of earnest men on the field of battle; it was heard in the song of the rifle; it was heard in the swelling chorus of answering cannon. Yet in the heat of bloody strife the hearts of gallant men were not fired with the base passions of malice and wrath. It was the last appeal of the weak to the strong for justice.

From your masterful fathers' customs you received your own. The creed of chivalric fathers is still yours; this land is a legacy from them and their tombs consecrate it. Craven and unworthy of your heritage had you refused to arrest the march of a hostile and predatory army, as remorseless in its purpose and as unholy in its passions as pirates of the Spanish main. The surrender of your arms was but the beginning of an era of greater triumphs than were ever won on the field of Mars. In the white light of peace triumphant hope nerved your restoring hands and the undaunted sons of masterful fathers compassed marvelous deeds. Cities have risen from ruins, homes from ashes and the bones of desolation clothed. The treasures of the orchard and the richer fruit of the field are the rewards of your toil and courageous striving. Out of a desolate land afflicted with despair and hopeless confusion you have created an Eden whose fame has reached all lands and the people of all nations desire it. Many of our comrades never returned to share these triumphs. Is there a storied urn to recall their memories? Or shall a monument perpetuate the deeds of the living and the dead of a cause that never dies? The pyramids of Egypt on the sun-scorched plains of Ghizeh

have outlived their gods, but the craft of man can not build a memorial that can outlive the principles which they so courageously and hopefully championed. While it stands it will be a beacon to guide wandering feet to the paths of honest endeavor and knightly deeds. In those days there were also heroic "mothers of the Confederacy." Shall there also be a companion shaft consecrated as a shrine for their daughters? Is there a day dedicated to their memory? Shall there be no records left of the grandeur of their sacrifices? Has any gentle hand passed through the weeds and briars to lay a flower on their tomb? Has the angel of memory placed a violet under a leaf to sweeten the mysterious silence, or a lily whose gentle glow crowns the humble mound that rests on her loyal bosom? In the beautiful South there is a house of forgiveness, but no lips touch the waters of forgetfulness, for there are some things which to forget makes forgetfulness a crime.

"HURRAH FOR TEXAS!" WAS WHAT E. K. GOREE SAID.

I, with others of our brigade last year, at the Richmond reunion, had the pleasure of listening to Hon. J. W. Daniel, of Virginia, pay Hood's Brigade of Texas the following tribute:

Respectfully,

(I was the man.) E. K. GOREE.

"Somebody over there says, 'Hurrah for Texas!' Amen. And I am going to tell you what I think was the grandest eulogy ever pronounced on the Confederate soldier. Were any of you boys here at the battle of Gaines' Mill, on the 27th of June, 1862? Well, it is a wonder you are here now. I tell you, if Rome ever howled in this country, it was howling that day *par excellence*. That was one of the greatest charges that the Confederate army ever made. It seemed as if the skies above us were made out of sheet iron, as if the fiends of hell were ripping them up and flinging them around all to pieces. While the tremendous charge was going on, Hood's Texas Brigade of Longstreet's Division was called to go to the front in the next line. Boys, tell the truth about it, did any of you ever feel a little pale as we marched down the valley, with all the fiends of hell in the air about us?

"Among the other wounded about us I saw a young Confederate officer, whose arm had been torn out right in the shoulder joint by a cannon ball. Notwithstanding, he sat in his saddle steadily, a great deal cooler than I am now. When our regiment, the Eleventh Virginia, opened up for him to pass, and the men looked up at him, admiring the hero and pitying the man, he said: 'Go on, boys, and do your duty and don't mind me.' About that time there came a cheer on our left, and there came Texas. A few minutes later I saw two rather sorry looking men on horseback, and they looked like tramps who had been taken from the mills. They rode along behind this work, which had now been taken, and which the receding battle was only annoying with a stray shot, here and there. As soon as I saw them I recognized one who had on an old blue cap pulled down over his eyes, and who also looked like a sailor who had just landed and had fallen up on horseback and did not know how to get down. It was Stonewall Jackson. He passed in the rear of that tremendous place, over which Hood's Texans had charged, just as the setting sun was parting in the West, and looking over that scene of awful slaughter and splendid valor, he spoke four words: 'These men were soldiers.'"

LETTER TO CAPTAIN F. B. CHILTON, OF HOOD'S BRIGADE MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

BY DR. L. D. HILL.

Austin, Texas, August 25th, 1909.

Dear Old Friend and Comrade:

Our last meeting has brought to mind many of the scenes of long ago, when we were both doing all we could in the service of our country in Hood's grand old Texas Brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia. Many have been the changes in both of our lives since then. You have been head of the Immigration Bureau of Texas and the whole South, and many other places of importance; and you are now filling the most important position of your active and useful life, the Presidency of the Monument Committee of Hood's Texas Brigade. When I first heard of the appointment of this committee, with you at its head, I thought and said: "Frank B. Chilton is the man for the place. He will give us a monument. He never failed, from his boyhood, to accomplish his every undertaking. We will have the monument; and I hope to live to see it dedicated next May on the capitol grounds of grand old Texas."

Frank, I have been unable to contribute much to the building of the monument; but I do claim to have contributed you, and that without you, the monument would not have been built. I found you on the platform of a railroad station in Virginia in 1862. The "red tape" distributors of patients to their State hospitals refused to let me move you and said there was no use

as you were dying. Doctor Ewing, our Brigade Surgeon, arrived on the ground, and as he ranked the distributors, I asked him to let me take that brave young soldier of our brigade; that he was too young and good looking to let him die without an effort to save him. Doctor Ewing examined you and said it looked like a hopeless case. "Have you any Norwood's Tincture of Varatrum with you?" he asked. I answered: "I have the undiluted tincture." "Give him ten drops," said Ewing, "you can't hurt him." I dropped ten drops in a spoonful of water, pryed your mouth open and we poured it down you. In thirty minutes your breathing was normal and we knew that your young life might be saved. In a medical and surgical practice of forty-eight years, civil and military, I know of no case that I took part in saving, both by the knife and medicine, whose life has been such a blessing to Texas, especially to Hood's Grand Old Texas Brigade.

My appointment as Assistant Surgeon was made by General John B. Hood, then Colonel of the Fourth Texas Regiment, who ordered me to organize a hospital for his regiment at Dumfries as Assistant Surgeon of his regiment. The Surgeon General recognized this appointment. I had to have my first report approved by the Surgeon of the post, Dr. Frost, who ordered me to change all the typhoid fever cases which I had reported, from typhoid to typhus, which I did. The Surgeon General sent back to me this report with orders to change the typhus fever to typhoid fever, as there was no typhus fever in Virginia. I sent him my original report with Cross' instructions to change on it. When he received my original report with Cross' endorsement upon it, he wrote to me to send all future reports direct to him. This I did from that time on for four years, from all the field hospitals I organized for our brigade in Virginia. The Surgeon General thenceforth recognized all of my requisitions for medicines and supplies. This is my record as Assistant Surgeon of the Fourth Texas Regiment. Then I was ordered to Warrenton, Virginia, on the 19th day of September, 1862, after the second battle of Manassas, by order of General Hood through Captain Walsh, with instructions to move all sick and wounded I had in tents north of Richmond to hospitals, and report immediately to Warrenton, Virginia, and take charge of the wounded of the Texas Brigade, relieving Dr. Tom May, who was then in charge. When I got to Warrenton, I received a letter from General John B. Hood, saying: "You may be captured; if so stick to your men! Make the best arrangement you can in paroling them. Try to parole them as General Lee did the twenty-five hundred by giving the Surgeon's certificates." This letter was signed by General John B. Hood by order of General Robert E. Lee. Sure enough, we were captured by General Phil Sheridan and seven thousand men. Every other officer escaped and Sheridan hunted half a day for some one authorized to parole our twenty-five hundred wounded. Finally he came to my hospital and told me that he could not find a man who was authorized to parole our prisoners. I handed him Hood's letter endorsed by Lee. He read it and gave it back to me. He then said: "I can be as liberal as General Lee. How long will it take you to secure the certificates from all of your hospitals?" I answered: "About two hours." He then left, saying: "I will be back in two hours." I sent to each Surgeon in charge of a hospital a request that each one send me certified copies of the name, company and regiment of each man in his hospital and the character of his wounds, which they did. At the appointed hour General Sheridan returned. I signed all certificates and he signed them after me. There was about 2,500 of each army in the hospitals at Warrenton. Dr. Thomas of Sibley's Brigade, who fell in the Black Hill Indian War, was appointed by Sheridan over the wounded of both armies at Warrenton, and we found him a genuine gentleman and surgeon; but "red tape" doubted my right to parole prisoners, but Marse Bob Lee soon set matters right by announcing that it was done by his authority, and that settled it. This closes my service in the Army of Virginia and with my travel from Richmond, Virginia, which you have, will enable you to get up such a synopsis of my history as can properly go into the records of our old brigade.

At the close of the war, I returned to my old home in Webberville, Travis County, Texas, and opened my old office for the practice of medicine and surgery to support my family. I had all the practice I could do for many years. I was then elected member of the Twenty-fifth Legislature by the people of Travis County, under the administration of Governor Chas. A. Culberson. I served Texas for two years the very best I knew how. When Joseph D. Sayers, under whose father I studied medicine, was elected Governor, he appointed me Surgeon of the Confederate Home, where I served as such until my right arm was partially paralyzed so I could not use the knife safely in operating. I offered my resignation on the last day of April, 1903, but the board refused to accept it. On the last meeting in June the same year, I went before the board in person and told the members I was going to quit as I could not do the work. They asked me to name my successor,

which I did, suggesting Dr. Joe Gilbert, a well qualified young, active surgeon. They elected him, giving me an honorable discharge. Seven months after, under Governor Lanham, I received the appointment as watchman on the fourth floor of the Capitol and was reappointed under Governor Campbell, and expect to continue as long as I give satisfaction to the administration.

Yours very respectfully,

L. D. Hill,

Assistant Surgeon Fourth Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade.

* * *

NOTA BENA.

I neglected to state in the general article that when I was relieved at Warrenton I reported to brigade headquarters for duty. I was ordered to report to Doctor Lindsay, Surgeon in charge of the Texas Hospital at Richmond, Virginia, for assignment to duty in that hospital. He gave me one hundred beds and I attended them until the hospital was closed.

L. D. Hill,

Assistant Surgeon Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

* * *

Captain Frank B. Chilton:

Dear Old Friend and Comrade—We are both growing old gracefully and retaining some of the mental and physical energy of our youth, but we will soon both have to answer final roll call. Let us

Cross the pontoon that Christ made
To span death's dark, gloomy river
With Lee, Hood and Jackson, rest under the shades
With other dear companions forever.

We will eat the twelve fruits that grow on life's tree
And drink from life's sparkling river,
Draw spiritual rations abundant and free
And worship the giver forever.

L. D. Hill.

WAR TIME REMINISCENCES.

An Unwritten Incident Connected with the Late War—Trip from Richmond, Virginia, to Texas—Judge Reagan's Children Returning to Their Home—Big Pile of Money and Stamps.

By Dr. L. D. Hill, Austin, Texas.

On the first day of February, 1865, I left Richmond, Virginia, on the morning train in company with Major Matthews and Captain Grinnan in charge of the four children of John H. Reagan, the youngest a babe in charge of a negro nurse, all to be conveyed to the children's grandmother in Anderson, Grimes County, Texas. Besides the children, we were intrusted with $9,000,000 worth of Confederate money in undivided bills of different denominations, and $3,000,000 worth of postage stamps, all packed in three tobacco boxes. The money was to be delivered to Peter W. Gray, Secretary of the Treasury, and the stamps to John Starr, Postmaster General of the Trans-Mississippi Department at Marshall, Texas. To undertake to run the blockade at such a time with such a charge was hazardous. Major Matthews of South Carolina, Captain Grinnan of Georgia and myself were selected by the Department at Richmond to execute the plan. We entered upon the discharge of that duty with the firm determination to keep the children and the money out of the hands of the Yankees and guard them safely to their destination or die in the attempt. As discipline was deemed necessary to safety and that each should understand his duty and do it, Major Matthews, our senior officer, was selected to secure transportation and provisions, and issue marching orders, and Grinnan and I were to guard the children and the money in his absence, and to obey his orders in danger when present. And all to do guard duty alike.

On the morning we left Richmond, I was handed a sealed envelope, said to be from General Lee, to be delivered to General E. Kirby Smith, with strict instructions not to let it fall into the hands of anyone but General E. Kirby Smith in person.

* * *

The first impediment we met was at Columbia, S. C., where we were detained until the battle was over, and the road cleared for our pass-

age. We were in telegraphic communication with Richmond and Army Headquarters and moved or stood still as directed by either as long as we were in communication with them. After we passed Columbia we reached Augusta by rail; we were detained there one day. From that time we traveled to Mutbury Plains by rail. There we secured wagons, in which we slowly traveled to Milledgeville, Ga. From Milledgeville to Montgomery, Ala., we traveled by rail and rested at Montgomery about a week, and left there on a river steamboat for Selma. We were detained at Selma, Ala., one day to secure transportation to Meridian, Miss., by rail. At Meridian we were detained several days for road repairs to Jackson, Miss. We traveled from Meridian, Miss., through Jackson to Crystal Springs through a desolate country, where lone chimneys, torn up railroads and burned bridges everywhere gave evidence of the ruthless destruction of public and private property by the enemy. At Crystal Springs the track had been torn up and railroad communication farther South closed. At Crystal Springs, the two sisters who had joined us at Richmond, to get to their home at Hazelhurst, secured private conveyance home. They were prudent ladies, and very kind and helpful to the children. We traveled in wagons from Crystal Springs to the mouth of Mink's Creek, below Rodney on the Mississippi River, where we were detained three days for a brigade of Confederate cavalry to cross before us. I think it was Ector's Cavalry. They finished swimming their horses between gunboats the third evening after our arrival. Major Matthews, having crossed the river, secured transportation and returned. We crossed that night in skiffs with muffled oars so as not to attract the attention of passing gunboats. As we landed the crash of the skiff upon the bank caused a passing gunboat to shell the boat, but we hastily placed the children and the valuables behind the levee and into wagons that were waiting for us and drove down the river, under protection of the levee, while they continued to shell the bank. We crossed Burne Bayou that night in a boat and spent part of the night at a hotel that was said to be frequented by Yankee officers, and they may have been there then for all we knew, for we left there before day in a covered wagon, though the sleet was falling thick and fast. After traveling about an hour, and when it was getting daylight, we were met by a detachment of Confederate cavalry. Never were blockade runners prouder to see the Confederate uniform on approaching cavalry than were our little band that morning. The cavalry escorted us to Tensas Bayou, which we crossed the third evening and deposited the children and tobacco boxes on a "Choctaw." That was what the man called a raft of logs that he had fastened together and which he moved from place to place by hooks and spikes on the ends of long poles. On that raft and others like it we traveled from Tenses Bayou to Monroe, La., as that was the only means of transportation in the overflowed bottom of the Mississippi River at that time. We had to change rafts several times to cross strips of land between the bayous. We had our last landing and abandoned our "Choctaw" eight miles from Monroe, where we were met by a government wagon and hauled to the city. There we remained one day and two nights to rest the children, rearrange their toilets and satisfy their hunger, for we had been on very short rations on the "Choctow." That was nothing new to Virginia soldiers, but it was very hard on the children. They endured it, however, as they had other hardships and dangers, with the courageous spirit of young Texans. We traveled by stage from Monroe to Shreveport over rough and muddy roads and swollen streams and finally arrived at Shreveport safely with our charge and felt a profound sense of relief when we saw the Confederate flag floating over the headquarters of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi. We were met by Colonel Guy M. Bryan of General Kirby Smith's staff, who welcomed us to the department. We were treated very kindly by officers and soldiers everywhere and were aided and protected by them at many points on our trip, for which we were all grateful.

* * *

Major Matthews and Captain Grinnan left us at Shreveport and preceded us to Marshall to deliver the money and stamps and take receipt for them, which they did. I regret that I have never seen nor heard of either of them since we parted at Marshall, for they were two as brave and prudent soldiers as ever defended the Confederate flag or dodged a Yankee picket or gunboat.

The next morning after our arrival at Shreveport, Colonel Guy M. Bryan accompanied me to General Kirby Smith's headquarters, where I delivered the sealed package to him in person. I do not know and may never know what it contained. The General granted me a furlough for thirty days and furnished me a good ambulance, team and driver, to convey the children to their destination in Grimes County, after we passed the Neches River, which had been very high. We passed Dr. Ephraim McDowell, old professor of the St. Louis Medical School, camping on his way West as a refugee. We rested one day with the children's uncle, Richard Reagan, in Rusk County, where John Reagan found

his Shetland pony his uncle had been keeping. John was a very happy boy when mounted on his pony for Anderson, where we finally arrived, safe and sound, and were met by Mrs. Nelms. the grandmother of the children, who received them as only a loving grandmother can receive the orphan children of a deceased daughter. There we parted with the children that I learned to love from long association and almost parental responsibility. I have never met any of them since, except John, who called on me while I was a member of the Legislature. But to resume, I spent one night at Anderson with the family of my deceased uncle, O. H. P. Hill, and traveled from there to Navasota by stage, and from Navasota to Brenham from Hempstead. As I entered the car at Navasota, Colonel John Ireland, afterwards Governor, who was a very sick man trying to get home, his noble wife accompanying him as faithful nurse. This was my first meeting with the man who afterwards Texas delighted to honor. I parted with Colonel Ireland and his wife at Brenham, then terminus of the Western Central Railroad, and traveled to my home at Webberville, Travis County, Texas, by stage, where I met my dear wife and three children, whom I had not seen since July, 1861. I remained with my family until my furlough expired and returned to Marshall by stage. On my return to Marshall, I found the army discharged and everything in confusion. I was ordered by Dr. John Starr, Postmaster General of the Trans-Mississippi Department, to take charge of the stage line from Marshall to Austin and protect the stage horses, so he could continue to send the mail and transport disabled soldiers West until the Federal authority demanded surrender and accept the best conditions he could make with them. He informed me that he intended to stand his ground until he surrendered everything in his possession to legally authorized Federal authorities and take a receipt for the same and make the best arrangements he could for mail service for his people in the future. He was a fearless and grand old man, who never flinched from duty or danger. Mr. Davis made no mistake in appointing him Postmaster General of the Trans-Mississippi Department. My first stop was at Tyler, Smith county, where I met Colonel O. M. Roberts, afterwards Governor, who had called a citizens' meeting in the Masonic lodge to devise means for the protection of the army stores at that place and save them to be issued to the returning soldiers and their widows and orphans. On that occasion I heard Governor O. M. Roberts make his first patriotic speech after the war, and his people were in full sympathy with him. I also stopped at Waco to arrange for the protection of Thebeck's stage horses who had the stage contract at that time. None of the stage horses were ever molested on that line so far as I know. From Waco I came to Webberville, my home, by stage. My orders closed two weeks after the disbanding of the army at Marshall. L. D. Hill.

The present Senator Arch Grinnan is the son of the above Captain Grinnan.

* * *

DR. HILL AS A WAR POET.

(Written at Warrenton, Virginia, by L. D. Hill, 1862.)

From the wounded young men of the Texas Brigade,
To the ladies who kindly have rendered them aid;
The Fourth Texas wounded especially claim,
Forever to honor and cherish their name.

The Warrenton wounded that our ladies have fed,
That have cared for living, and wept o'er the dead,
That decked the fresh grave with flowers anew;
In short, who did all that our sisters could do.

To see the fair maid as she stood by the grave,
Of one who had died his country to save,
Those eyes were not human that shed not a tear
When she whispered, "I wish his mother were here."

There is Miss Annie Norris and Miss Mollie Horner,
That forty-nine Texans will ne'er cease to honor;
And the three Jewish maidens—I know not each name—
On our memory and gratitude have not a less claim.

Other maidens and matrons have called in each day
To soften our pillows and gladden our stay,
'Till we feel among kindred and loved ones again,
And to part with such kindness will give us all pain.

When peace, lovely peace, to our nation shall come,
On the bright plains of Texas we each have a home,
Where a mother, a sister, or a wife now reside,
And we from that hour will be seen at her side.

Then should chance, change, or fortune induce you to roam
To that land of bright flowers, will you call at our home?
With all of our loved ones we will welcome you there,
And show you how grateful true Texans are.

L. D. Hill,
Asst. Surg. 4th Texas Regt., Hood's Brigade.

BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

General W. R. Hamby Draws Upon His Personal Rec collections and Writes an Account of Texas Brigade. Anniversary is Here—Forty-seven Years Ago this Battle Begun and Continued for Two Days with a Fierceness and Determination Seldom Equaled.

General W. R. Hamby, who served through the Civil War as a soldier in Hood's Texas Brigade, has written a very interesting account of the Texas Brigade at Manassas in recognition of the forty-seventh anniversary of this great battle, fought August 29 and 30, 1862. He says:

"Leaving Thoroughfare Gap early the morning of August 29, 1862, by a forced march, the Texas Brigade reached Manassas Plains about 10 o'clock that morning and at once formed line of battle on the right of the turnpike leading across Bull Run; Law's Brigade was on the left of the pike between the Texas Brigade and the right of Stonewall Jackson's corps, which occupied the line of an unfinished railroad in front of a portion of which was a deep cut. As the balance of Longstreet's corps arrived on the field they were placed to the right of the Texas Brigade, which made the Texas Brigade practically the center of General Lee's army.

"During the afternoon of the 28th and the morning of the 29th, Jackson's corps was hotly engaged with the Federal army and was largely outnumbered, and was in a critical situation when Longstreet's forces arrived upon the field. Some of his troops had exhausted their ammunition and were holding their position by hurling stones down upon the enemy; this was notably the case with the Louisiana Brigade. The Federal commander did not appear to realize the fact that Longstreet's corps had arrived, but was directing his entire attack upon Jackson. Several assaults had been made upon Jackson's front, all of which had been repulsed, but about the middle of the afternoon the Federals attempted to turn Jackson's right flank, but his action was anticipated by General Lee, who ordered the advance of a portion of Longstreet's corps. The plain along in front of the Texas Brigade afforded better opportunities for observation, hence the Texas Brigade was ordered as the column of direction and advanced on the charge with their usual vigor and alacrity, driving everything before them across fields, over creeks and through the woods, until they were overtaken by darkness over a mile from where they started. In these woods where it was so dark that friend could not be distinguished from foe and Federals and Confederates were mixed up indiscriminately for quite a while, resulting in many hand-to-hand combats. It was here that gallant Colonel Work, then in command of the First Texas, was struck over the head with a musket by a Federal soldier. Finally the lines were somewhat separated, when it was realized that the enemy were in strong forces on three sides of the Texans. After remaining in this position some hours, orders were issued and the Brigade quietly withdrew, carrying with them a number of prisoners and several stands of colors and re-occupied the same line they held before the charge was ordered.

"In speaking of this action, Colonel Walter H. Taylor, adjutant general upon the staff of General R. E. Lee, says: 'The fight was spirited, but the Federals gave way before the impetuous charge of the Texans, until Hood's line was a mile and a half advanced.'

"The morning of August 30th opened clear, bright and warm, but before the sun had set it was hot, hotter, hotter. The Confederate line was somewhat in the shape of a crescent. The forenoon of the 30th again witnessed some assaults on Jackson's line, but our artillery was used with admirable effect. Early in the afternoon of the 30th, a short distance to the left of the Texas Brigade, occurred one of the most brilliant artillery duels that was witnessed at any time during the war. Under the direction of General Stephen D. Lee, who was then a Colonel of artillery, some of our batteries charged probably 200 yards beyond the Confederate lines and fired so rapidly and with such acuracy they drove the Federal artillery within their reach from the field. Just then the Federals were making their third assault for the day upon Jackson's line, but when Stephen D. Lee's guns were turned upon them with such fearful havoc they staggered like the old guard at Waterloo and gave way in confusion. This was between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. It was then that a general advance of the entire Confederate line was ordered. The Texas Brigade, then composed of the First Texas, Fourth Texas, Fifth Texas, Eighteenth Georgia and Hampton's legion, advanced to the charge with their usual rebel yell, and

met the enemy just across an open field in the edge of the woods where they had met them the day previous. The Confederates were ill-fed, badly clothed, many of them barefooted and all of them footsore and weary from forced marches and almost constant fighting for the previous week or ten days, but their dust-covered, ragged gray clothing covered knightly souls and heroic hearts. Every soldier responded gallantly and nobly. Grandly and superbly their gray lines advanced with the cheers of victory ringing above the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. The charge was impetuous and irresistible. After the advance was ordered, General Longstreet sent for General Hood and instructed him not to move so far forward as to throw the Texas Brigade beyond the prompt support he had ordered, but when Hood reached the Brigade, although he was riding his horse at a gallop, they had crossed Young's branch about 400 yards south of the Chinn house, had captured a battery of artillery and practically annihilated the Fifth New York Zouaves.

"Orders were then issued for the Brigade to halt and adjust their alignment, but the enemy being in such strong force in front and on the left of the Texas Brigade, there was no time for the readjustment of the lines. General Hood says the line moved forward in a grand charge upon the high and open ground, driving the enemy at a rapid pace, and presenting one of the most beautiful battle scenes ever witnessed. It was here the Fifth Texas 'slipped the bridle' and rushed forward to the vicinity of Sudley ford in advance of the entire Confederate line, which swept steadily on, driving the Federals with great loss until darkness put an end to the battle.

"During the night the Federal army crossed Bull Run and was concentrated near Centerville, a few miles north of Bull Run. They were badly whipped and thoroughly demoralized, and but for the protecting shadows of darkness almost the entire army of General Pope would have been captured.

"The second battle of Manassas will go down in history as one of the great battles of modern times. In its results it was one of the greatest victories ever fought by General Lee's army. General Pope, the Federal commander, with an army of 70,000 men, was practically routed by General Lee, with only about 50,000 men. The loss to the Confederates in killed and wounded was about 7,000 men, while the Federal losses were more than 14,000 men, in addition to thirty pieces of artillery, 30,000 stands of muskets, a large amount of army stores and many flags. The action of the Texas Brigade in this great battle won for them renewed distinction, but the honor was bought at a great sacrifice, their losses being 627 killed and wounded, of which the Fifth Texas alone lost 239."

DIXIE.

(Tune—"Annie Laurie.")

O, Dixie's homes are bonnie,
And Dixie's hearts are true,
And 'twas down in dear old Dixie
Our life's first breath we drew.
And there at last we'd lie,
With all our own close by,
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'd lay us down and die.

No fairer land than Dixie's
Has ever seen the light,
No braver boys than Dixie's
To stand for Dixie's right;
With hearts so true and high,
With ne'er a moan or sigh,
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
To lay them down and die.

O, Dixie's vales are sunny,
And Dixie's hills are blue,
And Dixie's skies are bonnie,
And Dixie's daughters, too;
Angels of heaven fly,
Bright stars in Dixie's sky,
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'll lay us down and die.

No more upon the mountains,
No longer by the shore
The trumpet song of Dixie
Shall shake the world no more,
For Dixie's songs are o'er,
Her glory gone on high,
And the brave who bled for Dixie
Have laid them down to die.

MAJOR GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD.

GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD is a native of Mississippi, but came with his parents to Texas when he was a small boy and settled in Gonzales County, Texas, where he remained until the war between the States. He entered the service as Sergeant in Company I, Eighth Texas Cavalry, better known as the famous Terry Texas Rangers. By election of his comrades, he was successively promoted to Lieutenant and then to Captain of his company; later he became Major of his regiment. He participated in every battle and skirmish in which his regiment was engaged, until permanently disabled in 1864 by a wound which at first was thought to be mortal, but his indomitable will and courage saved his life, although he was confined to his bed for more than six months before he was able to walk. After the close of the war, although he was still on his crutches, he went to work to repair his broken and shattered fortunes with an energy and zeal that has ever characterized him in whatever he undertakes. He was first engaged in farming, then in merchandising, finally giving his whole time to the cattle business, in which he has amassed a very large fortune.

He became a citizen of Austin in 1882 and when the American National Bank was organized in 1890 he was elected President, and has ever since been the head of that institution.

Major Littlefield has been one of the most successful business men Texas has ever produced. He is a man of highest integrity and discharges faithfully and efficiently every duty that devolves upon him. Believing today, as he did in 1861, that the South was right, he has no apologies to offer for his brave and faithful service as a Confederate soldier and is as true and loyal to the memory of the war and to the traditions of the South as he was in his young manhood.

Major Littlefield is an honorary member of Hood's Texas Brigade and was an earnest and zealous member of the Monument Committee and one of the largest contributors to the monument fund and deserves the love and gratitude of every member of Hood's Texas Brigade.

Governor Colquitt, had he searched all Texas, could not have found a worthier man upon whom to let fall the mantle of Regent of the University of Texas than Major Littlefield. It goes without saying that he who has been so successful in every detail of his own affairs, until phenomenal height has been attained, will omit no opportunity to push our great University to first place among the best educational institutions of this or any other country. Major George W. Littlefield will be no second in the race where State pride and public spirit are concerned.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

(From *Houston Chronicle,* Jan. 19th, 1906.)

There is a legend which has long lived in tradition and been handed down from sire to son in lands beyond the sea that in the Holy City, where dwells the head of what many call the Mother Church, a young artist whose soul was aflame with religious fervor, and who felt within him the irrepressible aspiration of artistic genius, conceived the design of painting the head of the Crucified One.

With all his being attuned unto his lofty purpose he sought to find among the children of men some face whereon the Divine had written such lines of beauty that it might serve as a model wherefrom he might draw inspiration for the performance of his self-imposed and exalted task.

He sought amid the splendid palaces of the Eternal City, he went into the hovels of poverty, he studied the faces of the rich as they passed robed in purple and fine linen, and he peered into the hovels of the poor in their misery and rags.

He wandered where the rich clusters of grapes purpled in the summer sun and where the air was filled with the perfume of myriad roses, hoping to find in the vales or amid the mountains "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife" some child of poverty who perchance might fill the measure of his desire, but found he none, and, turning back to the city, weary and worn, and with yearnings unsatisfied, he threw himself prone upon the floor of his atelier and cried out in an agony of disappointment and despair, "There is none! There is none! There is no head of the Divine!"

No enthusiasm of admiration, no desire to pay deserved tribute to exalted, pre-eminent worth, would justify or excuse comparison of the finite with the infinite, the human with the divine, of any son of earth with Him "who was born at Bethlehem," but every life that by its nobility, unselfishness and lofty ideals and

achievements has ennobled and uplifted humanity has, consciously or unconsciously, drawn inspiration from the teachings and character of Him who was the ensample of every virtue and the embodiment of all righteousness, and he who draws nearest to the divine model and exemplar is first and greatest among the children of men.

Measured by every just standard of merit, human or divine, he who most nearly approximated in nobility, majesty, dignity, grandeur and purity of character to the Man of Galilee was born ninety-nine years ago today.

Living, Robert E. Lee challenged by his heroic, stainless, consecrated life the admiration of the world, and, dying left to humanity the heritage of an example of pure and lofty living, unswerving devotion to duty and self-consecration on the altar of conscience without precedent or parallel in human annals, and the historian of the future who seeks a model wherefrom to paint and portray the life and character of the South's great son will turn baffled from the search, as did the devoted dreamer who sought in vain a model wherefrom to paint the matchless features of his Lord whereon was stamped the impress of his Divinity.

A superb soldier, a supremely skillful commander, the valorous captain of a glorious host, the matchless leader of a matchless army, he thrilled the world with his achievements, yet the warrior who dared death on a hundred battlefields was so tender of heart that 'mid the battle's deadliest hail he restored to its parent nest a bird that had fallen to the ground which quivered with the battle's shock, and the hand that grasped the sword was gentle and tender in its touch, and the voice that rang in clarion tones on many a field of deadly strife oft rose to God in the soft and gentle tones of humble, fervent prayer.

Soldier, gentleman, Christian, he will stand in history without mate or model—the South's matchless contribution to the ages.

REUNION AT McGREGOR.

BY B. H. CARROLL, JR.

On August 16 there will gather at McGregor, Texas, a group of gray-haired men. The occasion will be the annual State reunion of Confederate veterans, and, though from all parts of the State the silver haired soldiers will gather, yet if all should be present there would be only a small group left of what was once an army.

Halting of step and slow will be the movements of these men.

Their voices are feeble, and did you not know you might not guess that in the lusty strength of adventurous youth those palsied limbs carried courageous hearts up battery-crested, death-crowned fortifications, and that the trembling voices of these aged men was then the full-throated cry of triumphant boyhood, uttering that glorious treble battle cry, the "rebel yell," that spread consternation wherever its terrible tenor lifted itself above the rattle of musketry and the crash of guns, while the men who uttered it were making the hostile hillsides blaze with the red battle flags of the Confederacy.

Many quiet years and some that were sad and bitter to proud hearts, have passed by since those days when these men left the boys who went out to war with them sleeping on the hilltops and in the valleys. But the boys who died then will be remembered by the men who yet live, and also there will be remembered the roster of those whom death has claimed each year until now the army is but a group and in a few more swift-flashing years will be but a memory.

Gray-clad men, pushed aside by the juggernaut wheel of commerce, almost forgotten in the busy din of mart and market place, grown chary of telling the undimmed experiences of the dead years, they yet find auditors in their grandchildren, blue-eyed lads and bonnie little girls, who climb upon the gnarled old knees to hear about Stonewall Jackson in the valley, and Lee in the Wilderness, and the fighting at Milliken's Bend, and the siege of Vicksburg, and the charge of the men that followed Pickett up Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg—and thus there is kept alive in young hearts the traditions of the courage and the valor of the Southland, and the glorious pride of race and country and achievement and love of the South blazes like a holy flame in the little hearts and kindles a never-dying altar fire of patriotism.

The circle is complete when the chubby arms of babyhood are clasped around the neck of grandpa and when the brave blue eyes of boyhood kindle at his stories.

There is now no tramp, tramp, tramp of boys

MAJOR GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD

TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

President American National Bank, Austin, Texas. Regent University of Texas.
Honorary Comrade of Hood's Texas Brigade. Member Hood's
Texas Brigade Monument Committee.

marching; there are steps that are heavy and slow, and the tattoo of the cane on the cement sidewalk is not like the rattle of the snare drums, and the dull copper luster of the bit of bronze medallion worn in the lapel is not like the glory of the gold and the gray; but that scrap of metal means more than the jeweled pendant or such orders as are the gift of kings; it means more than the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor; it means more than the yellow trinket of the Golden Fleece or the ebon enamel of the Black Eagle of Prussia, for it marks the men who made such a fight that all the world wondered, and for four long years held aloft by the sheer force of the bayonet and the sword a cause that was as hopeless as it was glorious.

LINCOLN--GRANT REPRESENTED AT THE SOUTHERN CLUB BANQUET BY SONS.

DICKINSON THE SPEAKER. ROBERT L. LINCOLN LOUDLY CHEERED WHEN HE RELATED AN INCIDENT WHICH OCCURRED AFTER SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

(*Associated Press Report.*)

Chicago, April 10.—With the son of Abraham Lincoln sitting on one side and the son of General U. S. Grant on the other, Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War and a former Confederate officer, sat in the place of honor at the banquet of the Southern Club of Chicago, held here tonight. These three listened to the mingled strains of "Dixie," "My Maryland" and "The Star Spangled Banner" and the cheering of more than 200 sons of the Southland.

Marked enthusiasm met the Secretary's words in praise and explanation of President Taft's attitude toward the South.

General Fred D. Grant also received great applause, but the demonstration of the evening was given to Robert T. Lincoln, the son of the martyred President.

"I was old enough at the time of the war to be a young officer, and I remember enough to recall several incidents correctly. I well remember the spirit in which the victory was accepted by the Southerner and held by the Northerner. Several of us were sitting on the porch of the McLean house where General Lee was confined, when some of Sheridan's scouts came dashing up, waving Confederate battle flags and shouting for Grant.

"They wished to show their enthusiasm in their victory. We dashed from the porch straight for the scouts.

" 'Back,' we shouted. 'General Lee is in that house,' and the scouts dropped their battle flags, turned their horses and dashed away. They would not have it appear that they were trying to humiliate Lee. They were true Americans.

"National wounds have been bound up with brotherly love—American brotherhood, which is shown here tonight and was shown during the recent centennial given in honor of my father's birth. It was a wonderful celebration, and I have been greatly affected by it, especially from the Eastern and Southerner demonstrators and the eloquence poured forth by men of the South, especially at Atlanta, the city destroyed during the war. No greater honor could have been done my father, and I am glad to thank you for it now."

DRANK TO LEE AND GRANT.

Son of U. S. Grant Proposed Toast at Hamilton Club Banquet.

(*Associated Press Report.*)

Chicago, April 10.—An impressive incident occurred at the Appomattox day banquet of the Hamilton Club late last night when General Frederick Dent Grant arose and called for a standing, silent toast to "Grant and Lee."

"There was begun at Appomattox," said General Grant, "the period of good understanding between the North and the South. I am glad to realize the consummation of the wish of my dear father, expressed for the final time in the last few hours of his life, that there would be ever an enduring peace between the North and the South."

The room was hushed to absolute stillness while every one arose and drank to the memory of the heroes of the Union and the Confederacy. Then, when the banqueters had settled down again, round after round of applause broke out, while the tiny American flags waved everywhere.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS' NAME RESTORED TO CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.

(*Associated Press Report.*)

Washington, April 6.—Today proposals were opened at the office of the engineer in charge of the Washington aqueduct for restoring the name of Jefferson Davis to the stone tablet on Cabin John Bridge, six miles west of the city, from which it was expunged during President Lincoln's administration. The name is to be restored in accordance with orders given by President Roosevelt on Washington's birthday, less than two weeks before he left the office of chief executive.

Although the amount of work to be done is comparatively small and the cost very little, yet it took considerable time to get the orders through the various channels to the officer directly in charge of the work, who at once went about completing the necessary details. The bridge is a high structure and considerable scaffolding has had to be erected where the mechanics will do their work. The restoration of Mr. Davis' name to the tablet will mark the culmination of many efforts with that object in view which, however, will finally be accomplished without the immediate appeal of any organization or individual, but by the direct orders of Mr. Roosevelt himself. An allotment of $150 was made for the work by the engineer's office. The specifications asking bids for the restoration of the name read as follows:

"Restoring the name of Jefferson Davis on the granite tablet on the west abutment of Cabin John's bridge by removing the entire face of the stone about five feet by eleven feet to a depth approximately one inch or sufficient to form a new, clean, smooth bushed surface and recutting the legend now upon the tablet with the addition of the name Jefferson Davis, as shown upon the rubbing with 'V' cut letters. The present ogee marginal border around the tablet is to be bushed to a clean bevel cut one and a half inches wide."

Two stone tablets are built in the bridge, one on either abutment (south face). One bears the inscription:

"Union Arch."

Chief Engineer, Captain Montgomery.

C. Meigs, U. S. Corps of Engineers.

Esto Perpetua.

The other:

Washington Aqueduct,

Begun A. D. 1853, President of the U. S.:

Franklin Pierce, Secretary of War.

——— Building A. D. 1861.

President of the U. S., Abraham Lincoln.

Secretary of War, Simon Cameron.

The blank space in the above description indicates the place formerly filled by Mr. Davis' name. Its absence from the tablet all these years has always stimulated curiosity on the part of sightseers who made inquiries as to why the space was blank and whose name, if any, had filled it. The presence of the name there, as an army officer pointed out today, will put Mr. Davis' name in the same category as the others now on the tablet, which, because of its comparatively inconspicuous position, will not attract the attention that it heretofore has and will relieve the ubiquitous guide of one of his subjects for comment and an object of interest to be pointed out to tourists.

It will probably take a workman two weeks to do the work required by the specifications. The use of the "V" shaped letters to be chiseled in the tablet is less expensive and less laborious than the square cut letters usually adopted, but at the same time they are now conspicuous.

THE NONDESCRIPT HEYBURN, OF IDAHO, HOWLS AT "DIXIE."

Heyburn orders the band to stop playing "Dixie." He waves his hand in Idaho and exclaims: "This is a Republican meeting; we want no such tunes here!" Music that comes "like the sweet South" arouses his rage. He hates everything that comes from the South except the darky delegates to Republican conventions. This is the same Heyburn who was found snarling at the heels of Lee when Virginia set up her majestic statue in the United States Capitol. It is the same Heyburn who has succeeded by constant effort in making for himself a distinct place as the pest of the Senate. He may stop his hired bands in Idaho; but Heyburn can no more stop "Dixie" than the old woman who brushed the beach with her broom could sweep back the sea.

Lee could get no farther than Gettysburg with his armies; but "Dixie" has marched on for forty years, conquering the North, annexing Canada and Mexico, and sweeping its way through Europe. It makes China hum and India pat its foot. Japan is its ally and all Africa its possession. Wherever the blood of

man bounds to martial music there "Dixie" sings its stirring strains. It will live long after the bloody shirt has vanished and the mouthiest Heyburn is dead. Long ago it ceased to be the air of a section and took its place among the hymns of the nation. No medley of patriotic airs is complete without it. Like the "Marseillaise," it not only recalls glorious memories and historic deeds, but its notes stir the blood and sound forth like the trumpet call of battle.

"Dixie" will not die. Whole legions of Heyburns cannot drown its martial notes. It has become a part of the music of nations and, let us hope, also of the spheres; and if the good things of earth are preserved in the hereafter, Heyburn may find himself greeted when he reaches the heavenly shore by a celestial band playing in its most effective style the tune he hates so much. We trust before that time he may have become reconstructed and reconciled, so that he may not turn his back on Paradise because "Dixie" is in the musical repertoire.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A BRAVE AND FEARLESS UNION SOLDIER CONCERNING THE LEE STATUE.

BY GEORGE C. ROUND, MANASSAS, VA.

(The Philadelphia Press of September 22, 1910, contained this article. It was published at a time for distribution at the Atlantic City Encampment G. A. R. In a personal letter to the Press the author wrote: "I am a native of Kingston, Luzerne County, Pa., was four and a half years in the Union Army, and was commissioned by President Lincoln in the signal corps in 1864. At the end of the war I was General Sherman's signal officer at Raleigh, N. C.")

WHAT WOULD LINCOLN AND GRANT SAY?

Comrades of the National Encampment: I believe it would be a stupendous blunder to make a deliverance against the Lee statue at Atlantic City. For four and a half years I served as a soldier under Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant, and I believe that were they alive today they would rejoice with me in such a restoration of the Union, as is indicated by the presence of the statue of that illustrious leader of men in the Capitol of the nation. In this connection I submit the following propositions for your consideration: Every inch General Lee is raised on the pedestal of fame raises Grant and the Army of the Potomac, which overcame him in honorable battle. We cannot afford for our own reputation to minimize either the character or leadership of Lee. We can afford to be both magnanimous and just. The war of 1861-65 was no ordinary rebellion. It was more than a civil war. It was the mightiest conflict in the tide of time. It decided the character and organic structure of the imperial republic which will rule the world for a thousand years. Theodore Roosevelt has given it the best name yet. He calls it "The Great War."

The Grand Army cannot afford to judge Robert E. Lee as it would the ringleader of a street riot. The Confederacy put up the most effective war against the United States ever waged in the history of mankind. For four years it was a belligerent nation, recognized as such by the world. There is no previous record in the world's annals of the complete overthrow of such a military power. That we finally accomplished it is the great credit we claim for the Grand Army of the Republic. The statue of Lee in Confederate uniform in the national Capitol is not only a perpetual testimony to his personal character and leadership, but still more does it bear eternal witness to the valor and leadership of the armies of the Union.

It is true that charges of treason were made in 1861 against those who would not acquiesce in the election of Abraham Lincoln. The whole question, however, by its tremendous magnitude was taken out of the jurisdiction of courts of law and carried to the "Court of Last Resort." You and I and 3,000,000 more from both North and South (only 600,000, all told, from the South) were judges, and all of us did our best to bring about a righteous judgment. On the 9th of April, 1865, a decree was entered, in which the President of the Court, Abraham Lincoln, the prosecuting attorney, Ulysses S. Grant, and all the arbitrators on both sides unanimously concurred. I submit that the parole of General Lee and his soldiers at Appomattox had the effect of condoning and cancelling any offenses they were held to have previously committed against the United States.

Four and a half decades have passed since then. Let us cheerfully abide the decision in the famous "Trial by Battle."

In 1870 President Grant, with the approval of Congress, readmitted Virginia into the

American Union, with all the rights to which any State is entitled. The President, the Congressmen and the whole nation knew that Lee was the idol of Virginia. What has happened is exactly what every thoughtful comrade must have anticipated. The governments of the Southern States were turned over to those who fought against us. General Lee's officers and soldiers have for forty years by the hundreds sat in Congress and made laws for us. The statute made in 1864 clearly gives Virginia the right to choose her own heroes. Why should we draw the line on Lee, the best of them all? Let us abide by the law.

What can we count on as the assured results of "The Great War?" An indestructible Union, universal liberty, universal education. Some of my good comrades find fault with General Lee because he did not apply for the removal of his disabilities established by the fourteenth amendment. To my mind his course after the war was honorable in the highest degree and will be to his everlasting credit. There is not on record a single action or word which indicates bitterness or hostility against the United States. He did not retire sullenly to private life. He carefully abstained from politics, acquiesced quietly in the immediate results of the war, and then went ardently at work to begin to bring about their legitimate sequence, universal and public education.

Since 1868 I have been a citizen of Virginia. As a minor school official I have given much of my leisure time to the establishment and maintenance of the public school system provided for in the Constitution of 1869. It is the rapid and marvelous growth of this system which, in my opinion, constitutes the hope of a true union of sentiment and feeling, a real liberty of thought and action, and a genuine reconstruction of the great republic founded by Washington and preserved under the blessing of God by Abraham Lincoln.

The personal counsels and example of Robert E. Lee as an instructor of youth contributed powerfully to the inauguration of this greatest result of "The Great War." I have had unusual opportunities to form an opinion of his character and life not only from his own soldiers, but from Union men of intelligence, and particularly from his neighbor, Rev. William H. Huffner, with whom, as Virginia's first Superintendent of Public Instruction, I was on terms of intimacy. It was at General Lee's instance and on his personal recommendation that Dr. Huffner undertook the great work of his life. This was the only case where General Lee gave the weight of his influence in favor of any individual for public office, and his reason for this was because of the supreme necessity for the education of his people, who had been deprived of school privileges during the war.

Finally, comrades, I will add that I can come to but one conclusion, and that is that the guiding principle of General Lee's life was his great saying: "Duty is the sublimest word in human language."

ELEVATED ABOVE THE EARTHY.

FATHER RYAN NOT A CANDIDATE.

While States have been balloting lately as to who of their great men should adorn the Hall of Fame, John Brown of Osawatomie received sixteen votes and Father Ryan two, whereupon the Mobile Register and Houston Post tell in language well worth preserving how indestructible is the life and character of Father Ryan and how time can never efface his memory.

(*From the Mobile Register.*)

Observing that Father Abram Joseph Ryan, the poet priest of the Confederacy, had received two votes for a niche in the Hall of Fame, whereas John Brown of Osawatomie received sixteen, the *Houston Post*, while not doubting that John Brown will ultimately have his name inscribed in that temple, trusts that hereafter nobody will ever cast another vote for "the sweet-souled author of 'The Conquered Banner.'" The *Post* believes that his name does not belong there; that it does not belong anywhere on this earth save in the hearts that grieve over the tear-wet graves of the South's soldier dead.

Then follows one of the most beautiful tributes that has ever been paid to the poet priest by a Southern newspaper:

"So far as this world is concerned, the poet priest was not of it and his name does not belong upon its scrolls of fame. His life brought no message to the striving hosts of mankind. His voice was not heard in the tumult and confusion of this life. His spirit rarely loitered where glory reveled or triumph reigned. The Hall of Fame is for the names of the great, the powerful, the achievers of wonders, the leaders of the race, those who spoke to all generations in tones of authority, the makers of imperishable history. Surely the name of Abram J. Ryan would be out of place among these.

"It belongs only in the South where his humble work was performed, where his gentle heart broke amid the sorrow and despair of his people, where there were stricken souls to comfort and suffering bodies to relieve, where his soul,

so full of pity, could pour its balm upon the wounds of his prostrate country.

"Some day perhaps the South will rear a monument to his memory, but even if that shall fail, his songs will echo in Southern hearts so long as we remember the deeds of the boys in gray. His silent figure, moving about the battlefield ministering to fallen paladins, can never fade from the South's memory so long as history proclaims what our heroes did, and later in the dreadful fever epidemics he made new claims upon our gratitude that can not perish until all that is great and glorious in Southern achievements lies buried under the dust of ages.

"So let the Hall of Fame proclaim the achievements of the great and leave the name of the poet priest to the South. We shall cherish it so long as memories of the Lost Cause thrill within us. After that it will not matter The Preserver of such Fame as Abram Joseph Ryan achieved has already inscribed his name where it belongs and where Time can never efface it.

"Upon the indestructible walls of God's own temple, upon the purple hills of the Eternal City, his name is written in letters of living light and there it will gleam in the glory of the unsetting suns of the vast forever."

The Register desires to call to the attention of the *Houston Post* that such a monument as it proposes is already in sight, and that the Register for several years has been engaged in soliciting small subscriptions throughout the South, with the object of placing a permanent memorial of Father Ryan in Mobile. The subscriptions were made small so as to enable the largest possible number of Southerners to participate in the work. As a matter of fact, the fund obtained, now over $2,400, represents for the most part 10-cent subscriptions given by the people of Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and Louisiana, with occasional larger donations from Confederate Veteran camps, Daughters of the Confederacy chapters and individuals in other Southern States.

It is fitting that the Register should have undertaken the work, because it was in Mobile that the poet priest ministered after the war and practically closed his ministerial career, his death occurring at Louisville where he had entered a spiritual retreat to commence what was his most ambitious literary effort, a "Life of Christ." Some of his most virile poems were written in Mobile, and he was long identified with this city as a pulpit orator and lecturer, and ministered to the sick of all denominations during two epidemics of yellow fever in Mobile. This city is, therefore, the place for his monument, and there is promise that a suitable monument will shortly be erected. The Houston Post can aid greatly in the work and the Register will be glad to have its assistance, as it will appreciate the co-operation of other Southern newspapers.

While greatest efforts were being made a few years ago to relegate the Confederate soldier to obscurity, and Alabama was having an experience of her own, a native Alabama poet told what would happen, as follows:

WHEN WILL THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER BE FORGOTTEN?

When the lion eats grass like an ox
And the galnipper swallows the whale,
When the terrapins knit woolen socks
And the hare is outrun by the snail.

When serpents walk upright like men
And doodle bugs travel like frogs,
When grasshoppers feed on the hen
And feathers are found on the hogs.

When Thomas cats swim in the air
When elephants roost upon trees,
When insects in summer are rare
And snuff never makes people sneeze.

When fish creep over dry land
And mules on bicycles ride,
When foxes lay eggs in the sand
And women in dress take no pride.

When Dutchmen no longer drink beer
And girls get to preaching on time,
And billy goats butt from the rear,
And treason is no longer a crime.

When the humming bird brays like an ass
And limburger smells like cologne,
When plowshares are made out of glass
And the hearts of Alabamians are stone.

When ideas grow on goldbugs' heads
And wool on the hydraulic ram,
Then the Confederate soldier will be dead
And the country won't be worth a d—n.

WONDERFULLY TRUE AND CANDID ADDRESS TO G. A. R. VETERANS.

BY DR. R. S. WARD (CO. C, MORGAN'S SQUADRON), CLARKSON, KY.

(Accepting an invitation to address Union veterans of the local Post, Dr. Ward, after formal introductory remarks, made this address.)

How different the return home of the Federal soldier to the Confederate! The former with flying colors marched home to the sound of martial music to receive the plaudits of his people. The Confederate soldier, paroled in Virginia, a thousand miles or more from home, barefooted and ragged and without a dollar in his pocket, walked through a desolated country to where was once his home, but now a pile of ashes. He did not sit in the ashes and give up in despair, but sprang with the same alacrity to restore the waste places and rebuild his home and section that he did to arms to protect his land from spoilation.

What the Confederate soldier achieved in war without pay and even without sufficient clothing or food he has excelled in peace. He had withstood the mightiest army ever marshaled for four long years. The time is now fast approaching when the world will give full meed of praise to the courage, fortitude, and devotion of the Confederate soldier. Our flag went down, but without a stain.

Nearly two hundred years after the discovery of this continent there came to the bleak shores of New England a colony of men calling themselves the Pilgrim Fathers, or Puritans. They came, they said, seeking religious liberty and freedom from persecution, but in course of time as they grew strong they grew bigoted and intolerant. They persecuted other religious bodies and drove them out of the colony; they burned innocent men and women, and little children as witches. The descendants of these witch burners are the same men who many years after attempted to set up a moral standard for the balance of the world. They passed what are known as the "blue laws," some of which were the most absurd imaginable, among which was one that a man was not allowed to kiss his wife on Sunday and many others as ridiculous. Not many years afterwards a ship sailed for Africa and kidnapped a shipload of natives, and this was the first link in the chain of events which brought on the most stupendous war since the dawn of time. It drenched this continent in fratricidal blood, and the end is not yet. The negro is still a menace to our civilization. I am no apologist for slavery; but Northern men commanding Northern ships introduced slavery into this country, and after trying slave labor and finding it unprofitable sold the slaves to the South, and then held up holy hands in horror at the enormity of slavery. The State of Georgia held a State convention to protest against the importation of slaves: but after the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, who, by the way, was not the inventor of the gin, Joseph Watson antedating Whitney by several years, the culture of cotton became profitable and the slave trade was acquiesced in. At this point I will state that the first steamboat ever operated was by Judge Longstreet, father of Confederate General Longstreet. Anæsthesia was discovered by Dr. Crawford W. Long of Georgia, and the first sewing machine was invented by a Mr. Goulding.

In the course of time there sprang up an abolition party in the North with the sole object of freeing the slaves of the South, notwithstanding the Constitution recognized slaves as property. The abolitionist said: "The Constitution is in league with hell and a covenant with the devil, and slavery should be abolished."

Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was an infamous slander upon the people of the South, and John Helper wrote a volume entitled "The Irrepressible Conflict." While there were many books written against the South, the two mentioned inflamed the Northern mind more than any others. In 1858 Lincoln ran against Douglas for the United States Senate, and in a speech at Freeport, Ill., he made the staement that this country could not exist half free and half slave; that it must be all free or all slave. About this time John Brown, with some other fanatics, seized Harper's Ferry and tried to incite a servile insurrection and murder the men, women and children of the South. In 1860 Lincoln was elected President by the Northern people on a sectional platform, not getting the electoral vote of a single Southern State.

Many people said the South was too hasty; they ought to have waited for an overt act What were the speech of Lincoln, the books of Mrs. Stowe and Helper, and the John Brown raid? The South struck at the only time it could before its hands were tied, and it struck a knightly blow! No people since the dawn of time ever made a more heroic, self-sacrificing effort than the Confederates. They had an

army and navy to organize and to equip throughout, the machinery of government to put in motion, and all this without money. All this was done and the most gigantic war of all times carried on for nearly fifteen hundred days. We had great men, good men, Christian men who, believing we were right, gave their lifeblood freely in defense of their homes, their wives, and their children. No people ever fought more bravely or sacrificed more; and when the war closed, they had nothing but God above and the earth below.

The Federal government mustered into service 2,800,000, besides 34,000 seamen; the South mustered 600,000 all told. You matched us man for man and then had 2,200,000 more. What men could do we did, but the odds were too great and we were overwhelmed. There were 200,000 Germans, 200.000 negroes, and 400,000 men of the Southern States against us.

Well, Appomattox came and with it came the end of the war. These disasters were followed by a reign of terror worse than war. It was the carpetbaggers' era. The white people, the soldiers who defended their homes and firesides, were disfranchised and their former slaves were given the ballot. It was said this was done to punish them—punish them for what? Men who would not fight under such circumstances would be despicable.

Sherman went with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other and devastated a district forty miles wide and three hundred miles long, and only the great God of heaven will ever know the awful fate of hundreds of women and children in that area at that time. Everything —cattle, hogs, sheep, mules and horses that could not be used—was wantonly shot down. Young ladies were found picking up grains of corn where Sherman fed his horses out of the filth, washing and boiling it to eat. It was the best they could do. But, thank God, that desert blossoms now, and no other country is so prosperous as is the South. Last year the South produced eight billion dollars' worth of commercial products, eight thousand millions, a sum almost too stupendous to contemplate.

I have referred to the days of Reconstruction. If it had been left to the gallant fellows who faced us on so many bloody fields, we would have been spared such horrors, for "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring;" but it was the politicians of the Thad Stevens type who were too cowardly to fight but persecuted us after we were down.

You had good men, brave men, and a lot of them; you had some good generals, but we had better. Towering far above all others stood Robert E. Lee, a man pure and without reproach. He had all the elements of greatness; he was a Christian, and the world has not known a greater soldier. "God made only one of him, and that was enough since Christ." General Grant's memory will always find a warm place in every Confederate heart; for when the authorities at Washington threatened to arrest General Lee, General Grant prevented it.

I cannot close my address without paying a tribute to the faithfulness and loyalty of the slaves. There was a bond of sympathy and affection existing between master and slave that was sublime. I had a happy childhood. I had no young brothers and sisters, and my childhood playmates were slaves. We played, hunted and fished together, and a happy, joyous life we had. Good slaves were rarely ever punished. Now and then you would find a cruel master, as now cruel, brutal, drunken husbands who abuse their children and whip their wives. If they were the unhappy, discontented people they were pictured, why did they not rise when their masters were in the army? Instead they toiled patiently to keep us in food and took loving care of the women and children left to their care. I love the memory of old slave times; I love the old family slaves as I do my own kindred. The South is going to raise a monument, towering high above the earth, to their memory.

The pleasantest part of my address is to pay due tribute to the women of the South. I wish that I had a poet's fancy or that I could wield a painter's brush that I might paint in glowing words or colors the glorious women of the South. God bless the living and hallow the memory of the dead! The South will ne'er forget their patience, their sympathy, their gentle, loving loyalty to the Southern cause. They took the costly wraps that they could not replace from their fair shoulders and made shirts for the boys in gray; they took the carpets from their floors and made blankets for them; they took the bells from their churches and cast them into cannon. They were of more than Spartan mold; they were the daughters of the Cavaliers who rode with Spottswood round the land and Raleigh round the seas. Their type can flourish nowhere so well as in Dixie. Glorious as an angel's dream, pure in mind and thought as vestal virgins! God bless the women of the South!

General Robert E. Lee is Dead.

The soldier in blue and soldier in gray will today mingle their tears over the dead hero. To the one a brave and loving leader—to the other an honored and an honest foe. Both will together sing in tones of solemn chant over the bier of the dead General the Christian requiem *requiescat in pace.* When affection weeps for the dead it pauses not to recount his honors or to exhibit the medals and decorations that testified to his worth. The life and services of General Lee—that which he did for the cause in which he fought, are not themes for today's reflection. It is not the hero we mourn, it is the friend we lament. When the sorrow-stricken Apostles rose betimes to weep at the sepulchre it was not the crucified King for whom they mourned; it was the dead master and friend they lamented. They sought not the Messiah from whom they expected glory, but the man who sympathized in their afflictions and mourned when they suffered.

In Memory of the Death of Robert E. Lee.

Lee is dead! The soldier rests. When the loved Apostle, grown venerable with the winters of a century, lay entranced on the Isle of Patmos, he heard a voice saying, "Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors." When the clouds of night hung like a funeral pall over the bloody field of Chancellorville—when the shrieks of the wounded and dying rose like a mad tumult—when the plunging horses, the screeching shell, the rattling musketry and the sullen boom of the cannon joined in terror and destruction to the advancing hosts, the dying general murmured from between his quivering lips the invitation, "Let us cross the river and rest beneath the shade of the trees." He crossed then and rested on the green banks and beneath the waving trees that grow on the other side of that dark river. Thither Lee has gone to join him who was on earth always first in the advance. Who is there that can describe the meeting of these Christian soldiers in that bivouac of the dead, where the spirits of the brave do rest from their labors? As the angelic convoy which, like a guard of honor, escorted the spirit of the dead Lee from earth to Heaven, descend from the bright clouds that hung over the murky river to its shores of emerald green and open ranks for the passage of their honored guest, the beatified spirits of Jackson, Sidney Johnston, Tom Green and Sidney Sherman advance to welcome their old commander, and all that celestial company award him the place of honor, while all around, marshaled on the green in companies, regiments and battalions, sit the mighty men of valor who poured out their blood and gave their lives a willing sacrifice on the gory fields of Northern Virginia. No more shall the booming cannon disturb their councils. The rattling drum, the ear-piercing fife and the soul-inspiring bugle, give place to the melodious music of Heaven's orchestra. The sword that once carved destruction and death amid the slaughter of a battlefield is transformed to the cross of the Christian's triumph, and is now reared above that flowery lawn on which the spirits of Lee and his followers do rest from their labors.

And of all that mighty host not one will be unknown to or forgotten by its General. As on earth he watched over the humblest soldier that stood sentinel on the outposts, so there will he, in the spirit land, be his companion, friend and counselor. Fathers, mothers, sisters, widows, weep if you will for the General that led your sons where the dread artillery plowed through their ranks and left you sonless, brotherless, husbandless.

But rejoice and be exceeding glad that their old chief will be their friend and their leader in their progress toward that perfect bliss which is their eternal future. Into that blessed company to which the Christian General has gone you will soon follow, and although among the countless thousands that moulder in the trenches of Northern Virginia you cannot recognize the dust of your loved dead, remember and be comforted, for there you will know his spirit, and with him see

the spirits of Lee and of Washington, who together enjoy an eternal rest. Although those green fields are fields of peace, think you not that the eye will sparkle as the spirit of Lee shall tell that your loved boy when he stood beside the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, Chancellorville, or Gettysburg, did a man's duty and died as a man should die. When the spirit of Lee shall tell you this you will feel that it was sweet to die for one'country, for the brave do rest from their labors.

Charge of Hood's Texas Brigade.

LEE AT THE WILDERNESS.

'Twas a terrible moment!
The blood and the rout!
His great bosom shook
With an awful doubt.
Confusion in front,
And a pause in the cries;
And a darkness like night
Passed over our skies:
There were tears in the eyes
Of General Lee.

As the blue-clad lines
Swept fearfully near,
There was wavering yonder,
And a break in the cheer
Of our columns unsteady;
But, "WE ARE HERE! *We* are ready
With rifle and blade,"
Cried the Texas Brigade
To General Lee.

He smiled—it meant death,
That wonderful smile;
It leaped like a flame
Down each close-set file;
And we stormed to the front
With a long, loud cry—
We had long ago learned
How to charge, and to die.
There was faith in the eye
Of General Lee.

But a sudden pause came,
As we dashed on the foe,
And our seething columns
Swayed to and fro:
Cold grew our blood,
Glowing like wine,
And a quick, sharp whisper
Shot over our line,
As our ranks opened wide—
And there by our side
Rode General Lee.

How grandly he rode!
With his eyes on fire,
As his great bosom shook
With an awful desire!
But, "Back to the rear!
Till you ride to the rear,
We will not do battle
With gun or with blade!"
Cried the Texas Brigade
To General Lee.

And so he rode back;
And our terrible yell
Stormed up to the front;
And the fierce, wild swell,
And the roar and the rattle,
Swept into the battle
From General Lee.

I felt my foot slip
In the gathering fray—
I looked, and my brother
Lay dead in my way.
I paused but one moment
To draw him aside:
Ah, the gash in his bosom
Was bloody and wide!
But he smiled, for he died
For General Lee.

Christ! 'twas maddening work;
But the work was done,
And a few came back
When the hour was won.
Let it glow in the peerless
Records of the fearless—
The charge that was made
By the Texas Brigade
For General Lee.

"After Life's Fitful Fever He Sleeps Well."

October 18, 1870.

—Galveston News.

OUR CHIEFTAIN.

(By Elizabeth J. Hereford.)

They say thou art forgotten,
Chief of the great Southland;
That thy people's vows are naught
But ropes of frail sea sand—

Or like the web the spider weaves
In one short summer day,
Blown here and there by passing winds,
And swept by storms away.

Believe it not; our hearts are true,
Thy name can never die
While yet one flower drinks the dew
Beneath the Southern sky.

Forget thee, never! while one ray
Of sunlight from the blue
Falls earthward on the graves where lie
Our soldiers brave and true.

Ah! in the dim hours of the day,
The silence of the nights,
We seem to see the troops in gray
Sweep down from off the heights.

And shadowy forms by riverside,
And on fierce battle plain,
Once more our gallant soldiers ride,
Our vessels speed the main.

Our bugle notes sound once again
Adown the valleys wide,
The beat of drum, the clash of steel,
We hear on every side.

Alas, the conquered banner
Waves but in shadowy dreams,
Our armies grand are phantoms
That ford the flowing streams.

Still we, with souls undaunted,
Will sing our martial lays,
And tell the coming ages
The glory of those days.

And all about the sepulchers,
The graves of our defeat,
Will poesy the pathways tread
And gather garlands sweet—

Garlands that may not wither,
Of names that can not die
While yet one flower drinks the dew
Beneath the Southern sky.

Then, chieftain of the Southland,
Proud heart, be of good cheer;
Thy people's prayers for thee arise,
Thy memory they hold most dear.

We'll ne'er forget thee while one spot
Remains where blood was shed,
One memory in our lives is left
Of our dear rebel dead.

1807—ROBERT E. LEE—1908

(*Houston Chronicle.*)

One hundred and one years ago there was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, a child who was destined to stand forever among those whom men acclaim great.

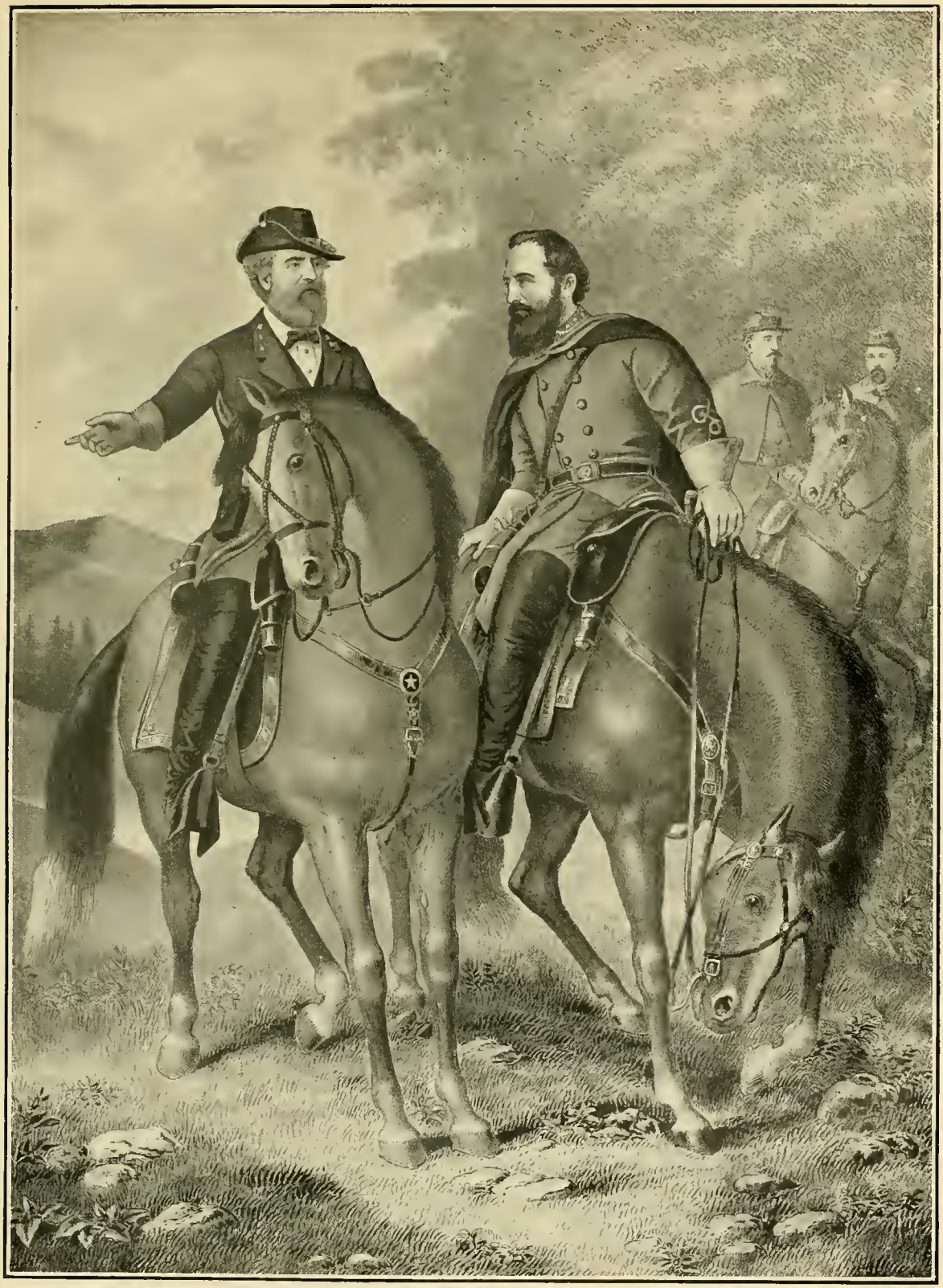
He was descended from an illustrious ancestry, and was the proud scion of a knightly race of gentlemen and soldiers. His fame now is fixed beyond all detraction, and men of every land and every political faith are proud to do honor to his memory.

The author of a recent "Life of Robert Edward Lee" pays him this splendid tribute, and it would be useless to attempt to say anything to surpass it:—

"It is the fiery furnace of adversity, seven times heated, which constitutes the final and irrevocable criterion of ideal greatness, and estimated by this standard of determination, Lee is the sovereign hero of all the ages. * * *

"No rational mind for a moment questions the surpassing soldierly greatness of Lee. Eulogy cannot add to its luster, detraction cannot impair it, even malice and envy have ceased to assail his pre-eminence.

"We have striven to portray the man in these several enduring and exalted relations ordained of God which reveal in its richest fullness or its intensest significance the inner life of the human spirit; in other words, Lee as a husband, as a father, as a gentleman, as a Christian; Lee at his own fireside, at his family altar, in the house of prayer; Lee watching with tender and



LAST MEETING BETWEEN GEN. ROBERT E. LEE AND STONEWALL JACKSON

unfailing care his honored wife, the Mary Custis of his dawning manhood, commemorating their wedding day amid the carnage that marked the long-drawn siege of Petersburg; Lee avowing his purpose never to abandon the South in the hour of her calamity unless driven into exile; Lee refusing emoluments, dignities, the allurements of corporate wealth, that he might devote his powers to repairing the waste places. Such is the character that we have endeavored to portray."

This tribute was as eloquent as it is true.

The South will never fail to commemorate the anniversary of his birth.

In some far off day, when Fame shall rear her Pantheon and bid each nation of the earth bring the image of that son who in grandeur of character and glory of achievement stands pre-eminent in her annals, the South will come bringing her Lee, and will bid Fame match him if she can.

HOW A GREAT MAN MET DEATH.

(*Houston Chronicle.*)

Whatever concerns a truly great man in his life or his death is always of interest to the historian and the reader, because when the events in the history of nations are analyzed, to trace their causes and study their results, it will be found they are the fruits of the efforts of men who stood above their fellows and left their impress upon their generation.

Greatness is a relative term, but there is to be found now and then along the pathway of centuries some man who in the field of invention, of science, of statesmanship, of art or of war, stands in such towering pre-eminence that he is a world figure upon which immortality has put its seal.

Stonewall Jackson was such a man. His career is without precedent in the annals of human achievement. He was a rare, unique, wonderful character. His case demonstrated with clearness that greatness of the highest order often waits upon and only needs opportunity to manifest itself in enduring power.

He was an almost unknown professor cloistered in the Virginia Military Institute when in May, 1861, he entered the Confederate army, and in less than two years he belted the world with his glory and left to posterity the heritage of the fame of one of the greatest commanders of ancient or modern times, and a simple, earnest, devoted Christian soldier and gentleman.

How such a man met death cannot fail to be of interest to every man or woman capable of admiring true greatness and beauty of life and character. The story has often been told, but never so accurately, simply and with such tenderness and pathos as by Dr. Hunter McGuire, who was medical director of Jackson's corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Dr. McGuire was with him from a short time after he was wounded until he sank into the sleep eternal.

In a most valuable work recently issued, entitled "The Confederate Cause and Conduct in the War Between the States," by Dr. McGuire and the Hon. George L. Christian, chairman of the history committee of the United Confederate Veterans, appears an address on Stonewall Jackson by Dr. McGuire, and the last chapter of the book is the wounding and death of Jackson, as told by Dr. McGuire, who was one of the most distinguished of American physicians and surgeons, and who died only a few years ago.

When told by his wife that he would die during the day, he said: "Very good. Very good; it is all right." When Colonel Pendleton came into the room, he asked him who is preaching at headquarters today, and when told that the whole army was praying for him, he said: "Thank God. They are very kind. It is the Lord's day. My wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday." When offered some brandy and water, he declined it, saying, "It will only delay my departure, and do me no good. I want to preserve my mind, if possible, to the last."

When told that he had but two hours to live, he answered firmly: "Very good. It is all right." A few minutes before he died he cried out in his delirium, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front rapidly! Tell Major Hanks—" then stopped.

His mind was still with his matchless corps. He was still leading his dauntless legions—the gray battalions were in that last hour defiling before him.

The watchers by that dying couch stood in silence, waiting to see if he would speak again. He did speak, and it must have been that with the eye of unfailing faith he caught a vision of the joys reserved for the redeemed, and upon his ears must have fallen the murmur of that crystal river, which, flowing amid groves and bowers of eternal beauty, "maketh glad the city of God," for Dr. McGuire says:—

"Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly, and with an expression as of relief, 'Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees,' and then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed from earth to the God who gave it."

Beautiful ending of a noble life! Fit passing of a majestic soul!

Blessed is the land which could bring forth a son who could so live and so die!

THE LEE MEMORIAL ODE.

(By James Barron Hope.)

"Great Mother of Great Commonwealths"
Men call our mother state,
And she so well has earned this name
That she may challenge fate,
To snatch away the epithet,
Long given her of "great."

First of all, old England's outposts,
To stand fast upon these shores;
Soon she brought a mighty harvest
To a people's threshing floors,
And more than golden grain was piled
Within her ample doors.

Behind her stormy sunrise shore
Her shadow fell vast and long,
And her mighty admiral, English Smith,
Heads a prodigious throng
Of as mighty men from Raleigh down
As ever arose in song.

Her names are the shining arrows
Which her ancient quiver bears,
And their splendid sheaf has thickened
Through the long march of the years,
While her great shield has been burnished
By her children's blood and tears.

Yet it is true, my countrymen,
We are rich in names and blood,
And red have been the blossoms
From the first colonial bud,
While her names have blazed as meteors
By many a field and flood.

And as some flood tumultuous
In sounding billows rolled
Gives back the evening's glories
In a wealth of blazing gold;
So does the present from its waves
Reflect the lights of old.

Our history is a shining sea
Locked in by lofty land,
And its great Pillars of Hercules,
Above the shining sand,
I here behold in majesty
Uprising on each hand.

These pillars of our history
In fame forever young,
Are known in every latitude
And named in every tongue,
And down through all the ages
Their glory shall be sung.

The Father of His Country
Stands above that shut-in sea,
A glorious symbol to the world
Of all that's great and free;
And today Virginia matches him—
And matches him with Lee.

II.

Who shall blame the social order
Which gave us men as great as these?
Who condemn the soil of t' forest
Which brings forth gigantic trees?
Who presume to doubt that Providence
Shapes out our destinies?

Fore-ordained and long maturing
Came the famous men of old,
In the dark mines deep were driven
Down the shafts to reach the gold,
And the story is far longer
Than the histories have told.

From Bacon down to Washington
The generations passed;
Great events and moving causes
Were in seried order massed:
Berkeley well was first confronted
Better George the king at last.

From the time of that stern ruler
To our familiar days
Long the pathway we have trodden,
Hard, and devious were its ways
Till at last there came the second
Mightier revolution's blaze.

Till at last there broke the tempest
Like a cyclone on the sea,
When the lightnings blazed and dazzled
And the thunders were set free,
And riding on that whirlwind came
Majestic Robert Lee.

Who—again I ask the question—
Who may challenge in debate
With any show of truthfulness
Our former social state,
Which brought forth more than heroes
In their lives supremely great?

Not Peter, the wild crusader,
When bent upon his knee,
Not Arthur and his belted knights
In the poet's song could be
More earnest than those Southern men
Who followed Robert Lee.

They thought that they were right, and this
Was hammered into those
Who held that crest all drenched with blood
Where the "Bloody Angle" rose
As for all else? It passes by
As the idle wind that blows.

III.

Then stand up, oh, my countrymen,
And unto God give thanks,
On mountains, and on hillsides,
And by sloping river banks—
Thank God that you were worthy
Of the grand Confederate ranks.

That you who came from uplands
And from beside the sea,
Filled with love of old Virginia
And the teachings of the free,
May boast in sight of all men
That you followed Robert Lee.

Peace has come; God give his blessing
On the fact and on the name!
The South speaks no invective
And she writes no word of blame:
But we call all men to witness
That we stand up without shame.

Nay! Send it forth to all the world
That we stand up here with pride,
With love for our living comrades
And with praise for those who died:
And in this manly frame of mind
Till death we will abide.

God and our consciences alone
Give us measure of right and wrong,
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong:
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song.

Human grief full oft by glory
Is assuaged and disappears
When its requiem swells with music
Like the shock of shields and spears,
And its passion is too full of pride
To leave a space for tears.

And hence today, my countrymen,
We come with undimmed eyes
In homage of the hero, Lee,
The good, the great, the wise,
And at his name—our hearts will leap
Till the last old soldier dies.

Ask me, if you please, to paint
Storm winds upon the sea,
Tell me to weigh great Cheops;
Set volcanic forces free:
But bid me not, my countrymen,
To picture Robert Lee.

As Saul bound for Damascus fair
Was struck blind by sudden light,
So my eyes are pained and dazzled
By a radiance pure and white
Shot back by the burnished armor
Of that glory-belted knight.

His was all the Norman's polish
And sobriety of grace:
All the Goth's majestic figure,
All the Roman's noble face,
And he stood the tall exemplar
Of a grand historic race.

Baronial were his acres where
Potomac's waters run;
High his lineage—and his blazon
Was by cunning heralds done;
But better still, he might have said,
Of his "works" he was the "son."

Truth walked beside him always
From his childhood's early years;
Honor followed as his shadow,
Valor lightened all his cares;
And he rode—that grand Virginian—
Last of all the cavaliers!

As a soldier we all knew him,
Great in action and repose;
Saw how his genius kindled
And his mighty spirits rose
When the four quarters of the globe
Encompassed him with foes.

But he and his grew braver
As the danger grew more rife,
Avaricious they of glory,
But most prodigal of life,
And the "Army of Virginia"
Was the Atlas of the strife.

As his troubles gathered round him
Thick as waves that beat the shore
Atra Cura rode behind him;
Famine's shadow filled his door,
Still he wrought deeds no mortal man
Had ever wrought before.

IV.

Then came the end, my countrymen;
The last thunderbolts were hurled;
Worn out by his own victories,
His battle flags were furled,
And a history was finished
That changed the modern world.

As some saint in the arena
Of a bloody Roman game,
As the prize of his endeavor,
Put on immortal frame,
Through long agonies our soldier
Won the crown of martial fame.

But there came a greater glory
To that man supremely great
(When his just sword he laid aside
In peace to serve his state),
For in his classic solitude
He rose up and mastered Fate.

He triumphed and he did not die;
No funeral bells were tolled—
But on that day in Lexington
Fame came herself to hold
His stirrup, while he mounted
To ride down the Streets of Gold.

He is not dead: There is no death:
He only went before
His journey on when Christ the Lord
Wide open held the door,
And a calm celestial peace is his;
Thank God forevermore.

V.

When the effigy of Washington,
In its bronze was reared on high,
'Twas mine with others now long gone
Beneath a stormy sky,
To utter to this multitude
His name that cannot die.

And here today, my countrymen,
I tell you Lee shall ride
With that great "Rebel" down the years
Twin "Rebels" side by side,
And confronting such a vision
All our grief gives place to pride.

These two shall ride immortal
And shall ride the streets of time,
Shall light up stately history
And blaze in epic rhyme,
Both patriots, both Virginians true,
Both "Rebels," both sublime!

Our past is full of glories,
It is a shut-in sea,
The pillars overlooking it
Are Washington and Lee,
And a vision spreads before us
Not unworthy of the free.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT E. LEE.

(By Father Abram J. Ryan, the Poet Priest.)

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of right—
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to victory!

Out of its scabbard, where full long
It slumbered peacefully—
Roused from its rest by the battle song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee!

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky!
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow and—to die!

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free!
Nor purer sword nor braver band,
Nor braver bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause so grand—
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be!
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee!

Forth from its scabbard all in vain,
Bright flashed the sword of Lee!
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain—
Defeated, yet without a stain—
Proudly and peacefully!

1807—A CENTENNIAL OF GLORY—1907.

(*Houston Chronicle.*)

Within the compass of the century which closes with today many wonderful events have happened. Many and vast have been the changes in governments and dynasties; many men have been born and for a season filled a large place in the eyes of the world, played their parts upon the stage and passed into oblivion.

Kings have reigned and fallen; kingdoms perished, and yet of all the multitude who have lived and died there be but few whose names and deeds live in the memories of men, and of that few, Robert Edward Lee stands pre-eminent.

No invidious comparison should be made in such connection, but slowly but surely the minds of men in all sections and among all shades of political belief, are coming to the common viewpoint that General Lee, in the noblest sense of the world, is one of the greatest men who has ever sprung from the Anglo-Saxon race.

There have been more intellectual men, greater orators, men of more marked forceful-

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

Beloved Commander, Army of Northern Virginia, Confederate States of America

ness, but no other man has ever so combined the qualities of a great soldier and of pure, true, exalted Christian manhood and personal sweetness, gentleness and tenderness of character. General Lee fitly illustrates and justifies the beautiful metaphor of a great orator, who said: "Just as a certain great plant summons all its powers and blooms once in a century, so the moral forces and graces and influences of every century find concrete expression in some one great man, and Robert E. Lee was the bloom and flower of the Nineteenth century."

He was too great to be claimed entirely by one people. He belongs to universal humanity, but the South rejoices that he was her son. A noble scion of a knightly race, the very flower of her chivalry, the humble Christian, the great commander, "who led his armies like a priest of men, and fought his battles with anointed spears."

A NORTHERN VIEW OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(*From the New Haven Register.*)

In replying editorially to the suggestion that the statue of Jefferson Davis be put in the capitol at Washington as one of the great Mississippians entitled to a place in that Temple of Fame, the *New Haven Register* heartily approves of the suggestion, and in that connection writes of the great Southern leader in a spirit of deserved praise and sincere regard for the truth of history that is commendable in the highest degree.

"There is," says the Register, "something to say about Jefferson Davis and his admission to the National Temple of Fame. It is high time it was said. It is high time that the mist which for half a century has distorted the North's view of this son of the South was cleared away. It is in justice time that the man who in his day suffered more than any other Southerner for the cause in which he believed should cease to be reckoned a traitor and coward, and be esteemed for what he was—a brave, true Southern gentleman.

"Jefferson Davis had his faults; the South, which knows best what they were, admit them. The South understands that the result might have been different. But the South will never cease to admire and honor the man of iron nerve, of dauntless courage, of ceaseless loyalty, of unsullied honor, of tireless energy, of peerless chivalry, who suffered and dared and all but died for the cause he loved and lost. Of that host of true men who gave their best and their all for the Confederacy because in their deepest hearts they believed they were doing right, none was more sincere than he. Of that multitude who lined up for the struggle against their brothers of the North none was braver and none was nobler. His sacrifice was as extreme as it was sincere, and his treatment by the victors after the crash came was sore medicine for a heart that was breaking.

"It is a century and a year since Jefferson Davis was born. It is near to half a century since his cause was lost. It is twenty years since his death. What better time could there be to signify, by the placing of his statue in the nation's capitol, that the wounds of that war are healed, that in the blood of brothers shed the Union is forever cemented on a foundation that standeth sure. There let his presentment stand, erect, noble, commanding, impressive, as he stood in the days when he was master of the destinies of half a nation. Let it there remind the South that it was mistaken and the North that it misunderstood. Let it picture a martyr to a cause that, though lost, was not wholly in vain, since it taught brothers to appreciate a relationship they were in danger of forgetting. And not inappropriately might there be carved on it the inscription which an unknown poet of the South once suggested for his statue:

> Write on its base: "We loved him!
> All these years,
> Since that torn flag was folded, we've been true,
> The love that bound us now revealed in tears,
> Like webs, unseen till heavy with the dew."

The spirit which prompted the writing of the above splendid tribute to the South's beloved chieftain is that of justice and fair play, and it is significant that such an expression should come from New England where sectional prejudice has had its stronghold.

WHERE THE BATTLES WERE FOUGHT

The managers of one of the railroads that lies chiefly in Tennessee, has issued a map of the Southern States on which is dotted what is represented to be the locality of every chief battle of the Civil War. Of course, the lesser actions are not given and only considerable battles are mentioned; the whole number is put down at 892. They are distributed by states as follows:

Pennsylvania	4
Maryland	17
District of Columbia	1
Virginia	208
West Virginia	51

Kentucky	46
Tennessee	140
Missouri	131
Arkansas	62
Louisiana	37
Mississippi	47
Alabama	21
Florida	15
Georgia	50
South Carolina	20
North Carolina	31
Ohio	2
Indian Territory	4
Illinois	1
Kansas	2
Indian Territory	4
Texas	4

Captain Frederick Phisterer, late of the United States Army, in his supplementary volume of Statistical Record of the Military Action in the Civil War (published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1883), gives the date and place of every engagement beginning at Fort Sumpter, April 12 and 13, 1861, and ending with the surrender of General Kirby Smith's forces, May 26, 1865. A surrender is classed as an engagement, and he sums up all meetings of opposing forces, whether many or few participated, at 2,261. There were in each year such actions and engagements as follows:

1861	156
1862	564
1863	627
1864	779
1865	135

Of course, 1864 was the bloody year, not only because of its greatest number of battles, but also because the desperate campaigns of Grant in Virginia and the heavy operations in Tennessee and Georgia, counted up so terribly in losses. Captain Phisterer figures up the engagements by States as follows:

Pennsylvania	9
Maryland	30
District of Columbia	1
West Virginia	80
Virginia	519
North Carolina	85
South Carolina	60
Georgia	108
Florida	32
Alabama	78
Mississippi	186
Louisiana	118
Texas	14
Arkansas	167
Tennessee	298
Kentucky	138
Ohio	3
Indiana	4
Illinois	1
Missouri	244
Kansas	7
New Mexico	19
Indian Territory	17

The fights with the Indians in the Western and Northwestern States and Territories are not enumerated above.

THE BLAME FOR THE CIVIL WAR AS FIXED BY IMPARTIAL HISTORY.

Able Presentation of the Cause of the South Made by Judge George L. Christian, at the Richmond Reunion of Confederate Veterans.

The report of the History Committee of the United Confederate Veterans was presented at the Richmond meeting by Judge George L. Christian, as follows:

"Within the limits prescribed for this paper, it is impossible to discuss, with any degree of satisfaction, the issues involved in the great conflict between the North and the South from '61 to '65. These have, however, been so fully discussed by other members of this committee on former occasions that but little remains to add to those discussions.

"In a recent work, with the somewhat arrogant title 'The True History of the Civil War,' the writer begins by saying:

" 'The seeds of dissolution between the North and the South were carried to Virginia in the ships commanded by Newport and to Massachusetts in the "Mayflower." Each kind fell upon soil well adapted to nourish its characteristics. * * * There was, in the beginning, an almost imperceptible rift between the people of the North and those of the South. This gradually widened until, notwithstanding the neces-

sity for union, a separation in sentiment, thought and custom arose. This estrangement developed until it gave to the people of the North and the South the aspect of two races, manifesting towards each other all the antipathy of rival and dissimilar nations, and, in their disagreements, rendering impossible either sympathy with each other's standpoint, or patient listening to each other's contention.' "

Without intimating any opinion as to how far all the other statements contained in this work warrant the author in giving it the title selected, a few glances at history will convince the most skeptical that the foregoing statement is well founded.

THREATENED PUNISHMENT.

In 1775, when Washington's army was in front of Boston, that great patriot-soldier issued a stern order, threatening severe punishment to any man found guilty of saying or doing anything to aggravate what he termed "the existing sectional feeling." And during the same year, when Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, the first president of the Continental Congress, died, his brother-in-law, Benjamin Harrison, also from Virginia, was nominated for that position; but, as John Hancock, of Massachusetts, was likewise nominated, it is said that Mr. Harrison, "to avoid any sectional jealousy or unkindness of feeling between the Northern and Southern delegates at so momentous a crisis," had his own name withdrawn, and insisted on the election of Mr. Hancock. And so, too, in the Virginia convention of 1788, Mr. Henry, in opposing the adoption of the Federal Constitution, after pointing out the provisions to which he objected, and in which his almost prophetic ken saw dangers lurking, which have since been realized, said, after all, he did *not* so much object to the form of the instrument as he did to the character and dispositions of those with whom we were forming the compact. And another distinguished Virginian, with fervid eloquence, exclaimed that our oppressions under the compact would be "worse than British tyranny."

With these early, and seemingly innate, antipathies, stimulated and developed by growing conflicting interests, arising out of tariffs, acquisitions of territory, and other causes, the "irrepressible conflict," as Seward termed it, would seem necessarily only a question of time.

As to the real cause or causes which precipitated that conflict, there have been, and still are, differences of opinion. In our view, the settlement of this question is *secondary;* and the *vital* questions to be determined *are*—

VITAL QUESTIONS.

(a) Which side, if either, was responsible for the existence of the cause or causes? And if slavery was the cause, which side was guilty of wrong-doing in dealing with that cause?

(b) Which was the aggressor in provoking the conflict?

(c) Which side had the legal right to do what was done?

And last, but by no means the least—

(d) Which side conducted itself the better and according to the rules of civilized warfare pending the conflict?

It seems to us that an answer to these questions is pertinent at all times, and at this distance from the conflict they can be discussed dispassionately, without engendering sectional bad feeling.

UNJUST CHARGE.

Our *quondam* enemies, knowing, as it seems to us they must know, that the evidence on every other point is overwhelmingly against them, and relying on the sentiment of the world now existing against slavery, are prone to charge that the South *fought for the perpetuation and extension of that institution.* Or, to put it in the brief and common form, they charge (as some of our younger people, in their ignorance seem to believe) that "slavery was the cause of the war."

It would seem to the unprejudiced mind that the mere statement of the fact (which, we believe, was a fact) that more than *eighty per cent* of the Confederate soldiers held no slaves; that General Lee, our representative soldier, freed his slaves before the war, whilst General Grant, the representative soldier of the North, held on to his until they were freed by the results of the war, and the further fact that General Lee said at the beginning of the war that if he owned all the slaves in the South, and could, by freeing them, save the Union, he would do so with the stroke of his pen, *ought to furnish a satisfactory refutation of this unjust charge.*

But let us admit, for the sake of the argument only, that the charge is true. How, then, does the case stand as to us, both on the law and the facts?

It will not be charged by the greatest enemy of the South that it was in any way responsible either for the existence of slavery, or for inaugurating that vilest of traffics—the African slave trade. On the contrary, history attests that slavery was forced upon this country by England, against the earnest protests of the South, as well as of the North, when the states were colonies under the control of that country; that "the first statute establishing slavery

in America is to be found in the famous code of fundamentals, or body of the liberties, of the Massachusetts colony of New England, adopted in December, 1641;" that the "Desire," one of the very first vessels built in Massachusetts, was fitted out for carrying on the slave trade; "that the traffic became so popular that great attention was paid to it by the New England ship-owners, and that they practically monopolized it for a number of years." (The True Civil War, pp. 28, 29, 30.) And history further attests that Virginia was the first state, North or South, to prohibit slave traffic from Africa, and that Georgia was the first to incorporate that prohibition in her constitution.

We have no desire to say unkind things about the North. But it is easy to show that as long as slavery existed there, as it did in all the Colonies when independence was declared, the treatment of slaves by the people of that section was as harsh, if not more so, than was ever known in any part of the South. Not only is this true; but it is also easy to show that, as long as the people of the North were the owners of slaves, they regarded and treated and disposed of them as "property," just as the people of England had done since 1713, when slaves were held to be "merchandise" by the twelve judges of that country, with the venerable Holt at their head. We could further show that slavery existed at the North just as long as it was profitable to have it there; that the moral and religious sense of that section was only heard to complain of that institution after it was found to be unprofitable, and after the people of that section had, for the most part, sold their slaves to the people of the South; and that, after Whitney's invention of the cotton gin, which wrought such a revolution in the production of cotton at the South, as to cause slave labor greatly to increase in value, and which induced many Northern men to engage in that production; these men almost invariably purchased their slaves for that purpose, and many of these owned them when the war broke out.

NOT RESPONSIBLE.

The South was, then, in no sense responsible for the existence of slavery within its borders, but it was brought there against its will; it was clearly recognized and attempted to be controlled and protected by the constitution—the supreme law of the land—and the people of the South, not believing that any other or better disposition could be made of the slaves than by holding them in bondage, only continued to do this.

In the meantime, numerous efforts were made, both by Southern states and by individuals, to abolish the institution, and it is the almost universal belief now that these efforts would have been gradually successful but for the harsh and unjust criticisms of the Southern people by some of those at the North, and the outrageous, illegal and incendiary interferences by the abolitionists and their emissaries. As early as 1769 the house of Burgesses of Virginia, tried to abolish slavery in Virginia, but was prohibited by the act of George III, then king of England, "in the interests of English commerce." And throughout the period from 1776 to 1832, when the work of the abolitionists first began to be felt, the question of how to accomplish emancipation engaged the thought of some of the most eminent men of Virginia and other Southern states.

Mr. George Lunt, a distinguished lawyer of Massachusetts, in his interesting work, entitled "Origin of the Late War," in which he shows that the North was the aggressor and wrongdoer throughout, says: "Slavery, in the popular sense, was the cause of the war, *just as property is the cause of robbery.*"

Whilst we do not indorse this statement looking at the subject from the viewpoint of a Southerner, yet, if it were true, surely there is nothing in it from which the people of the North can take any comfort or credit to themselves.

But so anxious are our former enemies to convince the world that the South did fight for the perpetuation of slavery, that some of them have, either wittingly or unwittingly, resorted to misrepresentation, or misinterpretation of some of the sayings of our representative men, to try to establish this as a fact. A noted instance of this is found in the oft-repeated charge that the late Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, vice president of the Confederacy, had said in his famous speech, delivered at Savannah in February, 1861, that *"slavery was the cornerstone of the Confederacy."*

INFERIOR ORDER OF BEING.

We have heard this charge made by one of the most enlightened and liberal men of the North, and yet we have at hand utterances from this same Northerner, tantamount to what Mr. Stephens said in that speech. Mr. Stephens was speaking of the Confederacy, just then organized, and contrasting some of the principles on which it was founded with some of those of the Republican party, then coming into power for the first time, and he said:—

"Our government is founded on exactly the opposite ideal that the two races—black and white—are equal; its foundations are laid, its cornerstone rests upon the great truth that the

negro is not the equal of the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his (the negro's) natural and normal condition."

Now, it will be observed in the first place, that Mr. Stephens said the "cornerstone" of the Confederacy "rests upon the great truth that the negro is not the equal of the white man." And isn't this fact recognized as true today in every part of this land?

But hear now the utterances of this liberal and cultured Northerner, on the same subject, when he says, as he does:—

"The Africans are distinctly an inferior order of being, not only in the South, or slave states, but throughout the North also, not entitled to unrestricted pursuit, on equal terms of life, liberty and happiness."

Is there any difference in principle between these two utterances?

If, as this distinguished Northerner asserts, and as every one knows to be true, the negroes are "distinctly an inferior order of being" and "not entitled to the unrestricted pursuit, on equal terms (with the whites) of life, liberty and happiness," does not this make "subordination to the superior race his natural and normal condition," as Mr. Stephens says?

But hear now what Mr. Lincoln, himself the great demigod of the North, had to say on this subject in a speech delivered at Charleston, Ill., in 1858, when he said:—

"I will say, then, that I am not, nor never have been, in favor of bringing about, in any way, the social or political equality of the white and black races. I am not nor never have been in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor of intermarriage with white people; and I will say, in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races, which I believe, will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. Inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be a position of superior and inferior, *and I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white man.*"

Again we ask. Is there any difference in principle between what is here said by Mr. Lincoln and what was said by Mr. Stephens in his famous "cornerstone" speech?

WHAT LINCOLN SAID.

And notwithstanding, Mr. Lincoln issued his "Emancipation Proclamation" 18 months later, he said in his first inaugural:—

"I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. *I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.*"

Could he have used stronger language to show that he believed, not only in the *legality* of the position of the South on the subject of slavery, but that he believed in the *propriety* of that position as well?

Mr. Toombs said in a speech delivered in Boston in 1856:—

"The white is the superior, and the black the inferior, and that subordination, with or without law, will be the *status* of the African in this mixed society. *Therefore, it is to the interest of both, and especially to the black race, that this status should be fixed, controlled and protected by law.*"

And this is just as true today as it was when this statement was made by this great statesman in 1856.

But there is this remarkable fact, in connection with slavery and its relations to the war, which we have not seen elsewhere referred to, and which is, to our mind, a conclusive refutation of the charge that the continuation or the extinction of slavery had any influence whatever on the conduct of the Southern people, and especially that of the Confederate soldier in that war.

The writer belonged to one of the three companies in the army, the personnel of which is so vividly described by the author of "Four Years Under Marse Robert," in which there were serving, as privates, many full graduates of the University of Virginia and other leading colleges, both North and South. In these companies a variety of subjects, pertaining to the war, religion, politics, philosophy, literature and what not, were discussed with intelligence, and often with animation and ability and yet, neither he nor any other of his comrades can recall the fact that they ever heard the subject of slavery, or the relations of the slaves to the war, referred to in any way during that period, except that, when it was determined to put slaves in our army, a violent protest against doing so went up from the ranks, and the only thing which even partially reconciled our men to this proposed action was the knowledge of the fact that it had the sanction and approval of General Lee. We have inquired of comrades of various other commands about this, and with the like result. Do men fight for a thing or a cause they never speak of or discuss. It seems to us that to ask this question is to furnish the answer?

LITTLE CONSIDERATION.

Not only is the foregoing statement true; but, with the exception of the steps taken to send re-

groes to help erect fortifications, employing them as laborers, etc., but little consideration seems to have been given them or of their *status* to the war, either in the congress or the cabinet of the Confederacy.

The reasons for this are manifest to those of us who lived in those days, but a word of explanation may be necessary to those who have since come on the stage of life. In the first place, slavery, as it existed in the South, was patriarchal in its character; the slaves (servants, as we called them) were regarded and treated as members of the families to which they severally belonged; with rare exceptions they were treated with kindness and consideration, and frequently the relations between the slave and his owner were those of real affection and confidence. As Mr. Lunt, the Boston writer, from whom we have already quoted, says:—

"The negroes were perfectly contented with their lot. In general they were not only happy in their condition, but proud of it."

Their owners trusted them with their families, their farms and their affairs, and this confidence was rarely betrayed—scarcely ever, unless they were forced to violate their trusts by coming in contact with the Federal armies, or were beguiled and betrayed themselves by mean and designing white men. The truth is, both the white and black people of the South regarded the Confederate cause alike as *their cause*, and looked to its success with almost, if not quite, equal anxiety and delight. A most striking illustration of this and of the readiness of the slaves to fight even, if necessary, for the Confederate cause, is furnished by the following incident:—

In February, 1865, when negro troops had been authorized to be enrolled in the Confederate army, there were employed at Jackson hospital, near Richmond, 72 negro men. The surgeon in charge, the late Dr. F. W. Hancock, of Richmond, had these men formed in line, and, after asking them "if they would be willing to take up arms to protect their masters' families, homes and their own from an attacking foe, 61 *out of 72 responded they would volunteer to go to the trenches and fight the enemy to the bitter end.*"—(War Reb. Rec., series iv., Vol. III, p. 1193.)

At the date here referred to we know that the life of the Confederate soldier was one of the greatest hardship and peril, and the fact that *five* out of *every six* of these negroes were then ready to volunteer and go to the trenches showed conclusively how truly they regarded the Confederate cause as *their cause*, as well as that of the white people of the South.

Indeed, we doubt if a larger per centum of the whites in any part of the country, would have volunteered to go to the front at that stage of the war. If then it were true, as alleged, that the *white people* of the South were fighting for *slavery*, does it not necessarily follow, that the *slaves themselves were ready and willing to fight for it, too?* One of these positions is just as true as the other.

WRONGS COMMITTED BY NORTH.

We think we have shown, then, that, even if we admit that "slavery was, as falsely charged, the 'cause of the war,'" the South was in no way responsible for the existence of that cause, but it was a condition forced upon it, one recognized by the supreme law of the land, one which the South dealt with legally and justly, as contemplated by that law; and history shows that in every respect and in every instance the aggressions and violations of the law were committed by the North. Mr. Lunt says: "Of four several compromises between the two sections of country since the Revolutionary war, *each has been kept by the South and violated by the North.*" Indeed, we challenge the North to point out one single instance in which the South violated the constitution, or any of the laws made in pursuance thereof, whilst, on the other hand, fourteen of the Northern states passed acts nullifying the fugitive slave law, passed by Congress in obedience to the constitution, denounced and defied the decisions of the supreme court, and Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, says of the abolitionists:—

"They applauded John Brown to the echo for a series of the basest murders on record. They did not conceal their hostility to the Federal and State governments, nor deny their enmity to all laws which protected white men. The constitution stood in their way, and they cursed it bitterly. The Bible was quoted against them, and they reviled God, the Almighty, Himself."

2. *Our next inquiry is: Which was the aggressor in provoking the conflict?*

Mr. Hallam in his constitutional history of England, states a universally recognized principle when he says: "The aggressor in war (that is, he who begins it) is not the first who *uses force*, but the *first who renders force necessary.*"

We think we have already shown by Northern authorities, that the North was the aggressor and violator of the constitution and of the legal rights of the South in reference to what they allege to be the "cause of the war," and it is easy to show, by like authorities, *that it was clearly the aggressor in bringing on the war.* On the 7th of April, 1861, President Davis

said: "With the Lincoln administration rests the responsibility of precipitating a collision, and the fearful evils of protracted and cruel war."

In his reply to Mr. Lincoln's call for Virginia's *quota* of 75,000 troops to coerce the South, on April 15, 1861, Governor Letcher said: "You have chosen to inaugurate Civil war, and you can get no troops from Virginia for any such purpose."

But we are not content to rest this question on the statements of these Southern authorities, as high as they are, but will let Northern writers say what they think about this important question. Mr. Lunt says, in reference to Mr. Lincoln sending the fleet to reinforce Sumter in April, 1861: "It was intended to draw the fire of the Confederates, and was a *silent aggression, with the object of producing an active aggression from the other side.*"

Mr. Benjamin J. Williams, another Massachusetts writer, says:—

"The South was invaded, and a war of subjugation, destined to be the most gigantic which the world has ever seen, was *begun by the Federal government against the seceding States*, in complete and amazing disregard of the foundation principle of its own existence, as affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

But, let us hear what Mr. Lincoln himself has to say on this question, and with his testimony we shall regard the issue as conclusively settled. In reply to a committee from Chicago, sent to intercede with him, to be relieved from sending more troops from that city to the Northern armies, Mr. Lincoln said, in a tone of bitterness:—

"Gentlemen, after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest has opposed the South, as New England has opposed the South. It is you who are largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until we had it; you called for emancipation, and I have given it to you. Whatever you have asked you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves." (See Tarbell's Life of Lincoln, Vol. II, p. 149.)

3. *Which side had the legal right to do what was done?*

"On the columns of the monument erected to our great civic leader are the words *pro aris et foeis*, meaning that *the real cause of the South was that we fought in defense of our altars and our firesides.* And the man who would not

"Strike for his altars and his fires,
God and his native land,"

is a craven and a coward and unworthy even of the name of man. Our country was invaded by armed men, intent on coercion and conquest. We met them on the threshold and beat them and drove them back as long as we had anything to eat and strength to fight with. We could do no more; we could do no less, and history, our children, and even many of our former enemies, now applaud our conduct.

There were, however, *two*, and *but two*, questions really involved in the conflict. We can scarcely do more than state these and cite some of the many Northern authorities to sustain the position that the South was right on both of these. They were:—

"(*a*) *The right of a state to secede.*
"(*b*) *The right of the Federal government to coerce a seceding state.*"

As to the *first* of these questions, the late Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, said what is true, that: "Secession, like slavery, was first planted in New England. There," he says, "it grew and flourished and spread its branches far over the land, before it was ever dreamed of at the South."

And he further says, that John Quincy Adams, in 1839, and Abraham Lincoln, in 1847, made elaborate arguments *in favor of the legal right of a state to secede.*

Mr. William Rawle, also late of Pennsylvania, in his work on the constitution, the textbook used at West Point before the war, says: "It depends on the state itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself, *whether it will continue a member of the Union.*"

Timothy Pickering, Josiah Quincy and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, all of Massachusetts, the late Horace Greeley, Goldwin Smith, General Don Piet, of the Federal army, and the Hartford convention, all asserted and affirmed the same principle. *And we know that had not this right been understood to exist at the time of the adoption of the constitution, it would never have been adopted.*

As to the second of these questions, *i. e.*,— the right of the Federal government to coerce a seceding state:—

This question was discussed to some extent in the convention. Mr. Madison, called the "Father of the Constitution," said:—

"The more he reflected on the use of force, the more he doubted the practicability, the justice and the efficiency of it when applied to people collectively, and not individually. *A union of the states containing such an ingredient seemed to provide for its own destruction.*"

And Mr. Hamilton said:—

"But how can this force be exercised on the states collectively? *It is impossible. It amounts to war between the parties.* Foreign powers also will not be idle spectators. They will interpose, *and a dissolution of the Union will ensue.*" (5th Mad. Pap. 140 and 200.) And no such right or power can be found anywhere in the constitution."

The late James C. Carter, of New York (a native of New England) one of the greatest lawyers this country has ever produced, said:—

"I may hazard the opinion that, if the question had been made, not in 1860, but in 1788, immediately after the adoption of the constitution, whether the Union, as formed by that instrument, could lawfully treat the secession of a state as rebellion, and suppress it by force, *few of those who participated in forming that instrument would have answered in the affirmative.*"

In November, 1860, the New York Herald said:—

"Each state is organized as a complete government, holding the purpose and wielding the sword, possessing the right to break the tie of confederation as a nation might break a treaty, and to repel coercion as a nation might repel invasion. * * * *Coercion*, if it were possible, is out of the question."

The question was maturely considered by Mr. Buchanan and his cabinet at the close of his administration, *and it was unanimously determined that no such right existed.*

One of the resolutions of the platform of the Chicago convention, on which Mr. Lincoln was elected, and which he reaffirmed in his first inaugural, was the following:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to the balance of power, on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends, *and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.*"

COERCION GRAVEST OF CRIMES.

To show that Mr. Lincoln was fully cognizant of the fact that he was committing this "gravest of crimes" when he caused his armies to invade the Southern states, we will give his own definition of the meaning of the terms "invasion" and "coercion," as contained in his speech delivered at Indianapolis on his journey to Washington, to be inaugurated, in February, 1861. He asks: "*What*, then, is 'coercion?' What is '*invasion?*' Would the marching of an army into South Carolina, without the consent of her people, and with hostile intent toward them, be 'invasion?' *I certainly think it would, and it would be 'coercion' also, if South Carolinians were forced to submit.*"

Is not this exactly what he did to South Carolina and to all the other Southern states? And is it not true that this "gravest of crimes," committed by him without the authority of Congress or any legal right, was *the sole excuse why the Southern people went to war?*

We know that such is the fact, and surely no further authorities can be necessary to show *that the South was right on both of the only two questions involved in the war, and, if it had not resisted and fought under the circumstances in which it was placed, it would have been eternally disgraced.*"

THE FINAL INQUIRY.

We can only state, and without discussing at all, our last inquiry, which is:—

4. *Which side conducted itself the better and according to the rules of civilized warfare pending the conflict?*

With the notoriously infamous records of the conduct of Sheridan, Hunter and Milroy in the valley (to say nothing of how far Grant participated in that conduct); of that of Pope and Steinwehr in Piedmont, Va.; of that of Butler in Norfolk and New Orleans, and, worse than all, of the confessed vandalism of Sherman on his "march to the sea," together with the burning of Atlanta and Columbia, the last stimulated and encouraged by Halleck, the chief of staff of the armies of the Union; and contrast all this with the humane order of General Lee on his campaign of invasion into Pennsylvania and the conduct of his army in that campaign, and there can be but one answer to this inquiry. That answer is *that the South did right, and that the North did wrong.*

"God holds the scales of justice;
He will measure praise and blame;
And the South will stand the verdict
And will stand it without shame."

WORDS OF JFFERSON DAVIS.

What he Said in Speech of Resignation from United States Senate.

While Jefferson Davis deplored the threatened disruption of the Union between the states and was earnest in his plea for such legislation as would perpetuate it, he said in his speech of resignation from the United States senate:—

"It is known to senators who have served with me here that I have for many years advocated as an essential attribute of state sovereignty the right of a state to secede from the Union. Therefore, if I had not believed there was justifiable cause, if I had thought that Mississippi was acting without sufficient provocation or without an existing necessity, I should still, under my theory of government, because of my allegiance to the state of which I am a citizen, have been bound by her action. I, however, may be permitted to say that I think she has justifiable cause, and I approve her act."

GRAND LETTER TO GENERAL J. B. POLLEY, BY A COMRADE.

On Fame's Eternal Camping Ground—Visit of Confederate Soldier to Battlefield.

It is seldom that language is more effectively used in tracing the pathetic scenes of war than is the case with the following communication here reproduced:—

Petersburg, Va., June 2, 1907.—Dear Joe, Floresville, Texas: You were right. To visit the spots where, forty and odd years ago you and I were units of a mighty force in arms that made history which will last so long as there remain recorded annals among men, is a wanton destruction of ideals in memory which had grown with us to be "sacred sanctuaries."

The face of all nature has changed. Even around this historic spot the scars of war—and you know how deep and distinctive they were in and about this city—have been obliterated, and the gardener's plow turns the glebe once torn by shot and shell.

They are raising turnips and "sich," dear Joe, on the sacred ground which, in the distant past, lapped the blood of our comrades, companions and friends—gone to fertilize truck for the New York markets are the bones of our martyrs. A thrifty soul from Pennsylvania—the immigrant the South invites—has enclosed the crater hallowed in history as a spot where Americans battled most desperately; a spot where thousands went down to immortal glory. There, dear Joe, the Pennsylvanian, the immigrant aforesaid, has fenced in, and charges those who once there contended 25 cents to see a vine and weed grown "hole in the ground." An old A. N. V. man of the Washington artillery comments on this tribute as a more wanton charge than Grant made on Petersburg. The joke fell on dull, unsympathetic ears, and the reply marked the ethical standard of the modern buccaneer. "Two bits, please," was all he said.

"Why should we complain?" as my friend from Louisiana observed. "He is getting even for what we did to him or his in the long ago." And from time past came that camp song of 1863 when we were floating back from Gettysburg:—

"Old Bob Lee's heel is on thy shore,
Pennsylvane, my Pennsylvane;
His hand is at thy stable door,
Pennsylvane, my Pennsylvane.
You won't see your old hoss no more,
We'll ride him till his back is sore,
An' then come back an' git some more,
Pennsylvane, my Pennsylvane."

We left him, with his "two bits, please," ringing in our ears, and I ruminated of the time when you and I and all of us helped make the hole from which modern commercialism draws its thousands.

Great God, Joe, is civilization really the humbug it seems and acts?

You remember—of course you do—when we lay in line of battle not far from where these lines are penned, waiting the issue of Mahone's expulsion of the army. I can hear in memory the crash of musketry, the boom of cannon and the dear old rebel yell which told that all was well. How grandly the Virginians and North Carolinians fought that day! Around and near us, in the houses and caves, women and old men and children, with tear-stained and pallid cheeks, anxious eyes, with eager expression, prayed for victory, and when word came that "God and the brave army of Northern Vir-

ginia had again triumphed" their cheers and handclaps were mingled with our yells.

And forty and odd years after, this picture of the past, the history in the making, is rudely disturbed by the money changer's charge to see the spot we created and consecrated to the immortals!

After this, as you said in your cold philosophy, we go to church and "thank God we are not as other men."

If these things be true—and they do not seem, for I saw them—"other men" should be thankful they are not as we.

All along, from Appomattox river to Five Forks, I saw nothing to remind me of the past. As it is now the face of nature was not then. You remember, Joe, when we came to relieve Beauregard, who had fought a splendid fight and held off Grant's army for nearly two days with more than 20,000 men, how ladies and children crowded Sycamore street, sobbing and cheering that "Lee had come at last." How they had ice water, bread and ham and coffee; how we lunched marching at quick step, for the battle yet raged close into town; how we saw the bodies of old citizens—among them Mr. Jarrott, mine host of that old-time noted hostelry which bore his name—killed defending their homes.

All this came back to me, but I dared not fit the pictures to the present environment. Sycamore street—shot and shell-torn as you and I last saw it—has been modernized. Along the route we marched with Lee and Beauregard at our head—and in my mind's eye I see them now—is the trolley with its jingling bell and its track hum. Business houses line the way, and the Jarrott hotel, with its long portico and steps, has been demolished. On its site the "vandals" have builded a railroad warehouse!

I found no spot that my memory knew. All those, dear Joe, so dear to our hearts, are no more. The market is a modern structure. Bollingbroke road has its name changed to conform with modern ideas, and it is a "street" now. And—would you believe it?—"Tin Pot Alley" is but a dream, while "Maria Banks" has been converted into a peanut factory!

Over in Richmond the other day I found the old place on Franklin street where old man Talley had his "julep factory." What nectar was that, dear Joe, and in remembrance I called for one. It is Talley no more. The gentleman from Virginia has been replaced by the "feller" from Massachusetts, and he knows no more of the secrets of a mint julep than a hog does of Rig Vida. I tasted the vile stuff, paid him, and went sadly down to Main.

Opposite the Texas hospital there was a dance house. An exile from Kittsceniff is running a clothing joint there now. I told him of the changes and the sadness thereof—to me. The answer seemed to echo the modern reply to all our plaints: "Vell, vat of it?"

Gaines' Mill! Forty-five years ago! And in June, when nature was full garbed in "shimmering green," as Bill Burgess was wont to put it when measurably full of stuff which Company I, Ninth Georgia, sold us at $40 a quart—when we had the price. There it was that Texas was reglorified. There Stonewall Jackson, tracing the line of advance and the point of assault, exclaimed: "The men who carried this place were soldiers indeed." We saw part of it in 1864, when Grant came at us at Hanover. The graves of our dead in '62 were in the apple orchard through which our breastworks ran in '64.

And again Texas was there, keeping undimmed the honor of the Southland.

Well, Joe, I couldn't find the place where we made history. Ivy had grown, covering with green tendrils the hallowed spots where sleep our heroes. Wild flowers bloom with luxurianee, but no billowing mound is there, and Gaines' Mill is a "tale that has been told."

Shall we forget it and how it looked in '62? Not while our poor memories hold a seat will young Warwick, the gallant Virginian, the adopted son of Texas, and his glorious end cease to be with us. Full on the enemy's breastwork, flag in hand, he fell, and crowned with his life his devotion to duty. But the spot which drank his heart's blood no one can trace, for remorseless time and man, remorseless man, have obliterated all but the rudest outlines of the field of that grand and bloody contest.

And so, dear Joe, it is everywhere. At Darbytown, where I pulled you out when you were shot nigh unto death, there isn't a sign of where we fought. Tangled thickets, deep ravines washed by forty years' rains, have marked out all resemblance to the place where war, in Sherman's definition in its fullest, was for a brief period. But somewhere there the bones of scores of Texans have mingled with the dust, and in the far-off Mississippi General Gregg's ashes testify to the fact that upon the unrecognizable hills and valleys around Darbytown there was a short but deeply bloody contest, in which honor alone was saved. And Joe, dear friend, in all these years, with your limp and one lone foot, you carry the testimony of duty done on that memorable field. But, old fellow, I couldn't find the spot nor the ravine through which we brought you back. Somewhere in the wilderness of growth, or in the plowed fields thereabouts, was history made.

It is sad, tearful, but true.

But, old fellow, there was one thing I found, just as you said I would. The glorious, hospitable, warm-hearted Virginian is here, and, like the everlasting hills of the state, will bloom bright always.

God bless him and her!

No change, dear Joe. Same warm handshake, same sunny smile. "We are poor," said they to me, "but it is the poverty of material things only. Our hearts are as rich in love for you as when we teemed in wealth, and our hearthstones as welcome as when prosperity beamed."

And all this is true. I found always and everywhere the warmest greetings, and will carry home and to my grave a veneration and a love for Virginia and the Virginians which will never dim until my heart is as cold as death can make it.

This and such people as these is what keeps our hold upon our faith in God and in our fellow men. Somewhere, old fellow, the South's bugles will blow and the camp fires be alight for us; somewhere our comrades are awaiting our coming. We can tell them of changed hills and dales; of battlefields they would not know again; of wood-grown trenches and brier-tangled redoubts. And then, thank God, we can say the Virginian's heart beats as warmly as it thrilled in the olden day.

J. H. Cosgrove,
Company C, Fourth Texas, Hood's Brigade,
Shreveport, La.

"A Lost Cause!" If lost, it was false; if true, it was not lost. If the Cause is lost, the Constitution is lost; the Union defined by it is lost; the liberty of the States and the people, which they both at first and for half a century guarded, is lost."

HONORING THE MEMORY OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

From Marathon to Port Arthur, in all the annals of military achievement, there have been no braver soldiers than the men who wore the Southern gray. They were led by able generals, for the military authorities of other nations, as well as our own, have accorded the Confederate leaders a place among the great commanders of the world. Henderson, the British authority, ranks Stonewall Jackson as the most original military genius of modern times, and Lord Wolseley gives Lee a place with Marlborough and Wellington as "one of the three greatest captains of the English-speaking race."

But their qualities of leadership and military genius would have been ineffective if they had not been enthusiastically supported by thousands of private soldiers and minor officers as brave as the "Old Guard" of Napoleon. The Confederate soldier endured hardships that were unknown to the men who had a wealthy and stable government to provide them with food, clothes, arms and ammunition. The Confederacy was indeed a "storm-cradled nation," born in the heat of tremendous conflict, never to see one hour of peace or to be allowed to build up a civil government that would permit production sufficient even to properly support an army.

No material rewards tempted the Confederate to enlist. He was not a mercenary, for his pay was mostly in promises, and even his food supply was precarious and uncertain. He received no large money bounty, and often furnished his own uniform, his own arms and his own mount. Only devotion to his principles, love of his State and home and faith in his leaders could have enabled him to carry on the unequal struggle for four long years. They were titanic years, crowded with history. And though often he had to go hungry and his uniform was reduced to rags, the Confederate fought on with a courage that nothing could daunt and a daring that snatched victory after victory from the very jaws of defeat.

And when the end came at Appomattox the Confederate tramped back to his ruined home, and with bare hands, in the ashes of defeat, began to build up the structure of a new civilization. He has made the rebuilding of the South the wonder of the world, and in a single generation has brought wealth, prosperity and a vast new empire out of that chaos of war and desolation. Most of those who restored the South are now in their graves, close by those who fell fighting beside them on the battlefield. They are one in honor and memory.

"It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country," and the brave men who laid down their lives for the South they loved are remembered with a tenderness and devotion that victory could never win. The willow that waves over their graves is more sacred than the laurel wreath that any conqueror ever wore. The men and women of the South place on their graves the blossoms of spring, fresh as the recollection of their deeds, inspiring in their

bravery, fragrant as the rich memory of their courage and devotion.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier ground
Than where defeated Valor lies
By mourning Beauty crowned.

THE THIN GRAY LINE.

Thinner with every passing year;
Fewer at roll call answering "Here"—
There's a gap today where none replies
And the Sergeant misses a Coat of Gray.
While the Captain looking with misty eyes,
Bows his head as he turns away;
None to answer—and he knows why
As the thin Gray Line goes marching by.

Thinner with every passing year;
Fewer at roll call answering "Here"—
One by one where the shadows creep,
Under the sod for which they fought—
One by one they must fall asleep
Where Love and the lilies a couch have wrought;
And the southwind carries a comrade's sigh
As the thin Gray Line goes marching by.

One by one—from the year's Gray toll
The line thins out as the war drums roll;
One by one—and they march away
Where Lee and his legions keep the guard;
One by one—and the Coat of Gray
Rests where the roses crown the sward;
Yet from the street comes a ringing cry
As the thin Gray Line goes marching by.

Thinner with every passing year;
Fewer at roll call answering "Here"—
And the day is ahead when the South shall weep
And turn to the sod where her heroes sleep
As the grizzled Sergeant calls in vain—
Calls where the Silence settles deep
Around dim mounds on hill and plain;
And "Dixie" turns to a saddened sigh
Where the Thin Line passed as a dream must die.

—*Grantland Rice, in Nashville Tennessean.*

HE WAS A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

What grander title can be written beneath any name? It is a badge of distinction for the living, a sublime apotheosis to the immortal dead, for it embodies glory, honor, chivalry, and all the peerless graces of a stainless knighthood. Though he fought in the trenches, or stormed the heights, or followed his matchless leaders before the enemy's remorseless guns, the Confederate soldier was at all times a brave and kindly gentleman. The deeds of other heroes seem insignificant when his descendants read of Pickett's charge and Sabine Pass and Richmond's seven days' crucifixion. He was a peerless man, who fought for principle, without money and without price—a man who fed the altar of liberty with the wreck of home and laid his Isaac daily in the sacrificial fire.

Let us keep his empty gun, for its rusty barrel threw a shot that rang around the world. Let us preserve his old canteen, for it is the sacred cup—the Holy Grail—of the thorn-crowned martyrs of the South.

Death is rapidly thinning the ranks of the "Man in Gray," but his star of glory shines brighter as it rises higher in the zenith of the ages. It is a pure constellation that will always lead men of the world to the birthplace of the "Lost Cause," even as the Star of Bethlehem lights forever the far Judean hills.

When we write upon his tomb, "He Was a Confederate Soldier," we say all that glory claims or fame desires for we declare that he has borne a stainless record with immortality.

"And we dream that he is still in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the war drummer's sign,
Rides on as of old down the length of the legion,
And his war cry is 'Forward,' along the whole line!"

—*Mary Hunt Affleck.*

Written on the back of a $500 Confederate bill by Major S. A. Jonas, Chief Engineer on staff of General Stephen D. Lee.

THE OLD CONFEDERATE BILL.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it—
As a pledge of the nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell
Of liberty born of the patriot's dream—
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued today our promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days wore on and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well discerned;
And those little checks represented the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or the bills that were overdue;
They knew if it brought us bread today—
It was the best our poor country could do.

Keep it—it tells our story all over,
From the birth of its dream to the last,
Modest and born of the angel Hope,
Like the hope of success it passed.

WHAT WOMEN DID TO HELP BUILD HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE MONUMENT.

(*Houston Chronicle.*)

The money necessary to pay the last dollar on the Hood's Brigade monument at Austin has been raised and is in the bank. The time within which the funds necessary to erect that monument has been raised sets a pace which will be hard to beat and makes a record which will long stand and proves the mettle of Captain F. B. Chilton, President of Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee.

Many generous men helped the good work, but the last thousand dollars was raised, in the main, by the unselfish, earnest efforts of Texas women. Led by the President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the good women set apart August 3 as a day for united effort, and, as they always do, went about the task with enthusiasm, earnestness and confidence, and achieved it and more.

In all history, ancient or modern, there is no record of devotion to conviction and noble sentiment and tender memories equal to that the women of the South have made in the last half century. Their fortitude, their fidelity, their heroic endurance of privation and suffering during the war challenged the admiration of the world; but then they were helped and cheered by the hope of success; but defeat and disaster and destruction of every hope did not conquer their indomitable spirit. They have kept ceaseless vigil by the tomb of a buried nation; they have chanted ceaseless paeans of praise for their deathless dead and their heroic living defenders; they have preserved many thousands of mute memorials of the glory of the deeds of their countrymen; they have gathered treasures of eternal truth for the use of future historians; they have caused to be erected homes and retreats for the weary, worn and poverty-stricken veterans of a cause hallowed by matchless devotion and glorious achievement, and they have builded on many a slope and hillside towering monuments which will testify to generations yet unborn of the heroism of Southern soldiers and the fidelity, the love and the consecrated service of Southern women.

BRAVE MEN OF HOOD'S BRIGADE.

BY GEN. A. T. MONROE.

On proud Virginia's bleeding breast,
How oft their marching feet have pressed,
With daring steps, that knew no rest,
Brave men of "Hood's Brigade."

Her every vale and mountain high,
Has echoed back their battle cry,
That told of death or victory,
Brave men of "Hood's Brigade."

They halted not to question why;
Their judgment was to do or die,
And fighting was their sole reply,
Brave men of "Hood's Brigade."

Their battles fought and victories won,
Their deeds of glory, like the sun,
In every clime and land are known,
Brave men of "Hood's Brigade."

Their names and deeds shall live on high;
They now belong to history,
And like their fame shall never die,
Brave men of "Hood's Brigade."
Crockett, Texas.

CONFEDERATE VALOR

Has Never Been, and Will Never Be Matched on This Earth.

When the gloom of defeat settled over the two small armies that had been maintaining, at fearful odds, the separate nationality of the Confederacy against the combined forces of a world in arms, marshaled under the Union banners, nothing was left to these gallant, but weakened and decimated bands but the glory of

their achievements and the imperishable honor of heroic bravery and intrepidity. The surviving soldiers of the Confederacy could proudly point to the brilliant galaxy of their leaders and, touching their own breasts, challenge the world to show an army in the history of the annals of war surpassing the armies of the Confederacy in indomitable courage, persistent intrepidity and heroic achievements.

Their laurels were embalmed in the gratitude and admiration of the women of the Southern States, for its men, without exception, were component parts of those armies. These laurels graced the secret altars, on which they worshiped, and garlanded the graves of their heroic dead, who were buried where they fell, in the deep tangled wildwood of the wilderness, in the mountain-bound and silent valleys, on the border of the flowing streams, their only lullaby the music of the leaves above the waving grass on their scant graves. They have no marble to commemorate their memories. Thermopylæ was the only monument over the graves of Leonidas and his immortal band of Spartans. The only monument of these dead heroes of the Confederacy is the battle names where victory perched upon their bullet-riddled and tattered banners. Their memories were entombed in the hearts of their surviving comrades and in the pride of their offspring in the glory of their ancestors. Even their gallant foes boasted of their own valor in withstanding and finally wearing away the splendid armies of the Confederacy. If there was at any time any question about a man's courage, the fact that he was a Confederate soldier was the only mention necessary to dispel such a doubt.

The renown of these armies is as dear to every survivor who served in any of them, from the memory of Gen. Lee down to the last ragged Confederate soldier, as their own life.

The Confederacy is not now "a cause," it is a memory—a sentiment, one of the dearest and holiest that possesses the hearts of its survivors. It may be an idol, but no man can, with vandal hand, tear down one of these idols or deface its stalwart manliness without incurring the condemnation of every man that loved the Confederacy. They desired so much to leave the memory of the gallantry of the armies of the Confederacy untarnished to those who come after them, so that if patriotic occasion demanded the services of this generation of Southern youth they might be animated by the recollection that their fathers went unflinching through the ordeals of fire.

Their dead need no monuments to perpetuate their memories; their living and their dead need no champion to do battle in behalf of the glories of their achievements. Their deeds are their champions. The sacred spots of their fallen brave attest their imperishable renown. They are enshrined in the memories of all their countrymen, from the St. Croix River to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, as examples of American manhood, indomitable endurance, inexorable intrepidity and untarnishable honor.

"LEE TO THE REAR."

Hood's Texas Brigade in the Battle of The Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

Heavy fighting had been going on for two days at the Wilderness when Longstreet's Corps arrived on the firing line, having made a forced march from Gordonsville, reaching the battlefield about sunrise the morning of May 6, 1864.

The Texas Brigade was in an open field about 300 yards from the Federal lines, when General Lee, mounted on Traveler, rode up and gave his orders to General Gregg, the Brigade Commander, saying:

"The Texas Brigade has always driven the enemy back, and I expect them to do it again today."

General Gregg at once shouted:

"The eyes of General Lee are upon you! Forward, Texas Brigade!"

Just then General Lee rode in front of the brigade as if intending to lead the charge, but a shout went up: "Lee to the rear." A number of soldiers sprang from the ranks and seized the reins of his horse. About this time the Federals were opening a galling fire upon the Texans, a number of whom had been killed and wounded before they had fired a shot. Two lines of the enemy were in front of the Texas Brigade, while across the plank road stood another line. The storm of battle became terrific. The Texas Brigade was without support on its right and left, but a hot fire was poured into its ranks both from front and from flank. The Texas Brigade did not disappoint General Lee's expectations, for they captured the important salient and held it, but they bought it at a fearful sacrifice.

They went into action with about 800, rank and file, and lost over 500 killed and wounded.

Colonel Walter Taylor, who was Adjutant General upon the staff of Robert E. Lee during the entire war, in his book, "General Lee, His Campaigns in Virginia," on page 234, says: "Before Longstreet's command had reached the scene, other troops had given away and retired in disorder. Matters looked critical, indeed. The men were going to the rear in a stream when General Longstreet arrived. General Lee was present as the troops moved into action. As they advanced, General Lee rode as if to lead the Texas Brigade, when there was a cry, 'General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear!' I recall especially one stalwart fellow of swarthy complexion and earnest expression, who passed by the head of General Lee's horse as the troops advanced to the line of battle and cried out: 'Go back, General Lee, this is no place for you; go back; we'll settle this.'"

There has been some question recently about this incident, other troops claiming the honor instead of the Texas Brigade. It occurs to us that the above from Colonel Taylor of General Lee's staff, who was present and personally witnessed the affair, ought to have settled the matter, but if anything further were needed, it is abundantly supplied by the following letter from Colonel R. J. Harding of the First Texas Regiment, as gallant a soldier as ever waved a sword and who today is one of the honored citizens of Jackson, Miss.:

"As we pressed forward, I never heard such a shout, as when we saw General Lee, mounted upon his splendid horse, appearing a warrior where every god had set the seal, with his glittering staff in the wake, the gates of the morning at the instant opened, the sunlight glinted the tops of the virgin forest, revealed the gray smoke of the artillery. Men were falling, the air was rent with the thunder of cannon. The scene was at once beautiful from surrounding nature, and terrible in the wrath of men. We were hurried into position. The left of the First Texas rested on the right of the Fourth, a small interval between them. Through this opening General Gregg rode and said in a loud voice that 'the eyes of General Lee were upon us, and would lead the charge.' Just then General Lee rode into the same opening between the First and Fourth. I was on the left of the First and as General Gregg made the announcement, I looked around and saw General Lee in ten feet of the spot where I was standing, moving forward on his iron gray horse, Traveler. Bullets were flying, men were falling and every man knew that something terrible and desperate was at hand. I ran to General Lee and caught his horse by the bridle rein. About the same instant Whit Randle caught the rein on the other side of the horse and Gross Lawrence raised his hand in the face of the horse as if to stop him. About six or eight men from both regiments rushed to General Lee for the same purpose, but all could not get hands on him. They formed a living barrier to stop his further progress. A simultaneous shout went up from every man who saw General Lee exposing himself. 'Go back, General Lee! Go back, General Lee! Lee to the rear!' and kept this up for some time. Traveler became restless and General Lee, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, patted him on his shoulder to quiet him and said: 'Charge them then.' General Lee then rode to the right toward the top of the hill and General Gregg led the charge. I did not know Grace Darling. It may have been he who caught the other rein of the bridle or who raised his hand immediately in the face of the horse. It was a desperate moment and no time for remembering faces. I have heard of many men from other commands claiming to have been the actors in this scene. I had never mentioned my name in connection with this incident until twenty years afterward when brave Billy Barry of the Fourth Texas, now at Navasota, related to me the scene as he witnessed it, and asked me for my recollection of it. We remembered it alike. Captain Barry was shot down and witnessed the whole thing as he lay on the ground. Please communicate with him at Navasota.

"General Gregg and I talked about this the evening after the battle. We both saw it alike. He told me that the act of the brigade would find a place in history.

"The men who caught General Lee's horse are entitled to nothing more for this act than those who did not. Every man would have done so if he could. I have always spoken of it as the act of the Texas Brigade, feeling amply paid by being a member of Hood's Brigade.

"At the unveiling of the Lee monument in Richmond, Va., I met a son of General Lee, and we talked about the incident. His father had spoken to him about it. General Lee said it brought tears to his eyes when he saw men willing to face death if he would go to a place of safety.

"You asked for a sketch from 'start to finish.' I have given it accurately and truthfully. As it is to be historical, I will stand to history on this sketch. Your friend and comrade.

R. J. HARDING.

ANNUAL ADDRESS OF COLONEL R. J. HARDING,

PRESIDENT OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE ASSOCIATION, AT CORSICANA, TEXAS, REUNION.

Wednesday, June 28, 1905.

The following is the address of President R. J. Harding, delivered before the meeting of Hood's Brigade in reunion yesterday:

"Twenty-seven years ago Hood's Brigade Association was magnificently entertained by the good people of this city. That sound jurist, grand soldier and perfect gentleman, Col. Winkler, was the chairman of the Entertainment Committee on that occasion. His daughter, Mrs. Morris, is chairman of the same committee on this occasion. One year ago today we received royal entertainment from our friends in the hospitable city of Ennis. Since that time death has laid his hand heavily upon our ranks. Your Vice-President Plasters has answered the last roll call. Peace be with him. John Pinckney in his address carried you over all your marches under Lee and Longstreet. Little did you think then before the end of another year the assassin's bullet would find lodgment in the body of this brave soldier, this splendid citizen, this useful man. A few more years, death from natural causes would have claimed his pure soul. We all hope the sod will rest lightly on his grave. I know that loving hands will see that flowers are placed on his final resting place on the annual decoration day of soldiers' graves.

"Fifteen others equally brave and dear to us have crossed the river and are at rest. We also mourn the death of one, though not a member of the brigade, but always proud of its record. He was a member of General Longstreet's staff and had three brothers in the Fifth Texas Regiment. I refer to that brave soldier and Christian gentleman, Major Thomas Goree.

"If it was not customary for the President of Hood's Texas Brigade Association to say something on turning over the office to his successor, I would remain silent on this occasion. I am going to say a few words to you on subjects probably a little different from what you have been accustomed to hear. I am going to talk on historical lines. Bishop Capers said he thanked the Lord for history, he thanked Him especially for Confederate history. Every Confederate soldier can stand on true Confederate history. If our opponents can't stand on theirs they must fall on it. I will state now that it is not my purpose to keep alive animosities or engender bad feeling between the sections. I disclaim any such intention absolutely.

"I wish to call your attention to a little extract from a speech of General Shaw, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, at a blue and gray reunion. I have never seen more cheek, gall, impudence, brass and falsehood in a few words. He was an invited guest. He said: 'The Confederacy passed into history as a dead and gone effort to found a new nation on American soil, and its furled flag should have no place in public view or parade henceforth. There can be but one ideal American citizenship, one stars and stripes, one bulwark of future national glory, and one line of patriotic teachings for all and by all. In this view the keeping alive of sectional teachings as to the justice and rights of the cause of the South, in the hearts of the children is all out of order, unwise and unjust and utterly opposed to the bond which the great Chieftain Lee solemnly bound the South in his final surrender. I deeply deplore all agencies of this sort, because in honor and in chivalric American manhood and womanhood nothing of this nature should be taught or tolerated for an instant.'

"Our flags must be hid, no more parades, no more reunions. Talk to your children about the war. Are you in line with Shaw? Then, histories are false and teach them no better. If he expects us to teach our children we were wrong, traitors and rebels, he is a fit subject for a fool's asylum. Does any man believe General Lee would have led an army for four years, fighting for a cause, and then bind them in surrender not to teach their children they thought they were right? I answer for every true Confederate soldier, No; and when he says Lee so bound us, to state mildly, he lied. And if he thinks the Confederate women are going to teach their children we were wrong, he is what Josh Billings would say, he is a natural born fool. I will make no apology for the Confederate soldier for what he did during the war, but will say for every true Confederate, the chief regret he has in the whole thing is we did not whip them.

"I don't like these blue and gray reunions: something unpleasant always happens. The Yankees think they are conferring a favor by condescending to come down South and be entertained. The quickest way to stop sectional feeling is to let each other alone. For these meetings to be of any force or effect one side must say it was wrong. If the blue was right, the gray was wrong, and we are never going to admit it. We are as far apart in what we fought for as we ever were, that is, as far as Boston is from heaven. No one wishes any more strife and dissentions, but we have never given

up our right to think as we please from our viewpoint, and the Confederate women, God bless them, are going to talk as they please and teach their children the truth, notwithstanding General Shaw and his Grand Army of the Republic.

"You have been told often that Abe Lincoln was going to be good and kind to the South if he had not been assassinated. This is a big guess. There is no way of judging the future but by the past. I ask each one of you to point out one act of kindness of Abe Lincoln to the South that will warrant you in saying or believing that he was going to be kind to the South. It is a great misfortune for anyone to be assassinated. I am opposed to it everywhere and under all circumstances. Any man who has it in his power to prevent crime and does not do it is as guilty as the perpetrator of the criminal act. When Burnside stood on Stafford Heights in command of the most magnificent army that was ever assembled on this continent, 150,000 men and 300 pieces of artillery, telegraphed to Lincoln that he was meeting with stubborn opposition in crossing the Rappahannock River. Lincoln ordered him to shell the town. Burnside telegraphed the town was full of women and children and non-combatants. His order was to shell the town, and the old city was knocked into brick dust and laid in ashes. You remember the two signal guns that fired that morning at 2 o'clock, telling you that Burnside was moving. You remember the women and the children came flying out of the city that December morning. The women with nothing but children and the children with nothing but women. Nothing to eat, no bed, no shelter. I remember you fasted and had your rations issued to the refugees. When Sheridan was ordered to devastate the valley of Virginia so that a crow could not fly over it without carrying his rations, Lincoln thanked him for doing so well. He destroyed 2,500 homes. When Sheridan made that march from Vicksburg to Meridian he boasted that he had destroyed 2,000 homes. When he made the march from Atlanta to Savannah, Ga., he boasted again that he had destroyed $98,000,000 worth of property and appropriated $2,000,000. None of this was war necessity, but meanness begot of hell-born hate. Lincoln telegraphed the thanks of a nation. I am going to mention now the lowest and meanest thing that any man has ever done since the building of the world. When Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, as mean a man as Seward is said to have been, and a lifelong abolitionist, stood appalled at the enormity of the act, and said: 'Mr. Lincoln, have you considered the danger to the women and children of the South, if you turn 4,000,000 slaves loose on them while all the men are on the fighting line?' Lincoln said: 'The time has come for the negro of the South to show his hand.' Show his hand to do what? There were only white women and children, and negroes. Now what did he mean by the negroes showing their hands? It could have but one meaning. He is said to have believed if this worked as he thought, the soldiers would leave the army, and go to protect their families. Beast Butler's order No. 28 about the ladies of New Orleans could not be compared to it in infamy. They could protect themselves by not insulting Butler's soldiers, but under Lincoln's proclamation they were absolutely helpless. We owe the old ante-bellum negro an everlasting debt of gratitude for his conduct, his fidelity, his obedience to the women and children and our families while we were in the army. They had been taught obedience always and practiced it until the miserable carpetbagger and the still worse scallawag got among them and made them believe we were their enemies so that they could further their own interest in being foisted into office.

I wish to correct that impression that has gone over the Southern country that Mississippi has in her Hall of Fame the portrait of A. Lincoln. We have in our capitol a Hall of Fame in which the portraits of the famous men of Mississippi are kept and under the charge of the historian, and keeper of archives. In one of his exuberant moods he imagined he was called upon to do the reconciliation act, wrote to Bob Lincoln for his father's portrait. It came by return mail. The young man was notified not to put it in the Hall of Fame. We would never let such an insult be passed on the memories of such orators as Prentiss and Lamar, such jurists as George, Harris and Campbell, such soldiers as Wirt Adams, Walthal and Stephen D. Lee, and such a patriot and statesman as Jefferson Davis. Mississippi's sons will do their duty. If Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Kansas and the worst of the South-hating states will put Jefferson Davis' portrait in their halls of fame, we will then begin to consider putting A. Lincoln's in Mississippi's Hall of Fame, but the face must always be to the wall.

If any one says Lincoln was going to be kind to the South, look back at our Southern country at the close of the war, that Lincoln made on it. Homes and every means of making a support for your families destroyed, everything of value stolen. Your mothers, wives and sisters and children suffering for life's necessities, and

insulted by foreign hirelings and Yankees; want and poverty everywhere. Your hope of salvation almost ground out of you under the iron heel of the military boot. Can you stare this stubborn fact in the face and say you feel towards them as if they had never done these things. Then you can say I have forgiven them, and not till then. We are told Grant was good to the South. He gave General Lee such good terms of surrender. He could give no less. The same terms that have been given to every army that surrendered in the field. He was so pleased when correspondence with Lee began that he actually took a drink. One of Grant's Generals said something about terms, and Grant said: "Damn the terms; get their guns." No man ever said more in a half dozen words. They had been trying four years to make four and a half Yankees whip one Confederate, and he knew glorious General Gordon had his men in line to cut through Sheridan's lines. No wonder he made the reply he did. He felt it. Grant was in command of the army and was all powerful. Stanton ordered the arrest and imprisonment of General Lee. Grant defied Stanton and would not let General Lee be molested, the only time he defied politicians. He could have made reconstruction less of the hell it was. He was President from 1868 to 1876. Never until the last year of his term did he interfere with the rogues and villains that were running the reconstruction mill. He could have stopped it at any point he wished. Sherman is said to have been the meanest man in the Yankee army. I am going to dispute it. There is this difference between Grant and Sherman. Sherman was mean while we had guns in our hands; Grant let meanness be done after we had surrendered. I am not going to try to describe the horrors of reconstruction. You imagine a hell according to the Baptist construction of it and you will have it.

When Grant was ordered by Lincoln to take command of the Army of the Potomac, he declined, and never until Lincoln agreed to keep the army up to a certain standard did he consent to command it; 140,000 men, nearly three times as many men as Lee had. And it must be kept up. If General Lee lost any of his men they could not be replaced, but not so with Grant. He said now I can lose four to his one and defeat him. Up to the crossing of the James River, we had killed and wounded more men that Lee had commenced with. Including Beast Butler and Burnside, Grant received more reinforcements than Lee had in the beginning of the campaign. He could have reached City Point without the loss of a man. If Lee's army had been slaughtered and barbecued, Grant's army could have eaten them up in one month. Grant stopped the exchange of prisoners and in giving his reasons therefor, paid the Confederate soldier a fine compliment. He said when a Yankee soldier was exchanged he went home and was never seen in the army again. If a rebel soldier was exchanged he went right into the army again and went to fighting. That is the difference between a man fighting for a principle and one fighting for thirteen dollars a month. They say we starved their prisoners when we had an abundance of rations. Stanton's figures show 12 per cent. of our men died in Yankee prisons and 9 per cent. of Yankees died in our prisons. In Beast Butler's book, page 610, he says Yankee soldiers could not live on the Confederate soldiers' rations. He examined several haversacks taken from Confederate prisoners around Petersburg. He was hunting for spoons.

The assassination of McKinley was a great misfortune to the South. He it was who said, "The time has come for the National Government to take care of the Confederate graves." We of the South had paid our part of the five billion dollars in pensions to feed the cripples we made for the Yankees, and now they wish to compensate by taking care of our dead men's graves. Our dead men are getting along very well, having a quiet time. Suppose one of you had been killed, how would you like to raise your head above the ground and see a Yankee scratching grass over your grave. You would get right up and whip him again. McKinley inaugurated the Spanish war. Our boys looked like they would break their backs going to the army. Had an invitation to go.

I remember when we were fighting Yankees, Spain was the only friend we had on earth. She recognized our independence. It was base ingratitude to help the Yankees whip our only friend. Great battles reported—two killed and six scared to death. The son of our glorious Hood got up a regiment of immunes. Anyone eligible that had ever had a contagious disease, yellow fever, smallpox, mumps or itch. Mississippi sent her quota promptly and McKinley insulted them by appointing the most despised negro in the State—John Lynch—their paymaster. Our boys would never receive their pay from him.

I will say nothing about Teddy, except that he is rather coon-flavored. He seems to be trying to reform.

The people of the North when speaking of the heads of their government during the war, say "Lincoln and Grant." When speaking of the South, always say "Lee and Jackson." They

should say Davis and Lee. They try to have Jeff Davis' name dropped from history. They will never do it in the South. They talk often about brotherly love. We must not say harsh things. They must stop first. We feel that we are the aggrieved party. They don't like to hear us mention the fight in which it took 4 1-2 Yankees 4 years to whip one Confederate. That grates on their nerves. A short time ago a Yankee soldier died in Minneapolis. Some Confederate soldiers sent some flowers to be placed on his grave. They were returned by the Yankee post to which he belonged. A short time ago a lot of Democratic Yankees refused to march in a Democratic procession in New York because some Confederate soldiers were going to take part in the procession. We are expected to forgive and forget our enemies for all the cruel acts they heaped on us. We are taught by the Good Book to forgive is divine. This is a matter for every one's judgment and conscience to consider. I am going to forgive my enemies, after awhile, but I am not going to be in any undignified hurry about it. Chronic reconcilers who are over-hasty to forgive their enemies, are quick to forget them. But to forget, then, indeed are our minds gone. If all the water that ever flowed down old Lethe River was drunk by one man it would not cause him to forget the deeds done in one day of reconstruction.

It would be improper for any to talk to old Confederate soldiers without saying something about the Confederate women. I wish I could say of them as I feel towards them. It would bankrupt my little store of English. The Confederate women deserve a large share of your glory. You had to do when you thought of the woman at home. She cheered you as you went to the war. You never did a brave and noble act that you did not have some woman in your mind. She was your inspiration to do or die, and when the sun went down at Appomattox you turned your faces to the places where your homes once were, you almost halted, saying, "What have I to go to?" Unable to provide for loved ones, no home, no hope, everything gone, defeated. You were drawn forward as by a magnet till you came in sight of Confederate women. They met you as though you were the conquering hero instead of the defeated, and ever since she has been your guiding star of hope and ambition to do again. She shared your poverty in uncomplaining and cheerful silence, and gave you every assistance of which she was capable. God bless the Confederate women and their children.

Comrades, it is evening with us, we will walk a few more beats, then taps. I hope you will be on time at reveille on resurrection morn, and when you hand in your final account, I hope it will show more credits than debits. I wish for each one of you the choicest blessings of heaven.

A "SURE ENOUGH" UN-RECONSTRUCTED OF 1865.

O, I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL.

BY MAJOR INNIS RANDOLPH.

Oh, I'm a good old rebel
Now, that's just what I am;
For the "Fair Land of Freedom"
I do not care a d———;
I'm glad I fit against it,
I only wish we'd won;
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I done.

I hates the Constitution,
This Great Republic too;
I hates the Freedman'sBuro
In uniforms of blue;
I hates the nasty eagle,
With all his brags an fuss;
The burnin', thievin' Yankees,
I hates them wuss and wuss.

I hates the whole Yankee nation
And everything they do,
I hates the Declaration
Of Independence, too;
I hates the Glorious Union—
'Tis dripping with our blood—
I hates the striped banner,
I fit it all I could.

I followed old Mars' Robert
For four year, near about,
Got wounded in three places
And starved at Point Lookout.
I cotch the roomatism
A campin' in the snow,
I killed a chance o' Yankees,
I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is stiff in Southern dust;

We got three hundred thousand
Before they smothered us;
They died of Southern fever—
And Southern steel and shot;
I wish they was three million
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now any more,
But I ain't goin' to love 'em,
Now that is certain sure;
And I don't want no pardon
For what I was and am,
I won't be reconstructed,
And I don't care a d———.

THE JACKET OF GRAY OUR SOLDIER BOY WORE.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride—
For, dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The Jacket of Gray our loved soldier boy wore.

Ah, vain, all vain, were our prayers and our tears;
The glad shout of victory sang in our ears,
But our treasured one on the red battlefield lay,
While the life-blood oozed out of the Jacket of Gray.

His young comrades found him and tenderly bore
The cold, lifeless form to his home by the shore.
Oh! dark were our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the Jacket of Gray.

We laid him to rest in his cold, narrow bed,
And graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest of tributes our proud hearts could say,
"He never disgraced the Jacket of Gray."

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride—
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The Jacket of Gray our soldier boy wore.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

HARRY M'CARTY.

(Written April, 1861, and immensely popular. The first flag of the South was of solid blue with one white star.)

We are a band of brothers
And native to the soil,
Fighting for the property
We gained by honest toil;
And when our rights were threatened,
The cry rose near and far—
"Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears the single star!"

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears the single star!

As long as e'er the Union
Was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brothers
Both kind were we and just;
But now, when Northern treachery
Attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears the single star.

Chorus.

First gallant South Carolina
Nobly made the stand,
Then came Alabama,
Who took her by the hand.
Next quickly Mississippi,
Georgia and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears the single star.

Chorus.

And here's to old Virginia—
The Old Dominion State—
With the young Confed-racy
At length has linked her fate;
Impelled by her example,
Now other states prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears the single star.

Chorus.

Then here's to our Confederacy,
Strong are we and brave,
Like patriots of old will fight
Our heritage to save.
And rather than submit to shame,
To die we would prefer;
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears the single star.

Chorus.

Then cheer, boys, cheer!
Raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina
Now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer
For Tennessee be given,
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag
Has grown to be eleven!

Chorus.

THE ORIGINAL DIXIE.

(The song of "Dixie" is indelibly connected with the South. We all know the air and have seen some of the many "Dixies" sung to it, but how few have seen the original song. There is but the one real "Dixie," and here follows the genuine—from which all counterfeits sprung.)

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will de weaber"—
William was a gay deceaber—
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Old missus acted the foolish part,
And died for the man that broke her heart,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Now heres a health to the next old missus,
And all the gals that want to kiss us;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear dis nig tomorrow,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and ingen batter—
Makes you fat or a little fatter—
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

MEMORIES HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

FROM WINTER QUARTERS TO APPOMATTOX, AND FROM APPOMATTOX TO GALVESTON.

BY CAPT. W. T. HILL, CO. D, FIFTH TEXAS.

The Texas Brigade held position north of the James River from early in the fall until breaking up of camp in the spring. The brigade saw much service in the fall, watching the enemy, doing much fighting and supporting General Gary's Cavalry, winning the sobriquet of being "General Gary's Foot Cavalry." The brigade had rather a pleasant winter camp, with very little war excitement. The Confederate Government offered $1,500 for every horse the scouts would capture. This offer gave great sport to the soldiers, as they captured many of the enemy's pickets, mostly bounty Germans. One night the scouts alarmed the whole of the enemy's army north of the James River. The beating of the "long roll" could be distinctly heard. The scouts became so fond of the sport that when volunteers were called for they would grab up their clothing, guns, etc., and run out and dress themselves on the color line, and crowd and push one another, saying: "I got here first." A certain number was called for from each regiment, when four times the number responded. The writer, who was commanding the Fifth, thought the scouts of the Fifth would

have a battle royal on the color line one night as to who got there first.

On Saturday night, April 2, 1865, the brigade had orders to be in readiness to march at daylight. The march was begun in the morning for Richmond, destined for Petersburg, where the brigade arrived on the cars just about noon. The brigade at that time was composed of the Third Arkansas, Colonel R. C. Taylor commanding; First Texas, Colonel F. S. Bass commanding; Fourth Texas, Lieutenant Colonel Winkler commanding; the Fifth Texas, Captain W. T. Hill commanding; Colonel R. M. Powell, commander of brigade. When the brigade arrived at Petersburg we could see long lines of the enemy within our lines marching westward. The Texas Brigade was stationed at the crossings on the Appomattox River to prevent the enemy from passing to north side of said stream. As the enemy did not make their appearance, the brigade had little to do. About 11 o'clock that night the brigade commenced the march westward, bringing up the rear of Lee's army. Fires lighted up the heavens everywhere, as everything was burned that would be of service to the enemy. Near where the Fifth Texas was stationed on the Appomattox a house stored with bacon was burned; as we were hungry we felt it a hardship not to be allowed to use it. All knew that General Lee was defeated and was retreating westward along the railroad that led from Petersburg to Lynchburg. The Texas Brigade tramped all night and all the next day without any assault from the enemy. The army was without food, but was informed that rations awaited them at Amelia Court House.

When Lee's army arrived at Amelia Court House on the morning of the 4th no rations had arrived. The brigade had a little meal issued to it without salt, which was mostly boiled in tin cups, making a sort of gruel, which diseased the bowels of the soldiers.

General Lee held his army at Amelia Court House for one day, hoping that his rations would arrive. This loss of time allowed Sheridan with his cavalry to cut Lee off from Danville, his objective point. Being baffled in his attempt to meet General Johnston in the South by way of Davitte, he was forced to change his route to Lynchburg. The enemy's cavalry assaulted our wagon train a number of times, doing much damage, until driven off by some infantry.

The enemy's infantry caught up with the Texas Brigade on evening of the 5th, which was the rear of the rear guard, after leaving Rice's station, where the brigade skirmishers had a hot fight with the enemy. The fighting line had to be heavily reinforced to drive the enemy back. In this fight the noted cock-fighter of the brigade was killed, Boykin of Company C, Fifth Texas. He carried a rooster on his shoulder on the march and would sometimes capture another rooster by pitting his against another near the marching line and would pick both of them up when contest got hot. The little fight above mentioned ended at night, by which time all of Lee's army had crossed the Appomattox, except the Texas Brigade. A large body of men were seen on the top of a hill nearby by twilight and who they were was only ascertained by hastily sending a courier to the commander. The brigade was informed that they were several thousand prisoners that Lee's army had captured around Petersburg and during the battles on the retreat. After learning the critical state of affairs the commander soon hurried them forward out of danger of being retaken.

The brigade then crossed over the river and bivouacked on the first hills near the river. The next morning, the 6th of April, the brigade was marched up the river to the high railroad bridge to hold the enemy in check until the bridge could be effectually destroyed. At noon a courier dashed in and informed Colonel Powelll, the brigade commander, to retreat with all haste, as the Texas Brigade was cut off. The brigade was led by a blind route west near the railroad, passing through Colonel Hillary Richardson's front yard, knocking down some of his pretty fence, thereby eluding the enemy. Here the writer requested a citizen to ride into Farmville, some half mile distant, and request his brother, Dr. Wood, to buy all the bread in town for him, as his regiment was hungry and without food. As the regiment marched to Dr. Wood's store, he informed the writer that there was not a loaf of bread in town. The brigade crossed the river on the wagon bridge to the north of the river and town of Farmville and ascended the high hills in Cumberland County. As the brigade was crossing the bridge the enemy was seen hurriedly placing in position a battery of six guns in front of Colonel Richardson's residence, the point the brigade had just left. As the brigade passed up the slope of the high hill it was seen that Lee had about fifty guns bearing on that battery. This solved the mystery why the brigade was not fired on. Rations were issued (a little bacon and cornmeal) and the march was continued before any cooking could be done.

On looking to the east heavy columns of the enemy's infantry could be seen marching directly on Lee's army and his right flank. Lee's army marched as rapidly as possible to avoid a

battle. After a march of two miles a brigade of the enemy's cavalry, commanded by General Gregg, made an assoult on a Georgia brigade of infantry in Fields' division, the Texas Brigade being one of the brigades of said division, and were terribly punished, Gregg being made prisoner. This little cavalry fight halted the division until two hours after night. The position held by the Texas Brigade was on a high hill in an open field and everything could be plainly seen, as the sky beyond presented a sort of a mirror. The men had to dig little holes in the ground, build a fire in it of little twigs and cook more gruel of cornmeal. Each soldier had to crawl around like a lizard, as he did not dare raise his head. The enemy's sharpshooters were in the dark at the foot of the hill, hidden behind trees, and suffered very little by the brigade fire.

Here Colonel Masterson of General Fields' staff was shot off his horse. About two hours after dark the brigade continued the march.

From this point until Appomattox was reached there was nothing seen but the abandonment of Lee's cannon, wagons, ambulances, dead horses and horses lying in the mud, too by the starved condition of the teams. The Texas Brigade continued the march as rear guard until the night of the 8th of April, bivouacking two miles east of Appomattox.

On the morning of the 9th the Texas Brigade marched within one mile of Appomattox, when it faced east, then north, then south, to meet the enemy. No enemy came in sight. The Texas Brigade then formed in a semi-circle across the road and began to build breastworks of whatsoever material was at hand. The Fifth appropriated a rail fence. As General Gordon had battle with the enemy on the evening of the 7th, driving him from his line of march, the army continued the retreat on the morning of the 8th.

On the evening of the 8th the enemy again made their appearance in Gordon's front. Gordon failed to disperse the enemy that night and the firing commenced at daylight the next morning on the 9th.

Then we knew that Lee's line of retreat was blocked. Suddenly everything came to a death-like stillness. That evening (the 9th) the teamsters came from the front and reported that General Lee had surrendered. The brigade gave the lie to the report and for awhile the teamsters were in jeopardy. The protocol of the surrender was written and signed by Generals Grant and Lee on the 10th, when on the same day General Lee issued his address to his army and bid it an affectionate farewell, and passed out of his lines near the Texas Brigade for Richmond. The morale of the Texas Brigade never weakened, but the men were as game as fighting cocks to the finish.

After General Lee's address was received the Fifth was thrown into great confusion, the men saying General Grant should not have their guns, when they began to bend their gun barrels in a forked red oak. As soon as the writer saw the work of destruction going on he informed the men that General Grant would not grant a parole to any soldier who did not present his gun in good condition. They said: "If that be the case we will straighten them back." Each one of them made a sublime failure on the "straighten them back" proposition. As there was no inspector of arms at the stacking of arms, all got their parole. The enemy after the surrender came within our lines like a swarm of gnats and traded their hardtack for our green beef without salt. The enemy said they were truly glad that General Lee had surrendered, as they were tired of this war and that they dreaded the aim of Lee's men. Paroles were issued and arms stacked by noon on April 12.

The Confederates marched in front of a line of battle of the enemy, some ten paces distant from the stack, and leaned their guns against those already stacked. The color bearer did likewise with the colors.

It was a sad, sad day for General Lee's army.

The brigade then marched to their old bivouac. Here the writer will let the brigade rest until the surrender of General Lee's sword is noticed.

A Senator in his address to the Texas Brigade at Navasota last June eulogized General Grant for returning General Lee's sword to him after he (Lee) had surrendered it to General Grant. Some of the brigade said our Southern orators ought to inform themselves on that flag incident before they again make any such assertion. The writer promised to find what history there was that related to the sword incident, and found the point well taken, that General Lee did not surrender his sword to General Grant. In "Jones Reminiscences of General Lee," page 303, I find the following: "While in company with several gentlemen the following conversation took place: 'General Grant returned you your sword, did he not, General?' The old hero, straightening himself up, replied in most emphatic tone: 'No, sir, he did not. He had no opportunity of doing so. I was determined that the side arms of officers should be exempt by the terms of surrender, and, of course, I did not offer mine. All that was said about swords was that General Grant apologized to me for not wearing his sword, saying that it

had gone off in his baggage, and he had been unable to get it in time.'"

In "Southern Historical Papers," volume 9, pages 139 and 140, I find the following, viz.:

"General U. S. Grant, New York.

"Buffalo Lythia Springs, Va., March 11, 1881.—Sir: In a friendly discussion between several gentlemen of Northern and Southern proclivities as to the truth of history, a question arose whether Lee at the surrender actually tendered and you received his sword. It was mutually agreed that you should be written to for a decision. There is no idle curiosity or desire for notoriety in regard to this request, and a reply from you would be highly appreciated. Very respectfully, T D.. JEFFRESS."

General Grant replied as follows on the bottom of the same sheet of paper:

"General Badeau's book, now in the hands of the printer, will give the exact truth of the matter referred to in this letter. There was no demand made for General Lee's sword and no ten- Very respectfully, T. D. JEFFRESS."

The writer will now return to the Texas Brigade bivouacked in its old four days' camp. The official record shows the following men surrendered at Appomattox: First Texas, 133, Colonel F. S. Bass commanding; Fourth Texas, 145, Lieutenant Colonel C. M. Winkler commanding; Fifth Texas, 149, Captain W. T. Hill, commanding; Third Arkansas, 130, Captain A. C. Jones commanding, making 557 officers and privates of the entire brigade (four regiments) who surrendered at Appomattox. The three Texas regiments surrendered 427 officers and privates. Estimating the entire enlistment of the three Texas regiments at 4,000 officers and privates, it will be seen that there were 3,573, who were not present at the surrender. Some of this number were dishonorably absent, many dead, many sick and disabled. The best manner of getting back to Texas was fully discussed by the Texas regiments. Some took steamer at Yorktown, some remained in Virginia, some stopped with relatives in the Southern States, but the great majority of them decided to march in one command to Danville, thence to Atlanta, Montgomery by rail and to Mobile, New Orleans and Galveston by steamer. The Texans bid farewell to the Third Arkansas, which was as brave and noble a regiment as was ever mustered into the Confederate service. The Third Arkansas went home by way of Chattanooga and Memphis. Soon after noon on the 12th of April the Texas Brigade marched from "the pen," as our soldiers called the camp, for General Grant had built a pen around General Lee's army with his soldiers, some ten miles in direction of Danville. The next day about noon the Texans stopped at a water mill that was grinding cornmeal. The owner gave us all the meal we wanted and enough to last two days. The brigade camped there the balance of the day, spending the time in cooking and eating. That night was the last that the brigade bivouacked together. The weak and sore-footed would start several hours before day and took every wrong road on the march to Danville. The brigade came into Danville only in little squads for several days. As the railroads from Danville to Montgomery were generally torn up by the enemy, the Texans had to foot it nearly 300 miles to reach Montgomery.

The Texans of Lee's army met the Texans of Johnston's army at Greensborough, N. C. There they met Major George, Hood's Quartermaster. He had his same Durham cow that had followed his wagon train for four years. The cow was still giving milk.

The Texans left Greensborough in squads for Montgomery, riding by rail very little. The writer and his squad were about the first to reach Montgomery, when report was made to the provost officer in command. He assigned the Confederates quarters in a large two-story building in the city near the artesian well. The quarters were ample and good. As Major W. H. Martin and the writer had agreed to take command of the Texans, we gathered them into quarters as they arrived. By the time we took steamer for Mobile near 400 were in quarters. Major Martin took charge of the commissary, and the writer took charge of the paroles. The brigade, which included all the Texans of both armies had to remain in Montgomery seven days before a steamer could be furnished. The provost officer finally informed Major Martin and the writer that if we would take the Texans and unload a steamer that had just arrived he would send the command on it to Mobile. The Texans were informed of the arrangement, and they agreed to it with a whoop. Squads of negroes, fifty to a squad, were kept to unload the steamers as they arrived. The negroes were given twenty-four hours to unload a steamer. The Texans unloaded theirs in six hours, putting every variety of freight together and covering the whole with tarpaulin cloths. The captain of the steamer complimented the men for doing the quickest and best work that he had ever had done.

Under cover, stored on the wharf, were boat loads of bacon, hardtack, sugar, coffee, pickles, canned goods containing antiscorbutics, canned

beef, wagons, cannon frames, picks, axes, and a host of other war material. The Texans gave up when they saw all this stuff, saying: "Boys, we never could have whipped the Yankees."

The day before the Texans took the steamer for Mobile the provost officer ordered every paroled soldier to report at his office to have his parole countersigned. Had a soldier passed by a provost office without the proper countersigning, he would have been taken and held as a prisoner. So the Texans turned out en masse to the provost office. Whenever a call was made for "Next" near a dozen hands would be thrust into the office window. The writer saw the confusion, and that some of the soldiers would be there all day. He went to a side door and asked the guard to permit him to see the provost officer. He very courteously did so, and the writer was invited in. He suggested to the officer that if he would furnish the writer with a table, pen and ink he would collect all the paroles, bring them in his office and countersign for his signature. He thanked the writer for the suggestion. All the men were ordered into line, their paroles taken and were permitted to disperse. It took half a day to complete the work. The paroles were returned to the men at quarters.

At the promised hour next morning all went aboard the steamer for Mobile. When the steamer arrived at Selma the Texans had to disembark in order that a negro regiment might be taken to Mobile. The Texans made bitter complaint, that it was a "regular Yankee trick," making them unload a steamer and putting them off for a lot of black negroes. The Texans remained at Selma until the next morning, when another steamer made its appearance and steamed for Mobile. On arrival the Texans were assigned good quarters, rations were issued, and the same provost work executed as was done at Selma.

After a peaceful and monotonous life of six days the Texans boarded a steamer for New Orleans. When about the middle of Lake Ponchartrain, late in the evening, a very dark cloud appeared off the right of the steamer, the lightning being very vivid, which caused many of the Texans to fear that they would be drowned in that hole of water. They suggested that the writer see the captain of the steamer to ascertain if there was any danger. The writer ascended the steps to the upper deck, when he saw the stateroom in a whirl of dance with beautifully dressed women and gaudily dressed Federal officers. He found the captain in the clerk's office and asked him if he thought there was any danger from the black cloud off to our right. He answered, after looking at the barometer, "None at all, sir; only a thunder cloud." The wind and rain soon struck the vessel, which caused the Texans to retreat to the opposite side of the steamer. After arriving at New Orleans the Texans were assigned quarters in a large cotton shed. The soldiers had no bedding furnished them, but slept on their own army blankets. Here no paroles were countersigned, but a company of negro soldiers were placed as a guard over the Texans. The next morning after being assigned quarters nearly all the Texans who wore brass buttons were met with a "Stop dar, till I cut them buttons off." It made no difference whether the buttons were English, French or German, just so they were brass buttons. The indignities offered the Federal government had to be avenged by cutting off her make of buttons. The Texans soon caught on and did their own button-cutting. You ask if the boys felt "hacked." The answer is, yes. It looked, though, as if the Texans were getting some "pay back" for destroying the negro brigade at the Phillips house on September 29, 1864.

The Texans were treated civilly in New Orleans by every one except the low class, who made it a point to act as uncivil as their mean natures would allow them. The Texans had the liberty of the city and their quarters—egress and ingress "ad libitum." The Irish women flocked to the quarters of the Texans, cooked the rations for them, either bringing their meals to them or having them to come to their homes to eat. These women also furnished each Texan with a good suit of clothes. Not a German woman made her appearance. The Texans remained in New Orleans nine days, pining to get home.

On the last night before the Texans took steamer for Galveston Colonel Henry, a grand old "rebel," gave the rank and file of the Texans a grand supper. Dr. Greenleaf gave the officers a magnificient entertainment. The Texans went aboard the steamer, the Hudson, at 10 a. m. A fire broke out in the city near Colonel Henry's residence and the Texans hurriedly left the steamer and went to his assistance. They removed everything out of his house, carpets, pictures, etc., and replaced everything in his house after the fire had burned around him. Some of his outhouses were burned. It was a ludicrous sight to see some of the men with a stack of chinaware on their left arm and a pie in their right hand. The Texans placed a guard over the colonel's household goods and had to knock down some thieves before they would turn loose their plunder. All boarded the Hudson for Galveston at 4 p. m.

May 29, 1865. All went well until just before day the next morning, when the Hudson came to a sudden halt. The fact was soon made known that we were stuck in the mud at the mouth of the Mississippi river. Here the Texans lay two exceedingly long days. Many of them felt tempted to wade over to Galveston. On the second day two tugs lashed to the Hudson to pull her out of the mud. This effort was in vain. At 10 a. m. the third day a freight steamer lashed to the Hudson, took the Texans aboard and steamed for Galveston. The steamer was so constructed that half of the men had to take quarters in the hold of the vessel and the other half on deck above them. All went well until 2 the next morning, when from human heat, caused by the poor ventilation and the very offensive nature of the bilge water, more than half of the men in the hold had gone to the upper deck. The captain of the steamer sent for the writer and informed him that if the men did not get off the top of the vessel it would turn over. The matter was made known to the men, when the answer was returned: "Curse her, let her go." Some people thought about that time that the "fool killer" had not done his duty. At twilight in the morning the vessel came to anchor near the blockading fleet of five very formidable looking ships. Here the steamer remained at anchor until noon, when General E. J. Davis suffered her to come into the city. The men were soon ashore, and rejoiced to know that their lives were spared and proud to know they had upheld the honor and valor of their State, landing at Galveston on April 2, 1865, after four years of hard service.

The arrangement by the good people of Galveston and Houston was that on landing at Galveston the Texans were to take a Buffalo bayou steamer to Houston and eat a sumptuous dinner prepared by the good people of Houston. General Davis frustrated this arrangement by holding the men out in the gulf at anchor half a day, and by refusing to let the men have the use of the bayou steamer. About sunset the Galveston people improvised an old engine and a large number of flat cars, without seats, and bid the men to take passage for Houston. As soon as the men began to climb on the cars a score of Irish women made their appearance with brooms and swept off the cars. A noble race of people. May the Lord ever bless them. The train arrived at Houston that night at 12 o'clock, the men half frozen from riding in the cold open air. Call was made for all the soldiers to repair to a certain hall to eat a sumptuous dinner, ready spread. The writer's company accepted the hospitality of the proprietor of the Hadley house, Colonel John Murray, whose son had been first sergeant in the writer's company. At Houston the brigade disbanded and radiated to different parts of the State.

Here let us drop the curtain.

To the members and friends of Hood's Texas Brigade:

There are now not more than 300 survivors in Hood's Texas brigade. The brigade seeing this sparsity of members, resolved, at the annual meeting of Hood's Texas Brigade association at Navasota, on the 27th day of last June, to build a monument to be placed on the capitol grounds at Austin, to the memory of the dead and living of this grand old brigade of National fame. The president of the association kindly requests all the members of the brigade, who have not already done so, to send forward their contributions for building the monument. Ask your neighbors to assist. Dear readers of this letter, please help us in our great work. Send all funds to Captain F. B. Chilton, Houston, Texas. Please help us. W. T. Hill,
President of the Hood's Texas Brigade Association.

VETERANS MEMORIAL.

Comrade Frank Chilton Delivered a Beautiful Eulogium on Comrade L. A. Daffan, Recently Deceased. Dick Dowling Camp Paid Tribute.

Sunday's meeting of members of Dick Dowling camp was largely a memorial service dedicated to the memory of the late L. A. Daffan.

Captain F. B. Chilton, a member of Hood's Texas Brigade, made the following remarks and offered the following resolutions:

Honorable commander and comrades of Dick Dowling camp, U. C. V., No. 197, Houston, Texas:

I rise to offer a resolution for the consideration of this camp on the death of a splendid Confederate soldier, L. A. Daffan, who, though not a member of this camp, is yet by connected events brought into such close relationship with us, as to demand the action I earnestly ask the camp to take.

It is meet to state that there are three good reasons why the camp should pass these resolutions; first, there are as active members of Dick Dowling camp seven comrades, namely, G. A. Branard, F. M. Poland, T. A. Cameron, M. W. McLeod, H. T. Sapp, J. E. Landes and F. B. Chilton, all of whom were with comrade L. A.

Daffan, members of Hood's Texas brigade, army of northern Virginia; second, Miss Katie Daffan, the daughter of our deceased comrade, is a beloved honorary member of this camp; third, it was only at the last meeting two weeks ago, that this camp honored itself by selecting Miss Katie Daffan as its sponsor for the great reunion at Richmond the coming May, therefore I ask that the camp rise to its feet during the reading and unanimously adopt the following resolutions in respect to our departed comrade, Lawrence Aylett Daffan.

Resolutions of Dick Dowling camp, U. C. V., Houston, Texas, on the death of Lawrence Aylett Daffan who was born April 30, 1845, and died at Ennis, Texas, January 28, 1907.

While camp was standing with bowed heads, resolution was read and unanimously adopted.

Whereas, the Great Ruler of heaven and earth has in His infinite wisdom, called from the environments of this life our friend and comrade, Lawrence Aylett Daffan, and whereas his death is felt as an especial bereavement by Dick Dowling camp, United Confederate Veterans, we, the members of said camp, desire to testify to the regard we entertained for him in life and our sorrow that he has been removed from our midst; therefore be it

Resolved, That we realize that taps have again been sounded and still another true and tried Confederate soldier has passed to his rest, that once more the "last roll" has been bravely answered by a loyal son of the South and yet another hero of Appomattox has crossed over and joined the ranks of his waiting comrades "under the shadow of the trees," in the great beyond.

Our deceased comrade was an honored member of Company G, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. Entering the Confederate army during the first of the war he served with unvarying fidelity and distinction to its close. After the war he immediately identified himself with the upbuilding of the Houston and Texas Central Railway and remained with it over forty years—up to his death.

Comrade Daffan was a heroic soldier in war and a model citizen in peace, and was known as a firm Confederate and a true friend. He was a courteous, honorable, Christian gentleman, a loving husband, a tender parent, devoted to family and friends, of whom he had as large a number as falls to the lot of man.

In all respects the memory of our comrade will be a blessing and his example worthy of emulation, therefore, be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be adopted by a rising vote of the camp, that same be spread upon the minutes of Dick Dowling camp, that they be furnished the Houston press for publication and that a copy be sent the family of our deceased comrade.

THE BATTLE OF SECOND MANASSAS.

FOUGHT AUGUST 30, 1862.

BY L. A. DAFFAN, CO. G, FOURTH TEXAS.

The following account of the battle of second Manassas, August 30, 1862, was given to me, personally and informally dictated, by my father. Always interested in the battles in which he took a part and his service in the war, begun when he was a 16-year-old boy, I insisted that he let me take his own account of his observations and experiences in the great charges. It was my privilege to go with him to visit the battlefield of Manassas, to go over the historic ground and locate the spot where stood Hood's Texas Brigade during the storm of battle. This account, with others, is included in "My Father as I Remember Him," a biographical volume dedicated to his memory.

I have heard my father and his comrades, in our home, many times renew the record of Hood's Texas brigade, when animated, spirited discussions would ensue. Though each was present, in the flesh, upon the battlefield, each an ardent participant, there were sometimes as many opinions as there were voices.

All agreed, however, as to the main object and issue, the great movements, the certain tests and the awful experiences, not only at the time of action, but those which so rapidly followed.

Believing that a personal observation is one way and a true way to establish history, this account is given to those who are interested in Texans in the Confederacy. Katie Daffan.

On Thursday evening, October 29, 1862, marching through the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, we heard the sound and echo of artillery, which was familiar to us, and we knew that we were approaching the enemy.

Just before sundown we entered Thoroughfare Gap. We could hear musketry and artillery at the opposite side of the gap. Anderson's Brigade had engaged the enemy, who was holding the gap, to keep us from forming a junction with Jackson at Manassas.

Hood's Brigade filed out of the road and started right over the top of the mountain, which was very steep climbing. By the time we were at the top we received word that Anderson had routed the enemy. We returned to the road and continued that night and marched through the gap and camped right on the ground where Anderson had driven them away. We were ordered to be ready to move at a moment's warning. We started at 6 o'clock Friday morning, August 30.

I speak of Hood's division in this, which consisted of Benning's Brigade and Anderson's Georgia Brigade, Law's Alabama Brigade and Hood's Texas Brigade. Hood was, at this time, Brigadier General, but acting in the capacity of Major General for this division.

We marched along in ordinary time to Manassas, until 9 or 10 o'clock. At this time we began to hear very heavy cannonade. In an hour we were in the hearing of very heavy artillery and musketry, fierce and violent. Jackson had engaged Pope and his corps. The sound of the firing continued to grow more violent. We received orders to quickstep and shortly afterward received orders to double quickstep. We were all young and stout, and it seemed to me this kept up about two hours. Pope was pressing Jackson very hard at this point. We joined Jackson and formed at his right and doubled-quicked into line of battle and threw out skirmishers.

At this time, as we arrived there, the firing all along Jackson's line ceased at once. We took position Friday evening, and Friday night we had a night attack. This and the attack at Raccoon Mountain, Tennessee, were the only night attacks that I know of made by the Confederates. This attack caused great confusion, and I could never understand what benefit it was. We slept that night very close to the enemy, in fact could not speak aloud or above a whisper. I had a very bad cold at this time, contracted on the retreat from Yorktown, and an officer was sent from headquarters "to tell than man who was constantly coughing to go from the front to the rear, where he could not be heard." I went back, near half a mile, with my blanket and accoutrements. I slept alone, under a large oak tree, coughing all night. I don't know the maneuvers of our regiment between this and day, but I joined them early Saturday morning. We formed in perfect order early in the day. Jackson brought on the attack on our left about noon and pressed the enemy until they began to give way in front of him. This drew a number of troops from in front of us to support those Jackson was driving back on our left.

General Lee's headquarters were in sight of where I was. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon I saw a considerable commotion in General Lee's headquarters; he, his staff officers and couriers. The couriers darted off with their instructions to different commanders of divisions, in a few minutes a courier dashed up to General Robertson, commanding the Texas Brigade. These couriers and orderlies notified the respective Colonels. The order "attention" was given, then the order "to load," then "forward," "guide center." We went through the heavy timber and emerged into an open field. We had a famous battery with us, Reiley's battery, with six guns, four Napoleon and two six-pound rifles.

Captain Reiley had always promised us that if the location of the company permitted, he would charge with us. We opened and made room between the Fourth and Fifth Texas for Riley's Battery to come in. As we started, the battery started.

Young's branch was between us and a hill on the other side, which was occupied by a Federal battery, which was playing on us. This turned into a charge as soon as we emerged from the timber. We had gone a short distance when Reiley unlimbered two of his guns and opened on the Federals. We moved past these guns while they were firing. As we passed on the other two guns came in some distance ahead of those that were firing, swung into position and unlimbered. It seemed to me by the time the first two had stopped, the second two opened fire. This was done remarkably quick. They charged with us in this charge until we arrived at Young's branch; two sections, two Napoleon guns each, two firing while the other two would limber up and run past them, swing into position and open fire.

This was the grandest thing I saw during the war—the charge of Reiley's Battery with the Texas Brigade. I don't know whether they shot accurately or not, it was done so fast. But I do know that it attracted the attention of the Yankee battery on the hill, diverting their attention from us.

Reiley's Battery were North Carolinians and were with us all during the war and they never lost a gun.

In this charge at Manassas we saw a Zouave regiment. It stood immediately in front of the Fifth Texas to our right. It was a very fine regiment. As the Fifth Texas approached, it checked the speed of the Fifth in its quick charge. The Fifth Texas, Hampton Legion and the Fourth Texas had a tendency to swing around them. As the Fifth Texas approached them, I saw the blaze of their rifles reached nearly from one to the other.

The First Texas, Hampton's Legion and Fourth Texas from their position gave the Zouaves an enfilading fire, which virtually wiped them off the face of the earth. I never could understand why this fine Zouave regiment would make the stand they did in front of the brigade until nearly every one was killed.

We rallied at Young's branch. I looked up the hill which we had descended and the hill was red with uniforms of the Zouaves. They were from New York.

We ascended the hill out of Young's branch, charged a battery of six guns, supported by a line of Pennsylvania infantry. This battery was near enough to use on us grapeshot and canister. As we came near to it one of the guns was pointed directly at my company and lanyard strung. Our Captain commanded Company G to right and left oblique from it. I was on the right and with a few others went into Company H. At this time one of the artillerymen threw the main beam, and this threw the cannon directly on Company H. Company H received a load of canister which killed four or five men.

I was immediately with Lieutenants Jones and Ransom of that company, who were both killed right at my feet. I stepped over both of them. Captain Hunter, now living, was also shot down at that time. Most of the company were my schoolmates.

This last shot threw smoke and dust all over me, and the shot whizzed on both sides of me. Lieutenant Jones was shot in the head and feet, but I was not touched. When the smoke cleared away we had these guns, and they were so hot I couldn't bear my hands on them. I then fired one shot at this retreating infantry which the rest of the brigade had been engaged with.

This wound up that day's engagment for us, except the Fifth Texas. A part of their regiment and their colors were carried about five miles after the retreating enemy.

We returned to Young's branch and my attention was attracted to our support coming down the same hill that we had come down.

There were four lines of battle of Longstreet's Corps in perfect order, which passed us and took up the fight with the retreating enemy where we left it off. This battle was fought on the 30th and 31st of August, 186?.

I can't understand why the Federals have always attached so little importance to this battle, as they lost many gallant men there. They were terribly defeated, and may have been ashamed of their commanding general.

L. A. Daffan,
Company G, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.

While serving on General Hood's staff, Captain J. T. Hunter, when delivering an order to Captain Reiley, questioned him as to the accuracy of his guns. Captain Reiley, pointing to the tops of some chimneys that appeared over the tops of some houses beyond a distant field, said: "You see those chimney tops? I might not knock them off first shot, but the second would bring them." Reiley's Battery remained as part of Hood's Texas Brigade throughout the entire war, and was as effective and faithful to duty as any battery in the service.

GEORGE A. BRANARD PASSED AWAY.

GALLANT COLOR BEARER UNDER HOOD ANSWERS LAST ROLL CALL.

(*Houston Post.*)

George A. Branard, perpetual secretary of Hoods Brigade Association, and one of the most gallant soldiers that ever shouldered a musket in behalf of the Confederacy, answered final roll call Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Death occurred at his residence in the Bute addition, and came after a prolonged illness. On receiving notice that another comrade had signed the muster roll on the other shore, M. W. McLeod, ensign of Dick Dowling Camp, United Confederate Veterans, at once displayed the camp flag from the armory at city hall.

Of all the brave men who followed the dauntless Hood none was braver than George A. Branard. When the grave closes over him it will hide a shell scar which marked his courage at the time and thereafter till the day of his

death paid tribute to his valor. He was color bearer of the First Texas Regiment. There was rivalry among the color bearers of the various regiments as to which could advance its colors nearest to the enemy's lines. Already several color bearers, Branard among them, had carried their flags far ahead of their respective regiments. Shot and shell whistled and shrieked about them. Branard again advanced, stopping at a rock about 50 yards in the lead of his nearest competitor, a Georgian. Not to be outdone, the Georgian again moved forward, approaching the rock where Branard's colors were waving. But the intrepid Texan was not willing to divide honors, not even with Georgia. Amid a rain of bullets he again moved forward. There were shouts from the regiment left behind him for him to turn back. On he went, waving defiance, almost under the ramparts of his adversaries. The order went down the line: "Don't shoot that man; he is too brave to kill." The rattle of musketry momentarily ceased. Just then a shell fired at an angle exploded at the feet of the flag bearer from Texas.

A fragment severed the staff of the colors. Another fragment struck Branard in the forehead, cutting a gash which marked him for life and destroying the sight of one eye. Blinded by blood, with his brain whirling from the force of the concussion, Branard still clutched his flagstaff and attempted to go further forward. The shattered remnant of his flagstaff was still clutched in his hand when, unconscious, his comrades bore him from the field.

Men who are still living were witnesses to Barnard's bravery, and they declare that no event in the entire war surpassed the incident.

Mr. Branard was born on Galveston Island, Jan. 5, 1843, and at an early age evinced a desire to learn the mechanics' trade. He was employed by M. L. Parry and later on by the firm of Close & Cushman. At the beginning of the war he entered the army in Company L, of the First Texas Regiment. From May, 1862, until November, 1863, he served as color bearer of the regiment until wounded on that date at the battle of Knoxville. On account of being physically disabled from the effects of his wound, he became sergeant in charge of the ambulance corps and remained in this position until he retired from the service in February, 1865, when he returned to Galveston. From 1866 to 1870 he was engaged in selling agricultural supplies. For a couple of years Mr. Branard was connected with the Phoenix Express Company and subsequently took charge of the government bonded warehouses controlled by C. W. Hurley & Co. The next two years were spent in Tyler and in 1875 he became a permanent resident of Houston.

The domestic life of the soldier was as calm and happy as his public career was honorable and eventful. On April 4, 1866, he was married to Miss Julia House, and is survived by nine children of the union, four of whom were gathered at his bedside when his stiffened lips murmured "here" in answer to the last roll call.

The children surviving are George A., Jr., James H., Henry H. and Mrs. Nettie Ward, all of Houston and all with him when he died. Miss Julia Branard, a daughter, is also of Houston, but is visiting in Berkley, Cal., where the other children now are. They are Robert W. Branard, Mrs. O. C. Marr, Mrs. S. H. Hutchinson and Mrs. Charles Hucker.

The dead soldier will be buried at 4 o'clock this afternoon, with the funeral services under the auspices of Dick Dowling Camp. Services will be held at the late residence of the deceased and interment will be in the German cemetery.

A wagonette will leave the city market hall at 3:15 in the afternoon to convey his comrades to the funeral. The list of pallbearers includes the names of A. T. Amerman, W. C. Kelly, W. B. James, J. J. Hall, Levi Hickey, William McLeod, F. R. Shields and John Staley.

Joseph Jamison will conduct the funeral services.

DICK DOWLING CAMP AT CITY HALL.

Stirring Addresses by W. W. Dexter and Comrade Chilton on Geo. Branard, Deceased, Hood's Brigade, First Texas Flagbearer

(Houston Chronicle.)

Dick Dowling Camp, United Confederate Veterans, met yesterday afternoon at city hall. An especially attractive program was arranged for the afternoon and the exercises were embellished with several interesting numbers, notably the stirring paper of Comrade W. W. Dexter, which was in substance a memorial address on the gallant soldier, George Branard, flagbearer of Hood's Brigade, lately deceased.

"In the passing of our dear old comrade, George Branard," he said, "another rent has been made in the tattered tent of Dick Dowling Camp, and another brave soul has passed on to join the white caravan in the mystic valley of eternity.

"George Branard. When you hear his name what thoughts come surging to your mind; with what do you associate it—a warrior, a good man. His name is a synonym of valor and all

the nobler impulses of a truly good and fearless man.

"The incidents of his life as a boy soldier upon the field of battle need not be here recounted; they are recorded—they belong to history. His valor upon the battlefield was no less conspicuous than Pellham's. George Branard won honor upon the field of battle as a Confederate soldier by repeated acts of heroism no less than those that have for others emblazoned the pages of history. He was the flagbearer of that intrepid band of death fighters, Hood's Texas Brigade, and when in the heat of battle the ensign was killed, it was George Branard who modestly wrenched the flag from his comrade's death grip and holding it on high led the charge unmindful of danger. Pellham's act of standing alone on the field of battle, firing his cannon until shot to death, was easily paralleled for valor by the act of young Branard.

"Branard's nature was so modest that he thought nothing of the act and he refrained from alluding to it.

"You all remember him in this camp. We can see him now seated in some inconspicuous place. He disliked ostentation. He would arise only when the voice of duty whispered unto him. So was his life. His was the proverbial timidity of the lamb and the boldness of the lion.

"He was proud of this camp. It was like a priceless jewel to him. You know his fidelity. We mourn his loss and extend our sympathy to his sorrowful family. It was God's way. He will see that his soul shall forever camp where a halo of glory encircles his brow, and Dick Dowling Camp will keep green his memory and forever guard the bivouac of the dead."

The paper was adopted by a rising vote.

Comrade Frank B. Chilton also delivered a very eloquent address upon the deceased Branard, who, he said by way of tribute, always carried the flag of the Confederacy ahead of his regiment. Comrade Chilton's discourse was colored by many beautiful eulogies and was appreciated in full by the large attendance.

Captain Chilton reviewed the life and character of the dead comrade, saying many kind things of one who is beyond the pale of human help or harm. The address was received with hearty applause.

HOW BRANARD WAS PROMOTED.

Interesting Chapter in Life of Hood's Brigade Secretary—Navasota Reunion—Old Soldiers Are Already on Hand in Numbers—Kittrell Will Deliver Oration—Special Train.

(*Special to the Chronicle.*)

Navasota, Texas, June 26.—Already the advance of Hood's Texas Brigade on Navasota has begun. Veterans who once wore gray clothes, and who now also wear gray beards, are arriving with the rapidity once represented in their forced marches and going into camp—this last purely figuratively speaking, as the veterans are in reality being quartered in the best homes in Navasota, where peace and plenty and Southern hospitality are showered upon them. Truly their dreadful marches have been changed to delightful meetings. The picture which Navasota presents may well recall to the minds of the veterans the stirring scenes which were enacted when they were being mustered into the service. There are flags and bunting and music everywhere. Again the rumble of the drum is heard, but this time it does not speak a prophecy of coming trouble. Instead, the fanflares of flute and fife are signs which mark a "piping time of peace." Over war's grim visage the waving myrtle and beauteous rose speak overtures to Eros and not to Mars.

Signs of welcome span the streets, and words of like import are spoken on every side. Navasota is prepared to exceed the utmost expectations and demands of hospitality. And the old soldiers assembled here are as proud of the welcome extended them as they were more than four decades ago of the plaudits, world-wide, which greeted their deathless devotion and dauntless daring.

Officers of the Association this year are: E. K. Goree of Huntsville, President; H. T. Sapp of Houston, Vice-President; George A. Branard of Houston, perpetual Secretary and Treasurer. There is a vacancy in the office of Chaplain, Mat Beasley of Corsicana having answered the long roll call since the last gathering.

About 300 names appear on the roster. A special effort is to be made at this meeting to correct the official records. Already Secretary Branard has the rolls of 14 of the 32 companies

which made up the three Texas regiments in Hood's Brigade. No effort has been made to secure the rolls of the regiment from Arkansas and the one from Georgia which made up the balance of the famous brigade. Hood's Texas Brigade Association was organized in Houston at a meeting held in the old Hutchins house in the late spring of 1872. At that meeting Bob Burns was elected Secretary and held that office continuously until his death in 1895. That year at the Calvert meeting George A. Branard was elected Secretary and subsequently was given the office perpetually.

CAREER OF GEORGE A. BRANARD.

The career of George A. Branard is one of the most interesting of the entire Confederate army. "I enlisted in Company L, First Texas Infantry, as a Fourth Corporal, and came back a disabled Color Sergeant," is all the account which Secretary Branard has ever been willing to give of his service in Hood's Brigade. But from General J. B. Polley, who once commanded the Texas Department, United Confederate Veterans, additional details were obtained in regard to how Branard came to be a "disabled Color Sergeant."

"Branard's promotion from Fourth Corporal to Color Sergeant occurred at Eltham's Landing, Va., known to the Federals as West Point," said General Polley. "The promotion was made on May 7, 1862, and occurred in this way: Thomas Nettles of Livingston, Texas, who I believe is still living, was Color Sergeant of the First Regiment, with a guard of eight Corporals. He became impatient at the long delay in the opening of the first battle, and evidently believed he was going to be denied the opportunity of shooting at a Yankee. During the skirmish he went down into a rifle pit to get his shooting chance. While he was shooting at the Yankees, they were also shooting at him, with the result that he received a bullet in the shoulder which made it impossible for him to longer carry the flag. He transferred it temporarily to Branard. In an engagement next day, Branard"—this with a twinkle in the eye—"thinking he was going to the rear, got too far in front of the regiment to hear the command to halt and fall back. When some one shouted to him to fall back, he declared that the regiment could fall back if it wanted to, but he'd be d——d if he fell back. The Colonel heard the remark, and, admiring both its courage and spirit, ordered the regiment forward to form under the colors. And he then and there promoted Branard from Corporal to Color Sergeant. The Colonel was A. T. Rainey of Palestine.

"That's how Branard came to be Color Sergeant. How he came to be a 'disabled' one is another story. It happened at the battle of Gettysburg. Branard had carried the colors in advance of the regiment and in the face of a shell and rifle fire which was raking the regiment in a terrific manner. Only one other color bearer, and he was with a Georgia regiment, dared advance his colors as far afield as did Branard. As the Georgia sergeant planted his standard alongside that of Branard, the latter decided upon another advance. In the face of protests from every man who witnessed the act, he again advanced the Texas colors, and this time into the very teeth of the Federals. The daring act won the admiration of the enemy, and the command was passed down the line not to fire on the intrepid Texan. It was obeyed by the riflemen, but did not reach or was not heeded by the artillery. A screaming shell severed the flagstaff and a small piece of the missile struck Branard above the left eye. He still wears the scar and has never been able to use the eye since, the sight being totally destroyed. The wound did not cool Branard's fighting blood. With the shattered flagstaff still in his hand, he essayed to charge single-handed the entire Federal army, and would doubtless have done so had he not been captured by his own men and carried off the field.

"Branard was once reported dead. This was at Knoxville. In bearing his colors far in advance of the regiment, he encountered an immense fallen tree, too high to jump or even to climb over. He threw his colors over and attempted to crawl beneath the tree. It had been raining at a terrific rate and Branard, covered with mud and slime, became wedged beneath the tree. In the meantime some of his men found his colors. Out of this grew the report that he was dead."

KITTRELL REUNION ORATOR.

Judge Norman G. Kittrell of Houston will deliver the annual oration for Hood's Brigade Association, the invitation to do so having been unanimously extended by the Association. He will speak on Friday.

On Thursday Senator Bailey will speak at a barbecue given in honor of the Association.

NAVASOTA READY.

JUDGE KITTRELL TELLS OF PREPARATIONS FOR THE REUNION.

Judge Norman G. Kittrell was in Navasota yesterday and in discussing the ample preparations made for entertainment, he said:

"Navasota is ready for every guest. The more there are the happier those hospitable people will be.

"On my way home from Anderson yesterday I had to lay over there almost an hour, and the whole town is decorated, even the wheels of the job wagons are wreathed in red and white.

"The ladies are all busy. There will be delicious food enough for ten thousand people.

"The place of meeting is a densely shaded, beautiful, natural park, and every comfort will be provided.

"A special train will be run from Madisonville, 45 miles northeast, and it is estimated that it will take ten coaches to bring the crowd.

"There has never been at one place in Texas as much to eat and as delightfully served as there will be in Navasota Thursday and Friday. The hospitality of those people knows no limit, and there will not be a cent of admission fee or a cent of charge for any of the pleasures that will be provided."

SPECIAL TRAIN FROM HOUSTON.

For the accommodation of the people of Houston and intermediate points who desire to attend the opening day of the Navasota reunion, the International and Great Northern Railroad has arranged to run a special train. It will leave Houston at 6 o'clock Thursday morning and will leave Navasota in the evening after the conclusion of the day's festivities.

Shell Bursted Under Head of Sleeping Captain George T. Todd, of Jefferson, Texas.

My Dear Old Comrade:

Enclosed find a page from my contribution to our common history. I intended sending you the entire sketch of our comrade, to remind the old boys how he stands, but forgot my paper this morning. So I just sketched this off, thinking you might spring a surprise on Captain Bill Gaston.

I remember very distinctly when we were before Chattanooga, the night the Yanks came so near knocking your head off, when the shell came down through your tent and "busted" the knapsack which you were using for a pillow. If you think it would add any to the interest, use this note. I regret that I am sick and not able to come or send something of interest to the reunion.

I have you down on my roll of honor, which will be used by a native Texan in his history of the old days."

Excuse this very unsatisfactory offering.

Most truly,

J. O. Bradfield,
Company E, First Texas.

A YOUNG CAPTAIN.

Capt. W. H. Gaston, Conpany H, First Texas.
By a Comrade.

One of these of whom I will speak was known in those strenuous days as the "Boy Captain" of Company H, First Texas Regiment. This lad was chosen by those who knew him best, as Captain of his company, before he was old enough to hold a commission. His older comrades saw in him the making of a hero, and they were not disappointed, for he proved his mettle. I have seen this lad in command of his company, all of whom were older than he, dash into the fray with all the nerve and vim of a trained veteran, when the very air was filled with death, and the earth upon which they trod was trembling with the mighty power of the engines of destruction turned upon them.

Ah! but it was a grand thing to see a youth like this inspire those who followed him with his own high spirit and lead them without a tremor into a very whirlpool of death and carnage.

This lad was W. H. Gaston, the boy Captain of Company H, First Texas. That was the kind of boys we had in those days to do honor to the Confederacy.

SPLENDID TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN SOLDIERS.

From "Life of Robert E. Lee," by Henry E. Shepherd.

There can be found ever and anon some narrow and sordid spirits who assume to deprecate as ill-advised and unpatriotic all reference to the late war between the states, and who are prone to deplore the result and talk about the South having done what she "thought" was right, and who are ready to "let the past bury its dead," etc., but such as these are few.

The broad-gauged, patriotic man, who takes pride in the achievements of the American soldier, who admires heroism, obedience to convictions and devotion to duty, is ready to pay tribute of praise where it is deserved, and we of the South know that our richest, priceless heritage of glory, worth more than all our farms and mines and fields in contributing to the true greatness of our land, is the record of her sons on the battlefield and on the march, a record unmatched and unmatchable in the annals of the world.

The man, North or South, who is unwilling to hear or read the words of praise due that unparalleled and dauntless army is too small, too narrow, too bigoted, to be an American.

In that splendid work, "Life of Robert E. Lee," by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, will be found the following eloquent and truthful tribute to that incomparable body of soldiers which had Robert E. Lee for a leader:

* * * The annals of war do not present a parallel in its highest and noblest atributes to the army commanded by Lee from June, 1861, to April 9, 1865. It was the goodliest fellowship whereof the world holds record. No army created and organized since war attained the dignity of a science, and its modern form, superseded the era of feudalism and of chivalry has approached it in the character of its elements, the range of culture embraced even in its rank and file, the social grace and winning personality that marked its history from the period of its creation in 1861 to the climax of 1865. So far as I am aware, there is no instance on record of abuse or insult inflicted upon a woman by a regularly enlisted soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia. Had such an indignity ever occurred it would have been bruited about to the four winds as evidence of the "strong element of barbarity pervading the Southern character."

The very silence of their enemies forever shields the fame of the men who followed the standard of Lee.

It speaks more impressively than "angels' voices trumpet tongued."

General Lee's own son, Robert, a student at the University of Virginit in 1860-1861, was a private in the Rockbridge Artillery, and all begrimed with battle smoke was not recognized by his father when he encountered him upon the field of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. The last heir of Mount Vernon, who bore the name of Washington, was brought in dead from the field during the campaign in West Virginia in the autumn of 1861.

There were in the ranks of Lee's army, without even a dream of preferment or advancement to nerve their energies or kindle their courage, men who had received the degrees of European centers of culture—renowned in all the world, who had studied at Bonn, Gottingen, Berlin, Edinburgh, and even in their days of dawn had impressed their foreign masters with the accuracy and the versatility of their learning. Every American institution, from Harvard to the frontiers of the South were represented upon the rolls of that incomparable host.

College professors mingled with college students at the mess and in camp; a week before the battle of Gettysburg I "dined" in the barracks at Carlisle, Pa., with a former instructor under whose guidance I had threaded the dreary mazes of Xenophon's Anabasis.

Many of the survivors of the strife have achieved a fame in scholarly or scientific spheres which overleaps local, and in brilliant instances even national, circumscription.

In the sphere of legal, political and material advancement they are among the foremost forces that make for righteousness in all the complex and critical phases of our contemporary life.

These, however, are merely isolated examples. Illustrations without number may be cited to attest to coming ages the incomparable character of the army that followed Lee from Richmond to the closing scene in April, 1865. The moral and intellectual strength of the Army of Northern Virginia has never been estimated at its real and surpassing value even by Southern people.

Let us reinforce this broad and comprehensive statement by illustrations drawn from experience—for all to whom I refer I had seen face to face—and some of them were the teachers or the associates of my youthful days.

The most eminent classical scholar in America, whose fame has gone out into all lands, Pro-

fessor of Greek in the University of Virginia, became a volunteer aide upon the staff of General John B. Gordon—and bears in his body the marks of his service. It was his colleague in the chair of Latin, Colonel William E. Peters, who inflexibly refused to carry out the order for the burning of Chambersburg, Pa. He disobeyed rather than tarnish the fair fame of the Confederate soldier. My Professor of Latin, predecessor of Colonel Peters, Lewis Minor Coleman, died of wounds received at Fredericksburg. * * * Universities, colleges—the ancient classical academies—all poured out their hosts of aspiring and eager students, lads of 16, and youths who had barely attained legal age. The very flower of our chivalry lent its grace and charm to the rising Army of Northern Virginia.

There were men in its newly formed ranks who have become the oracles of senates, the pillars of our judiciary, the champions of scholarship, the interpreters who have communed with nature and wrestled her secrets, prodigies of rhythmic skill and critical divination, masters of trade and commerce in all their subtle intricacies—lords of the visible world. * * * I might easily compose a volume in the mere process of demonstrating that no army the world has seen represented so great and varied a range of intellect and attainment as that which followed the fortunes, and glorified the name of Lee. The humblest high private in the rear rank displayed an individuality of character such as defies all precedent and transcends the records of the ages.

Organization did not eliminate individual distinctness; solidarity only stimulated the sense of personality and conserved it in the lowliest. Every man felt that he carried the cause of the South on his bayonet.

The amazing achievements of Lee's army may be traced in no slight degree to the existence of these moral and intellectual influences. Commanded by such a spirit and directed by such a man as Lee, no power save ceaseless impact could have led to the final result. It was not genius, but surpassing strength that rendered Appomattox an inevitable conclusion. * * *

I have seen the marshalled hosts of France and Germany, and explored with assiduous care their modes and tactical systems, their dispositions, the elements of their strength, the sources of their achievements. * * * I looked when a wounded prisoner upon the Army of the Potomac, at the palmiest stage of its eventful story—with an organization unsurpassed in the records of war.

When I contemplate Lee's army in the light of boyish retrospective, or in ripening years as calm analysis prevails over uncritical enthusiasm, all the embattled hosts of European lands seem to hide their diminished heads.

There is not an army in the world today the peer of that which Lee inspired and guided from June, 1862, to April, 1865. Man for man no host could grapple with them in conflict, for none that has arisen since war attained its modern form contained in so marvelous a degree all the characteristics and attributes that mark the ideal soldier. * * *

When I contemplate the strange eventful history of this foremost army of all the world the somber and august vision of the prophet arises before me—and his words, doubly rich in the massive eloquence of the Shakespearean day, acquire a significance and a relevance that invest them with renewed sacredness to the lovers of our Southern story—

"Come from the four winds, O, breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."

"So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came unto them—and they lived and stood up upon their feet an exceeding great army."

"Whatever record leaps to light
They never shall be shamed."

Former Attempts of Hood's Brigade to Write a History, Perfect Rolls, and Erect a Monument.

At first reunion in 1872, committees were appointed to collect data for history, urge all comrades to strive for perfect rolls and to devise means for monument. At every subsequent reunion reports were made as to progress.

Reunion held at Brenham, June 22d, 1881, reported. "We are busy with a view to a compilation of a complete and reliable history of the brigade from its organization to its disbandment, and of the Brigade Association from the date of its organization.

We have found that the number of wounds received by members of the brigade was equal to the full number of names on the roll."

This report was received and committee continued, with instructions to select a compiler of history. J. B. Polley offered a resolution that

report of the Historical Committee be published as a guide to members

General J. B. Robertson, Chairman of Historical Committee, reported that Mr. H. Castle, who was present, had agreed to publish 500 copies of their historical papers for $75.00. Same was accepted and a payment was made Mr. Castle and his receipt taken. Printing was to be turned over to the Secretary and by him sent to each comrade at twenty-five cents per copy.

At Reunion held at San Antonio, June 27 and 28, 1882. General Robertson made further report as Chairman of Historical Committee as follows:

"Much of the manuscript received is so illegible that Committee will have to ask further time before printing can be done." Also death of Colonel Winkler made it impossible to report. Wm. Burgess was then made Chairman and Haywood Brahan added to the committee, and further time granted.

At same reunion Monument Committee reported that monument decided on was to be "a marble shaft, erected in the capitol grounds at Austin, to be 25 feet high, on a stone base inscribed as follows: "To the memory of Brigadier General J. B. Hood"; upon the opposite side: "Brigadier General John Gregg," with the date of their respective deaths. Also: "In memory of the dead of Hood's Texas Brigade,' and, "To our fallen Comrades," and that all the battles the brigade was engaged in be inscribed on monument, if possible, and that J. A. Nagle, W. C. Walsh, Val C. Giles, Isaac Stein, George L. Robertson of Austin be named a committee to have said work done as soon as means can be raised to do it. Major Robert Burns was instructed to mail letters to every comrade, asking contributions; that same be forwarded to him and by him paid over to above Monument Committee.

By the Committee,

J. H. Worthing, Co. I, First Texas.
Ben M. Baker, Co. B, Fifth Texas.
E. H. Cunningham, Fourth Texas.

When reunion met at Cameron, June 27th, 1885, renewed attempts were made to perfect rolls and write history as following from minutes of that reunion show:

"The committee on perpetuating Hood's Brigade was continued until next meeting. W. H. Burgess, W. C. Walsh and W. B. Wall, committee.

"On motion the following resolutions by Judge B. W. Rimes was adopted:

"WHEREAS, No steps have yet been taken to publish a complete history of Hood's Brigade with the personal reminiscences, deeds, exploits of its individual members, and,

"WHEREAS, The same is true of other Texas commands in the Confederate army, and,

"WHEREAS, It is deemed of the greatest importance that all the coming ages of our posterity should know the real truth of the history of the exploits and heroism of Hood's Brigade and of other Texas commands; therefore,

"*Be it resolved*: 1st, That a committee of five be appointed to take such steps and make such arrangements as in their judgment may seem proper to procure the publication of a full account and complete history of Hood's Brigade and of its individual members.

"2d. That at the reunion of ex-Confederates to be held at Fort Worth on August —, 1885, such organization be requested to co-operate with said committee for publication of such history and also for the publication of the history of all other Texas commands and of their individual members.

"3d. That a copy of these resolutions with the preamble, be placed before the reunion of ex-Confederates on August next."

"The committee is as follows: Judge B. W. Rines, W. C. Walsh, R. H. Skinner, H. Brahan, General J. B. Robertson.

Many reunions followed without success as to rolls, monument or history, until all seem to have been dropped and no further mention made, until reunion at Somerville in 1906, and it is remarkable that at sixteenth reunion held at Cameron in 1885 last effort was made and at Cameron, in 1911, the fortieth reunion will celebrate the completion of all the cherished hopes of the Association, viz., rolls, history and monument.

General J. B. Robertson, former Commander of Hood's Texas Brigade, succeeded himself for many years as President of Hood's Texas Brigade Association and at reunion which met at Austin, June 27th and 28th, 1887, he was unanimously declared President for life, at same time Major J. H. Littlefield was made Vice-President for life.

The election of General Robertson President for life was a wise move on part of the Association. But for him it would probably never have existed. He instigated its call and organization in 1872, and there remained with him the same love for his old command that marked every moment of his connection with them, and had never ceased during separation, and which had bound him to them, closer and closer, as reconstruction days marched oppressively on.

None but such spirits at General Robertson and Colonel Winkler would have shown such fidelity. Often reunions and reunion interest dwindled and numbers were few, but these two officers of the Association manifested no abatement of their zeal and fidelity to the last, when the grim reaper took them to their reward. Very soon after the death of General Robertson and Colonel Winkler, reunions began to lag in attendance and interest. At Floresville, in 1885, attendance was only 29. At Austin in 1899—even though it was capital of State, and State reunion there at same time—attendance was only 48; and in 1905, at Corsicana, only 58. It was determined prior to reunion at Somerville, in 1906, that something must be done to awaken survivors to interests of not only the Association, but as to the debt the living owed their dead comrades. For months before time of reunion both the public press and the mails were kept teeming with patriotic calls for every living comrade to meet at Somerville, and same tactics have been followed as to last five reunions—Somerville, Navasota, Jacksonville, Jefferson and Austin, with result that attendance has been from 100 to 130—even though the death rate is continually on the increase.

Impressed with great improvement in attendance and interest, and bright future there still seemed for survivors of the brigade, and enthused with still greater determination on account of wonderful success attained in four years, wherein history, rolls and monument had become an actual reality, the writer mapped out a future course for the Association, which he signally failed to carry out at late Austin reunion. He knew interest would now be hard to keep up, that all aims would seem to have been accomplished and further zeal unnecessary. He remembered how hard it had been to get comrades to serve as officers, and without reflection on anyone, remembered how many "Presidents" never gave a thought, wrote or replied to a letter, or accomplished a thing to the advantage or betterment of the Association during their whole incumbency. He also recognized the fact that from now on the Association could not run itself and that it would require good, sound judgment and management to keep the Association in the eyes and minds of the people; have a place to meet, and as the number became fewer, have some kind of a prepared and established authority to herald the death of the last member, and file the closed roll. He was sure it was the part of Texas, its people, and her capital city to undertake the care of the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade. He felt that as the brigade rolls were on deposit and monument erected at Austin, that there was where the Association should meet until its labors were closed forever. So he interviewed every agency and secured gilt-edged invitations for next reunion to be held at Austin with a view to make selection *permanent,* knowing full well that every care would be taken in future to look well to the welfare of every survivor of the brigade, as long as there was one left. He had this as a solemn promise, and he knew it would be kept. He also had in his mind the election of a President *for life,* who that President should be, and in his acceptance to place upon him the entire and heavy responsibility of the future of Hood's Texas Brigade Association. His plan failed, but he has not yet entirely given up the idea that now, more than ever, wise plans must be arranged to safely care for the life of our Association and the sure death of all of its members in the very near and certain future. The writer is not sorry next reunion will be at Cameron, and he trusts and believes it will be one of the very best. Not only will the grand citizens of Cameron do their best to make it a banner reunion, but the remembrance we have of what they did for us twenty-six years ago tells us how grandly they will succeed. Our comrades have a high incentive to be there without fail, and if there is gratitude in every heart, if they cherish the memory of dead comrades, if they are proud of the record the brigade made and truly grateful for the glorious victory of rolls, history and monument we have just scored, they will every one be at Cameron on June 28th and 29th, 1911, to again celebrate our grand success and to pledge renewed efforts for a still more perfect ending.

Who Shall be our standard bearer and answer "here" for Hood's Texas Brigade?

Brothers! when our cannons rust are,
And all our comrades dust are,
Who shall pierce the tears and laughter
Of the days to come hereafter
With the telling of his story?
Whose the triumph and the glory,
Who shall be chiefiest in the vanguard?
Who shall wave Hood's Texas Brigade standard?

My comrades, you are all familiar with that incident in history where a distinguished soldier performed prodigies of valor and on account of a particular service it was ordered and maintained long after his death that when the roll of his company was called, a Sergeant stepped forward an answered "here" to his name. Even so must history be recorded as to Hood's Texas Brigade. The youngest of us are nearing seventy years of age; five years more will about

mark the last of our reunions, and in ten years more, reasonably, the last one of us will be gone. While we yet have power of mind and strength of body, we should so shape the future that after we are no more, a semblance of our earthly reunions shall be religiously kept up.

We should make our last will and testament and appoint an able and patriotic friend or agency who through himself and his successors shall answer "here" on the 27th of every June, in honor of Hood's Texas Brigade. There will be plenty to meet, speeches will be made, prayers offered, songs sung, history read and all things done by patriotic descendants and friends to forever keep alive the glory and record of the brigade. This can and ought to be done before it is too late, and I trust it will be thought of by readers of these pages and that some comrade will draft a suitable resolution, placing our future in the hands of some faithful agency. It must be the duty of some duly constituted authority, else it would never become effective.

That the good Lord may lovingly watch over and tenderly care for every survivor of Hood's Texas Brigade, cause all their lives to fall in pleasant places, ordain their last moments to be their best, and safely bring each one to a joyful reunion at Cameron in body or spirit is the ardent wish and fervent prayer of a comrade, who has you in thought by day and night.

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE AND THE RECORD IT MADE

Galveston, Texas, June 23.—On Thursday and Friday there will be gathered at Jacksonville, Texas, the shattered remnants of Hood's Texas Brigade. The people of Jacksonville, appreciating the honor done them by the brigade, have made extensive and elaborate preparations to entertain them and not one should fail to be present, for aside from the social and fraternal features there is much important business to be disposed of.

The war has been over a long time now. Many changes have taken place since Appomattox, a new generation has grown into manhood and new thoughts and ideas have taken place of old ones, and yet the forty odd years that have intervened since Hood's Brigade laid down its arms after a four-years' struggle have not dimmed their glorious record.

Incidents and individuals are nearly forgotten perhaps and here and there acts of personal bravery and heroism may be entirely obliterated, but as a whole the glory of the brigade and the pride of the people in its achievements are as great today as they were when footsore, half-starved, weak and weary, these heroes straggled home to accomplish as great feats in peaceful civic life as they had accomplished on the bloody fields of Virginia.

During these forty odd years other wars have occurred and new records have been made, but none equal to those of 1861-65. Our own country has had a war with Spain which an old Yankee veteran aptly described as "target practice." That war, however, produced a fine crop of heroes, and for a time the whole country indulged unrestrainedly in hero worship. Then the reaction set in and the heroes dropped out of sight, or, what was worse, were laughed at and hid themselves. Then Japan and Russia fought and the world again grew hysterical over the really magnificent fighting qualities of the Japanese, saying: "The Japs love to die." Perhaps this was literally true, but it was their religion, which teaches them that a man killed in battle is shot right into one of the choicest seats in heaven, and not the cool bravery and genuine gallantry of our soldiers that moved them to do what they did.

WERE READY TO DIE.

I seriously doubt if there was a man in Hood's Brigade who wanted to die, but I know there was not one of them who was not ready to die if duty demanded it. They were not depending on such a death to get them to heaven, either, for if the truth be told they feared a passport to the other place more than they dared hope for a free passage to heaven. However, that had no influence on them one way or the other; neither forced them to the cannon's mouth or drew them behind stone walls or trees. Their's was moral courage and bravery of the highest order.

At Gaines' Mill, after the attack on McLennans line had been repulsed with great slaughter, Hood's attention was drawn to the strength of the position and he was asked if it could be taken. His reply was that it could be taken and that he would do so. Placing himself at the head of the Fourth Texas, he made the attack, not waiting for the other regiments of the brigade, but sending orders for them to follow. The carnage was awful, but the position was taken and the Federal line was broken.

Were ever the Japs more anxious to die than were the members of the Fourth Texas when

they went into that fiery hell with their eyes open and knowing what they were doing?

At the second battle of Manassas General Hood was called from the field for a moment. He issued an order that his brigade should hold its position until his return; that if attacked they should drive the enemy back across the creek, but to halt there. Soon after he left the enemy attacked, concentrating their attention on the Fifth Texas. The troopers making the attack were the famous New York Zouaves, who had been placed in front of the Texans at their own request. The Fifth Texas repulsed them with awful slaughter. The Zouaves were almost annihilated. The Fifth drove the remnant back to the creek, but did not stop there as Hood had ordered. They crossed the creek and attacked the Federals, supporting the line, driving it back, too. They pushed on, mounting the hill and capturing a strong battery stationed on its crest, sweeping its support away like chaff before a gale.

THE FIFTH AT MANASSAS.

When Hood got back he did not find them like good and obedient boys fighting on their side of the creek; instead he found them a mile or so on the other side, fighting the whole Yankee army and doing it in style, too. Of course, they had disobeyed orders, but they had won, and instead of abusing them Hood told them the truth, "Boys, I'm proud of you." Were the Japs more anxious to die than were the members of the Fifth at Manassas?

The Fourth and Fifth gained their laurels by making brilliant charges in the face of almost certain death, for in each instance they were opposed by overwhelming forces.

THE FIRST AT SHARPSBURG.

It was reserved for the First to give to the world an exhibition of cool courage and to undergo that hardest of all tests—endurance. At Sharpsburg for hours the First Texas held a position that was of vital importance to General Lee. They knew that it must be held at all cost, even though every man should be slaughtered. The idea of their driving the enemy back an inch never entered their heads. They knew they were simply a human wedge placed there by General Lee to prevent the Federal advance. There was no faltering. They simply stayed there and did what Lee had placed them there to do, though at such frightful loss that today the military records of all civilized nations on earth have recorded the fact that the First Texas Regiment lost over 82 per cent. of its members at Sharpsburg, the largest record for any regiment in any army.

When did the Japs ever show greater eagerness to die than did the First Texas at Sharpsburg?

Thus it will be seen that each of the Texas regiments in Virginia had an opportunity of reflecting honor on the whole brigade, and that each seized the opportunity.

The First Texas at Sharpsburg.
The Fourth Texas at Gaines' Mill.
The Fifth Texas at Manassas.

RECORD OF THE BRIGADE.

But, to my mind, as grand and glorious as were the records made by the individual regiments, that made by the brigade as a whole surpasses them all.

The night following the great battle of the Wilderness, Grant attempted a turn on Lee's right and make his way to Richmond. Lee knew of Grant's intended movement, and ordered Longstreet's Corps to his (Lee's) right. Near the pike road down which Longstreet was moving two brigades had been working all night throwing up breastworks. Tired out after a hard day's fighting and a weary night of work, the soldiers had fallen asleep in the trenches after completing them. Suddenly, without warning, they were attacked by Grant's advance and were driven back in confusion, blocking the road so that Longstreet could not pass. Hood's Brigade was in advance, at the head of Longstreet's column. General Lee ordered General Gregg to cross the works and "drive those people back."

Gregg formed his brigade outside the breastworks and was preparing to advance when he was horrified to see General Lee ride up. Lee knew how desperate the situation was and how much depended on the Texas Brigade at that moment.

"Can't you drive those people back, General?" he asked.

"Yes, and we will do so, but you must not remain here in such an exposed position," said Gregg.

HOW GREGG LED A CHARGE.

General Lee saluted and rode off, going down the line behind the brigade. When he reached a point between the First and Fourth Texas regiments he turned his horse as if to go to the front. Instantly he was recognized, and a shout went up: "Go back, General Lee. Go back. This is no place for you. We know what you want us to do and we will do it." Half a dozen

soldiers seized his horse. General Lee hesitated a moment, then pulling his hat down over his eyes to conceal the tears that filled them, rode slowly to the rear. Scarcely had he gone when General Gregg ordered the advance, but "those people," as General Lee always called the Federals, opened the ball themselves with a deadly fire which did much damage. Gregg's horse was shot down, but he, seizing a small branch from a tree, led the charge with no other weapon in his hand. The Federals were in the woods and were in three lines of battle, and were protected by a thick wood, while the Texans were exposed in the open to a deadly fire. They swept onward, however, though their ranks were thinned at every step. They drove the first line back on the second and then drove the first and second back on the third; here, however, they could make no further advance because of the overwhelming numbers confronting them. To add to the peril of the situation they had advanced so far that they had beaten in the front and left the two wings of the Federal lines lapping over on their right and left, so that they were exposed to fire from in front and on both flanks. It was a horrible situation and they fell like leaves before an autumn wind, but there was no thought of falling back to a safer position. They knew General Lee wanted the position held and the advance of Grant's force checked, they knew also that they had promised General Lee that they would do it, and they were willing to die to a man rather than break their words. They were not fresh troopers, but veterans, and knew as well as General Lee knew what they were doing and what depended on them. They knew that 700 men were holding Grant's army in check and that they must do it to the bitter end and they did it, too. They went into the fight about 700 strong and when reinforcements, sent forward by Longstreet, reached them, they found over 400 of the Texans dead or wounded.

It was not a great battle, measured by time, but it was one of the greatest ever fought so far as results, for Grant's advance was checked, Lee's army and Richmond were saved.

It is the few surviving members of this glorious brigade, who will hold their reunion in Jacksonville on the 25th and 26th of this month and not only the citizens of Jacksonville, but those of the whole State should rise up and honor them, for they have upheld the name of Texas on a hundred battlefields and added to that glory achieved by Travis and his noble band at the Alamo. S. O. Young.

A PRECIOUS RELIC.

On the wall above the mantel
There's an ancient weapon hung,
Tarnished, dusty, old and rusty,
Springfield pattern, sixty-one;
And the spiders, all unconscious
Of its power, upon it crawl,
And have webbed it, breech and muzzle,
Where it hangs upon the wall.

Could it speak 'twould tell a story
That would startle young and old,
Tales of long and weary marches
Could that weapon true unfold;
Tales of battle, tales of carnage
That would blanch the bravest cheek
From Bull Run to Appomattox,
Could that ancient weapon speak.

Dear indeed is that old musket,
It had sure voice long ago,
Not a friend so true and trusty
On the field to meet the foe.
Then it spoke and to a purpose,
Fiery was the tale it told;
Leaden was the fearful message
From that weapon grim and old.

And I love it—who can blame me?
It and I were closest chums,
Old and rusty, tried and trusty,
Best of all your make of guns.
Comrades dead and comrades living
It reminds me of you all;
Elbows touch whene'er I view it
As it hangs upon the wall.

Brings again your kindly faces
From that distant long ago,
When we faced the storm of battle
On the field to meet the foe.
On the wall above the mantel
There's an ancient weapon hung,
Tarnished, dusty, worn and rusty,
Springfield pattern, sixty-one.

TO OUR UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE DEAD.

In looking back over the annals of the world's history, we find that from the beginning of historic time it has been the custom of all nations to perpetuate in song and dance and the sculptor's marble the memories of their illustrious dead who have won renown on the field of battle. Far back in the dim mystery of the buried past, when the light of civilization had just begun to shed its radiant beam over ancient Greece, Homer, in his blind old age, went from village to village, singing the exploits of Grecian gods and Grecian heroes. Mark Antony, in the Roman senate, exposed the wounds of murdered Cæsar, and the people wept and cried for vengeance, for this was the man who had led them with their banners floating triumphantly over so many hard fought battlefields.

The remains of the great Napoleon, after lying for twenty years wrapped amid the clay of St. Helena, were borne back on a goldeu barge and in the midst of a nation's shouts and a nation's tears were buried on the banks of the river Seine among the people he loved so well. And we, of the fallen Confederacy, have our noble, our lamented Lee, whose name will ever have its resting place in the heart of every true Southerner as one of the grandest leaders of any age or clime. Wherever the English tongue is heard, it may be in the wild and dense jungles of Africa or in the semi-civilized land of Borneo; it may be in some savage island in the wide expanse of the ocean wild or in the snow-cap regions of the Esquimaux's home, the name of Robert E. Lee will be loved with undying devotion. I am proud to know that the people of our country are not so destitute of refinements and lasting gratitude as to fail to give due praise to those noble heroes who commanded on the field of glory. And we, believing as we do, would not attempt to pluck one single laurel from a Southern hero's brow. They were as brave and true as ever drew the battle blade, and those who live in ages yet to come will read with admiration and love of their Spartan-like bravery and strive to emulate their heroic deeds. But while we sing our praise to those whose names are written on the pages of history, we should not forget that there were others with hearts equally as true and hands equally as willing, whose names are not enrolled on Fame's imperishable tablet. What has made the name of Jackson more endurable than the statue which marks the spot where our hero lies? The answer is written in golden letters on Southern history's brightest pages; because he stood like a wall of stone on the bloody field of Manassas. We must attribute the main cause of his lasting glory to his ragged, half-starved soldiers, who, by their undaunted courage, crowned his career with so many brilliant victories. Go to the blood-stained hills of old Virginia, approach the marble column upon whose summit rests the image of our immortal Lee, as if thinking of that historic spot where the cherished hopes of his people were cast beneath oblivion's darkest wave, and ask him to give you an example of true Southern chivalry. Methinks if the noble image could utter its seeming thoughts, the answer would come back to our ears, "Go to the blood-drenched field of Gettysburg and look upon the silent tombs of the *unknown Confederate dead.*" When the wrongs and oppositions that were being heaped upon our people could no longer be endured, when the lowering cloud of fratricidal strife, hanging like a poison mantle over our land of flowers, had burst upon us in all of its fury, who, I ask, were the first to respond to their country's call? Was it Robert E. Lee or Stonewall Jackson? Was it Joseph E. or Albert Sidney Johnston? No. Go to the silent crepe-crested homes on Southern soil, turn to the right or to the left of your own home and there ask of that mother, whose head is yet lowered in grief for her gallant boy; ask of the wives made widows and the children made orphans; ask of that heart-broken maiden who watched many weary hours, though watched in vain, for the return of her warrior lover, ask these and they will tell you of those brave, heroic souls, who by thir daring courage won for themselves and their leaders never dying fame. But, mother, weep not in grief for your sainted boy, but rather like the Spartan mother in the days of old, weep for joy, for he died a hero's death and now sleeps in a hero's grave.

You may tell me of Grecian courage or Roman valor, but chivalry never had a truer representative than those heroic spirits that took their flight from the ranks of the unknown Confederate dead to mingle with the gems of heaven. Ask of those whose lives were spared from the fate of their departed comrades if man ever endured more for the acquirement of liberty and maintenance of right than those who fell around them for four long years; the answers will come back, not only from them but from the isles across the sea, and further still from the pearly gates of the white city of God, "No, forever no." These brave men struggled, poured out their blood and surrendered their lives for the cause they loved.

But where do their ashes rest? Where are

the boys who, at the sound of "Dixie's" call, shouldered their muskets and bid farewell to the happy scenes of their childhood days? Where are the thousands, who, suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst, laid not down their arms until they laid them down in death? They sleep in peace, we know not where, and although they sleep that sleep that knows no waking, with nothing to mark their resting place save the pearls and corals of Neptune's bed and the flowers that are planted above their graves by the gentle hand of nature's god, yet can we, will we forget that patriotism that defied danger and held life not dear in defense of honor, home and country; which kindled in their soul the sacred and quenchless fires of patriotic devotion to duty, I answer, "No, never." What was there precious in the ties of affection, sundered by them never to be renewed on earth, which they did not sacrifice for us? They poured out their blood freely for what they believed to be right. And here the pathetic line of the old Roman poet comes vividly to our mind—a line worthy to be inscribed over the gateway where the unknown Confederate dead lie sleeping: "Hi bene pro patre, cum patria que jacent." "They lie dead for their country and with their country." Yes, the Confederacy is dead, but the memories of the men who died for it and with it are not dead; their valor, their endurance, their self-sacrifice, their sublime devotion to duty, these can never die.

Ye sons of an advancing age! Ye have lavished wealth on the graves of Jackson and Johnson. You have Lee to mingle with the skies, and while you are building a marble shaft to Jefferson Davis, our illustrious chieftain, forget not to bulid a tomb to our Unknown Confederate Dead. Unknown, perhaps, in name, but not in deed. Forgotten? Read the answer in the faces of their comrades today and write it on the heart-tablets of their posterity.

Sons and daughters of Confederate veterans, these memories of honor, valor and patriotism are fast becoming your heritage. Fast, ah, too fast, the dark-winged courier is summoning the Old Guard to retire from life's battlefield to the peaceful home of the true and brave. Not one of them today but who has the silver starlight of ripening age on his brow. Those who gather next year will miss the face of some loving comrade who has gone to join the great eternal reunion, where he shall meet and greet those brave souls whose name no chiseled marble preserves.

And while we cannot stay the relentless march of hoary time nor clog the wheels of his death chariot we can vow eternal respect for their bravery and heroism, eternal love for their unparalleled sacrifice and eternal defense for their homes and their honor.

SECOND ANNUAL REUNION HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE AT BARTON SPRINGS, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

The reunion of Hood's Brigade on the 27th at Barton Springs, was an occasion of rare merit. The day was in commemoration of the battle of Gaines' Mill, in which Hood's Brigade won imperishable honors in a heroic charge never excelled in history of sanguinary battles. Napoleon's heroes wavered in the face of the death-dealing storm of leaden hail at Lodi, and by his personal leadership accomplished a feat of valor, rendering the command immortal, but the charge of Hood's men at Gaines' Mill was a more brilliant feat of arms than that of Lodi, and quite as destructive, while attended with as great success. It was here that John Marshall, the former editor of the State Gazette, fell at the head of his regiment and Lieutenant-Colonel Bradfute Warwick, while leading the charge with colors in hand, fell mortally wounded, and Captain Key, senior Captain, was wounded. The Fourth Texas, out of five hundred and twenty men, had eighty left, in the short, incisive charge of about fifteen minutes. It was in this battle that Captain Walsh was wounded and Robert Lambert was crippled, from which he subsequently died. In the giant struggle between Lee and McLellan, Hood's Brigade saved Richmond. Of the 3,900 of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas regiments, who went forth to battle, there are only 300 survivors. And there is scarcely one of those left who does not wear the marks of blows aimed at his country. There were of the forty-four present at the reunion, three who had lost limbs, of whom our comrade I. Stein was one, and a number permanently crippled for life. The official report of the Association is published elsewhere. Colonel C. M. Winkler, General Robertson, Captain Walsh and others, made speeches appropriate to the occasion. The dinner was superb, the Austin brass band discoursed martial airs, and

everything passed off in the most agreeable manner. Dr. Jones, of Gonzales, a surgeon of the command of high character, was present. But while these veterans were celebrating their hardships and glories, one of their number, the spirit of the gallant Captain Sydney Moseley, who had lost a leg in the service, took its flight from earth. And thus are passing away the heroes of the late war. At each successive roll call, in these reunions, the number will be lessened, until the last heroic spirit will have taken its everlasting flight. But the history of their noble deeds will live as long as earth shall last and they will be honored to the latest posterity. They fought for the principles for which Washington fought and freemen died in '76, and that principle was the right of man to govern himself.

MORE ABOUT U. C. V. TITLES.

Much has been said and written about the unwarranted use of military titles by the United Confederate veterans, and the end of the silly practice, it is truly hoped, is in sight, for it is believed that next reunion at Little Rock, Ark., will abolish it.

CUT OUT THE TITLES.

Confederate Camp Declares Against Them. Would Abolish all Appellations Except Those Actually Won in the Service.

New Orleans, August 10.—A resolution that will stir Confederate organizations all over the country was adopted by Camp No. 2, Army of Tennessee, today, abolishing all titles except those actually won in the service of the Confederacy. The resolution, in part, declares:

"That this camp now distinctly expresses the disinclination to approve in any way the conferring of unwarranted rank and surplus military titles, as being unnecessary, inequitable, confusing and detrimental hereafter to historical accuracy. That the appellation of Major General, Brigadier General and of Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel and Major, etc., of the staffs be hereafter dispensed with and prohibited."

TO ABOLISH TITLES.

Army of Virginia Follows Tennessee Veterans' Action.

Camp No. 1, Army of Northern Virginia, United Confederate Veterans, followed the example of Camp No. 2, Army of Tennessee, United Confederate Veterans, and passed resolutions recommending to the State convention of the Louisiana division of the United Confederate Veterans the abolishing of all superfluous titles among the officers of the confederation. The resolutions read:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of Camp No. 1, United Confederate Veterans, that the use of high military titles of rank as now exist in the United Confederate Veterans, is unnecessary, and that those of commander-in-chief, department commander, State commander and camp commander are sufficient.

"Resolved, That no officer in the United Confederate Veterans be designated by a higher title than that borne by him during the period of the war during 1861-1865 in the Confederate army.

"Resolved, That Camp No. 1 of the United Confederate Veterans does suggest that the convention of the State camps of the United Confederate Veterans to be held in Baton Rouge take action in regard to the abolishment of all these needless titles of rank in the organization.

New Orleans Camp followed above camps with like resolutions and demanded that all titles among U. C. V. be abolished.

Owing to confusion caused by unmatched titles a veteran who ranks as "Colonel U. C. V." protests against the use of titles in the U. C. V. organization. He says: "Some time ago I called your attention to the great injustice that is being done to the general and field officers of the Confederate army by the titles now being given to all ranks in the U. C. V. I know that the general officers feel it deeply, and it is more confusing to history and to the younger generations as they hear men called 'General' or 'Colonel' when they really had no such titles in the war. I think we owe it to those gallant officers who won their rank in battle to do away with the titles and call the officers of the U. C. V. Commander, Adjutant, and such titles as show their positions. A resolution was introduced at a reunion some years ago by Governor Johnston, of Alabama, to change these titles. Every living General and Colonel feels this injustice to them, and these titles should be abolished. As I am on staff with the rank of

Colonel, you can see that I am unselfish as well as patriotic in what I have written."

Whether this writer ever served in the Confederate army as a real soldier or not, I do not know.

To the contrary of above, a man who never bore a gun or served in the Confederate army, takes umbrage at action of camps to abolish titles, because he was a "Colonel" on staffs of both General Gordon and General Lee and is now a Colonel on staff of General Evans and wears a flashy uniform at all U. C. V. reunions. He writes in regard to action of New Orleans Camp, wherein he says:

"It takes money to keep up the U. C. Vs., and we officers furnish it. A Lieutenant General pays $20 per year for the honor of holding the position to which he is elected by his comrades. There are about five of these. Major Generals pay $10 per year. There are about fifteen of these.

"Brigadier Generals pay $8, and there are about 150 of these. Colonels and Lieutenant Colonels pay $5 each. There are about 600 of these. Majors and Captains pay $2.50 each and there are about 1,000 of these. Thus we see that the income to the organization from the Generals and their staff amounts to about $5,000, which will discontinue should there be no officers, and the action of this cranky New Orleans Camp materializes. The idea is impracticable on account of the monetary consideration. It requires money to run everything, for the wind of this camp can not keep anything in good condition. The organization can not exist without the income from officers, and the moment you eliminate rank good-bye to the United Confederate Veterans as an organization."

What a blush of shame, such a statement as this Colonel on staff of three U. C. V. Lieutenant Generals makes, ought to cause to mantle the cheek of every true Confederate soldier; 1,776 Generals, Colonels, etc., commissioned every year, and bound to be done else organization would go to pieces. If this be true, better let it go at once, rather than keep it up to the disgrace of the chivalry of every true Confederate soldier.

GOVERNOR J. W. THROCKMORTON.

His Talk to the Veterans of Hood's Old Brigade—A Patriotic Address From a Patriotic Texas Statesman—Bright Memories of the Past Eloquently Embalmed for the Southrons of the Future—No Grander Speech Was Ever Made by Mortal Man.

Mr. President, Soldiers of Hood's Brigade, and Gentlemen:

It might more nearly meet your expectations, and be more in accordance with my own inclinations, to present you with a eulogy upon the brave men in whose honor we meet today, and paint a picture of the deeds of chivalry and heroism of the dead and living, but it has occurred to me that a plain recital of the great events connected with their history during the Civil War would be less subject to criticism and misrepresentation and more in harmony with the objects and purposes for which the survivors associate themselves together.

In speaking of Hood's Brigade and recounting the distinguished service it rendered the lost cause, it is impossible to do so without referring largely to the grand achievements of the Army of Northern Virginia under the matchless leader who directed its operations.

To do this as it should be done requires labor that cannot be compassed in an address fit for an occasion like the present, and it will not be attempted except in the briefest manner possible. With propriety, however, allusion may be made to the great odds with which that army and its great commander had to contend, and to the difficulties they had to encounter.

On the one hand, General Lee represented a newly formed government, strong only in the devotion and enthusiasm of the people who espoused its cause, a government hastily arranged, without a treasury, unrecognized by any foreign powers; with a border line of defense several thousand miles in extent, adjoining hostile States, unprovided with arms and ammunition, and no factories in operation to supply them; with an ocean line equally as long, and important commercial cities and ports exposed to attack without a ship to defend them; with few manufactories to supply the wants of the people, or the necessities imposed by war, with the elements of a dangerous and servile insurrection in the heart of the country to be defended.

Opposed by a powerful government, long established and recognized by all great powers, with a regular army, amply provided with all the appliances of war, with factories in abun-

dance to supply all its needs, with a great commerce, and a navy to keep open its ports, with a fighting population twice greater in number than that possessed by its opponent, and the hireling soldier to recruit from.

The odds were great, and the task assumed by the South an herculean one. When McClellan advanced upon Richmond he had an army of carefully trained soldiers, abundantly supplied, of 115,000, an auxiliary army in the valley of 30,000 and the Potomac reserve of 40,000, with gunboats and ships to aid and bring supplies. To oppose these formidable forces and grand preparations General Johnston had but 53,000 men under his immediate command, 16,000 with Jackson and 18,000 with Huger around Yorktown.

After Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, when Lee took command, with Jackson and Huger's forces, he had 81,000 men. McClellan was confronting him with over 100,000, and McDowell and Banks and Shields 80,000 to menace Lee's flanks and to assist. Yet Lee drove him from his entrenchments to the protection of his gunboats on the James, inflicting upon him great loss of men and supplies.

Pope was placed in command of the Federal army and boasted to his government that he could march straight to New Orleans. But Lee, with an audacity and skill almost unexampled in war, and entirely unexpected by his opponents, notwithstanding the great amies opposed to him, suddenly assumed the offensive and sent that great soldier Jackson to confront Pope. Jackson gave the vain boaster a sound beating at Cedar Mountain and inflicted on him serious loss. Being reinforced by a part of McClellan's army, and hourly expecting formidable support, he still boasted of his prowess. Lee rapidly advanced to Jackson's assistance. when Pope was again defeated on the old battle ground of Manassas, and had to flee, after great loss in men and material, to the works in front of Washington. When General Lee fought the second battle of Manassas he had but 60,000 men and was threatened with the armies of McClellan, Pope and Burnside, 150,000 strong. His conception and execution of this brief campaign filled the enemy with dismay. It has been the wonder and admiration of military men and critics, and raised the enthusiasm of his own soldiers to the highest pitch. He was not deterred by the immense odds. His reliance upon his own skill and the indomitable bravery of his soldiers induced him to believe that victory was assured. This second battle of Manassas was a sanguinary field. We are told that the battle field was one of dreadful carnage. Pope left upon the field 15,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, with a loss of 25,000 stands of small arms, twenty-three pieces of artillery, besides a large amount of valuable stores. Our own loss was severe, being 7,000 or 8,000. This brief campaign, so ably planned and carried out, stamped General Lee as one of the great captains of the age. Pope and his army were defeated and demoralized, and we hear no more of him during the war. Richmond was relieved and Washington threatened. From the 1st of June to the 31st of August Lee had inflicted a loss on McClellan of 10,000, and 15,000 on Pope, besides millions of dollars in supplies and materials of war.

With an army of only 45,000 men General Lee commenced his advance into Maryland. His men were ragged and ill provided, and worn from continued fighting and marching, but their courage and spirits were never better. Harper's Ferry with 12,000 men, seventy-three pieces of artillery, 13,000 stands of arms, 200 wagons and large quantities of military stores were captured. By an act of carelessness on the part of some officer General Lee's orders directing the march of his troops fell into the hands of McClellan, which completely modified the plans of the campaign, and precipitated the battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg. McClellan had at Sharpsburg 90,000 soldiers, Lees army, all told, amounted to only 40,000 men, and of them A. P. Hill's corps only reached the field in time to render important service late in the evening of the last day's fighting. McClellan, awaiting the arrival of 15,000 fresh troops, did not renew the attack and General Lee withdrew across the Potomac. General James H. Wilson, a Northern authority, says McClellan's army consisted of 85,000 men, and Lee's 65,000—in reality 25,000 more than he had. This writer claims that the advantage of the first day's fighting was with the Federals; but he admits that on the 17th Hooker's and Mansfield's corps, supported by Sumner's were all defeated and driven back by Jackson and Lee's left, and that Burnside on the right was also driven back and defeated. He says on the 18th McClellan stood on the defensive, awaiting the arrival of two strong divisions under Humphreys and Couch. This author places the Federal loss in killed, wounded and missing at 12,469 and Lee's loss at 9,000.

In December following with 60,000 men and 250 guns Lee defeated Burnside at Fredricksburg with an army of 100,000 men and 300 guns. Of this battle a Northern writer says Burnside had 100,000 men and Lee 80,000—in truth he had but 60,000. The same writer says the Federal loss in killed, wounded and

missing was 12,250, twice that of the Confederates.

Next followed Chancellorsville, where Hooker had largely over 90,000 men and 400 guns, and Lee, fighting without Longstreet's corps, had less than 50,000. Jackson's great flank movement enabled Lee to defeat Hooker with a loss of 17,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, with thirteen pieces of artillery, 19,500 stands of small arms, seventeen colors and a large amount of ammunition. Our own loss was 9,000, but the victory was dearly purchased, Lee's great right arm, General Jackson, fell on the field, his skill and valor gone.

At Gettysburg Meade had 80,000 men and the advantage of position, with 10,000 men at Harper's Ferry. Lee had but 65,000. In this, the hardest contested battle of the war, the Federal loss by their own showing was 23,190 in killed, wounded and missing; our loss was less than 20,000. Federal writers claim that Lee had between 70,000 and 80,000 men and lost 36,000, but in either respect this is very far from the truth. On this bloody field the Federals lost Generals Reynolds killed, and Hancock and Gibbon wounded, and we lost Garnett, Armsted, Berksdale and Pender, and Hood, Heath and Kempe wounded.

Next came the Wilderness. Grant directed 140,000 men. On the 5th day of May Grant had 112,000; Lee, after Longstreet reached him, had 64,000. The Wilderness was immediately succeeded by Spottsylvania. Northern authorties say Grant's loss from the 5th to the 31st of May, was 41,398, and our loss is placed by the same writer at 20,000.

At Cold Harber Grant had 100,000 men, and Lee but 45,000. Grant's loss was 13,000 dead and wounded, and Lee's 1,000. Some Federal writers place Grant's forces at Cold Harbor as high as 115,000. In this short campaign of a month Lee inflicted a loss upon his adversary nearly equal in numbers to his entire army.

The seige of Petersburg continued from June until the followng March. For ten months Lee resisted Grant with 35,000 soldiers when Grant's numbers were four times greater. His lines of defense for the protection of Richmond and Petersburg were over thirty-five miles in length, with less than 1,000 men to the mile. But the fatal hour had come. Human skill and endurance could no longer resist the overwhelming numbers and appliances brought to bear against his weakened lines. History records no more masterly, skillful and courageous defense than that of Lee and his army around these beleaguered cities. The world has passed judgment upon the Army of Northern Virginia and its great leader. Their victories and battles, their courage and endurance stand foremost in the achievements of military annals.

Among the bravest of the brave in this renowned army was Hood's Brigade. Early in the war its first regiment was organized, drilled and disciplined by Hood. The brigade itself was thoroughly prepared for its brilliant career by this gifted and fearless hero. It began its career under Johnston at Eltham's Landing, and I believe was with Lee in every battle he fought except that of Chancellorsville. At the very beginning the brigade gave high promise of the glorious career that marked its behavior on every field where it was engaged until the end. Major General G. W. Smith, who commanded the division of which the brigade was a part, says in his report: "The brunt of the contest was borne by the Texans, and to them is due the largest share of the honors of the day at Eltham." This was great praise, where as the same officer says, "all the troops engaged showed the finest spirit, were under perfect control and behaved admirably."

Nor should it be forgotten that on that day John Deel, a Texan, by his coolness and presence of mind saved the life of General Hood by shooting down a Federal soldier that had his gun leveled at short range.

After Seven Pines, where Johnston was wounded and Lee took command, came Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mill. On this last field the brigade won laurels that never faded. While charging the enemy's breastworks with bayonets, and while the concentrated fire of batteries from the front and flank were pouring into the Fourth Texas, the lamented Colonel Marshall fell. The breastworks were carried with fixed bayonets by the Fourth Texas and the Eighteenth Georgia and the First and Fifth Texas and Hampton's Legion swept forward from right to left into the very heart of the enemy. The trophies of the brigade were fourteen pieces of artillery and the capture of a Federal regiment. General Jackson in his report of this magnificent charge says: "In this charge in which upwards of one thousand men fell killed and wounded before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns." The next day while surveying the field, Jackson exclaimed: "The men who carried this position were soldiers indeed." Major Warwick fell mortally wounded while urging his men forward in the charge. General Hood says: "One half of the Fourth Texas lay dead or wounded along a distance of one mile."

At White Oak Swamp, Frazier's Farm and

Malvern Hill the brigade acted with its usual coolness and gallantry. It may be noticed here that had General Whiting allowed the request of Hood and Hampton to assail the enemy's flank better success would doubtless have been attained on that day by our arms.

At Second Manassas the brigade won new laurels, and pushed on in its attacks with such ardor that Longstreet had to admonish Hood that the other troops could not keep up with it.

Hood was in command of a division and Colonel Robertson commanded the brigade. Robertson was wounded, and Adjutant General Sellers led it afterwards. The gallant Lieutenant Colonel Upton, of the Fifth Texas, after rendering the most conspicuous service, was killed in this battle. It was during this hotly contested field, after Robertson was wounded and Upton killed, that the Fifth Texas "slipped the bridle and broke loose from the brigade," and Hood says "when night approached and the battle was over I found it far to the front in the vicinity of Sudley's Ford." The trophies of Hood's two brigades were five guns and fourteen stands of colors, and a large amount of material of war. It was during these operations when the Texans were encamped and asleep that a rolling barrel, and "the old gray mare came tearing out of the wilderness," caused momentarily quite a laughable panic.

On the march to Antietam, Hood says: "My troops were sorely in need of shoes, clothing and food. We had no meat issued to us for several days, and little or no bread; the men were forced to subsist principally on green corn and green apples, nevertheless they were in high spirits and defiant."

Under such circumstances of fatigue, hunger and toil on September 14 the bayonet was again used and the Federals driven from a strong position. After extreme suffering for the want of food, after the engagement of the 14th, at night, Hood asked that his troops be relieved until they could procure food, but whilst they were preparing it, and before it was eaten, an urgent call required their presence at the front. At this time, Hood says, "Notwithstanding the overwhelming odds of over ten to one against us, with Colonel Wofford in command of the Texas Brigade we drove the enemy from the wood and cornfield back upon his reserves and forced him to abandon his guns on our left The most deadly combat raged till our last round of ammunition was exhausted. The First Texas regiment had lost in the cornfield fully two-thirds of its number, and whole ranks of brave men, whose deeds were unrecorded save in the hearts of loved ones at home, were mowed down in heaps on the right and left." He says again, "Here I witnessed the most terrible clash of arms by far that had occurred during the war. The two little giant brigades of my command wrestled with the mighty force, and although they lost hundreds of their officers and men, they drove them from their position and forced them to abandon their guns on our left." The brilliant achievements of Hood and his two shattered brigades during these encounters at South Mountain and Antietam made him a Major General and added new laurels to the heroes who secured him his promotion. Fredericksburg, so far as Hood's Brigade was concerned, was simply a repetition of the past except that it was not called upon to perform the same prodigies of valor as at Cold Harbor, the Second Manassas or Antietam. On this bloody field fell that grand soldier, General Gregg, commander of the brigade. In connection with this great battle it is worthy of mention that in a conversation with Hood, Stonewall Jackson told him he did not expect to live through the war and did not care to survive it.

After Fredericksburg, in the spring, the brigade went with Longstreet to Petersburg and toward Suffolk. It was during this time that Captain Turner of the Fifth Texas, was killed in an engagements with gunboats. Before Longstreet could reach Lee from this expedition Chancellorsville had been fought and won.

Next was the campaign into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and the hard fought field of Gettysburg. Hood was wounded and borne from the field. He says "Never did a grander, more heroic division enter into battle; nor did ever troops fight more desperately to overcome the unsurmountable difficulties against which they had to contend, as Law, Benning, Anderson and Robertson nobly led their brave men to this unsuccessful assault." He says the loss was very heavy. The brigade was next sent with Longstreet to Georgia, and when General Hood found his division there, on the eve of Chicamauga, he says they were destitute of almost everything—not a wagon, or even an ambulance, with scarcely anything except their spirit, pride and forty rounds of ammunition to the man.

As usual the brigade at Chicamauga with other troops, drove the enemy from their breastworks, and acquired additional glory, while its old leader was again severely wounded.

Hood's distinguished service at Chicamauga made him a lieutenant general. It returned with Longstreet to the Army of Northern Virginia and participated in the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor and the seige of Petersburg. At the Wilderness in one of the most critical moments of the bat-

tle, General Lee placed himself at the head of the Texans and was going to lead them into the very jaws of death, when a sergeant seized his horse and forced him to go back, saying, "Go back, General Lee, we won't go unless you go back." General Long says: "The Texans went forward and did well their duty. They were eight hundred strong and lost half their number in killed and wounded on that bloody day."

Then followed the fighting at Spottsylvania, where the brigade contributed its share to the victories won there. It has been said, "Of all the struggles of the war this was, perhaps, the fiercest and most deadly. Frequently throughout the conflict so close was the fight that rival standards were planted on opposite sides of the breastworks." One Northern writer says: "The ground was literally covered with piles of dead, and the woods in front of the salient were one hideous Golgotha."

At the second battle of Cold Harbor the same bloody scenes were enacted, in which the brigade performed its full duty. General Long says: "Attack after attack was made and men fell in myriads before the murderous fire of the Confederate lines. In the brief space of one hour the bloody battle of June 3 was over and 13,000 dead and wounded Federals lay in front of the lines, behind which little more than 1,000 of the Confederate force had fallen. After Cold Harbor came the ten month's seige and almost daily fighting in the entrenchments and in the open fields around Richmond and Petersburg, and then the end at Appomattox.

It would be but a sad privilege to rehearse the bravery exhibited, the toils endured and losses sustained by the brigade during this eventful period. There, as everywhere, these heroes of Texas performed the full measure of their duty. The words of no living tongue can add to the deathless fame already accorded to them by their countrymen. When impartial history presents the achievements of the armies of the lost cause they will stand out among the grandest and foremost of human actions, and among the lists of soldiers of these great armies Hood's Texas brigade will occupy a page that will be the glory and admiration of all coming ages.

Although the present occasion is in honor of Hood's Brigade, and to commemorate the achievements of its heroes and to bring together the veteran survivors of that famous legion, yet there are other veterans here who are welcome guests, those who wore the blue as well as the gray, and we rejoice to know that there are present veterans of the war of Independence of the Republic of Texas, and also of the Mexican war.

It is fit and proper that the soldiers of all our wars should meet, and mingling together commemorate the deeds of their comrades in arms.

We are American citizens; we are descendants of the heroes and statesmen who won our independence and established a government dedicated to human liberty. We all share alike in the fame won at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at the Alamo and San Jacinto, at Beuna Vista and Chapultapec; and we are as justly proud of the renown won by the heroes who fought at Shiloh, Manasses, at the Wilderness and Gettysburg, regardless of the banner under which they fought.

The soldiers of the Civil War who wore the blue fought for the supremacy of the Union. Those who wore the gray fought for their firesides and for the principles dear to the American heart—implanted there by the father of the republic.

Lee and Grant, their generals and soldiers, will occupy as brilliant a page in the military annals of the world as any whose deeds are recorded there. Their splendid achievements belong to the history of our common country, and are not surpassed, if equaled, by those of any people, ancient or modern, and are the heritage of a common people whether won under the stars and stripes or the stars and bars. As has been said upon another occasion, the memories that cluster around the deeds of the soldiers of the civil war, the living as well as the dead, should teach us that we are one people—that we cannot and should not be divided.

When Mirabeau was dying he asked to be garlanded with flowers and cheered with the strains of sweet music. He expressed no thought for his unhappy country then verging on the shores of revolution.

When Warren and Montgomery fell it was for the liberty of their country the sacrifice was made. When Sydney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson and Gregg and Sedgewick, McPherson and Reynolds died it was for their country and for what they thought was the right. When the sun went down on Thermopylae and the Alamo the sublimest devotion to country had been enacted that earth has ever witnessed. Pickett's charge and Hood's attack at Gettysburg stand out among the very foremost of the daring achievements of any age or country—and grand indeed was the valor of the stern warriors who saved the Federal army from defeat on that field of death and glory. When the impartial historian shall write the achievements of Lee's army, chronicle the victories won and battles fought, the privations and hardships endured by his illy provided troops, always inferior in

numbers to the numerous and well appointed armies opposed to him, when these deeds, the exalted courage, the constancy and devotion of his ragged soldiers, his own sublime bearing in defeat or victory, his unequaled fortitude and skill—are truthfully portrayed, they will be the wonder and admiration of mankind. Especially will his last year's defense of Richmond, with constantly diminishing ranks, with no sources of new supplies of men, with extended lines of defence, and constantly augmented armies to contend with, stand out as a marvel unequaled in military history. Among the brightest pages of that history will be recorded deeds of valor performed by the soldiers of Hood's brigade.

Twenty-four years have past since the eventful day of Appomattox when the sun went down in defeat upon the crushed and buried hopes of the Confederacy. A long list of the dead soldiers of the South were numbered among the muster rolls of fame. The survivors, scarred, worn and weary, returned through burning cities and towns and blackened ruins to their desolated homes—mourning filled every household—and bitter years of reconstruction were endured when we were denied the blessed privilege of reinterring our heroic dead with the honors and solemnities due to their memories and befitting the civilization of the age in which we live. The dark clouds of war have rolled away; the bitterness of the strife engendered by the war, and the wounds inflicted by it have been assuaged; the gallant soldiers who faced each other in the hour of battle, as a rule, vie in the kindly offices which will efface forever the passions of that unhappy period, only remembering and honoring the gallantry of their opponents. The graves of Southern soldiers that died from wounds and disease in Northern prisons and hospitals are strewn with flowers by the wives and daughters of brave men who fell upon the battlefields of the South, and the graves of Northern soldiers who lie buried in the South are tenderly cared for by the fair women whose homes they invaded. God grant that these heaven born virtues of charity and forgiveness may extend until it pervades the hearts of every fair woman and manly breast throughout the length and breadth of our glorious country, even until there shall not be a sorehead in the South, or a scurvy partisan in the North, to mar the harmony and beauty of a united and prosperous country.

The blackened ruins and desolated places of the past have given way to rebuilded cities and towns and prosperous homes, where peace and prosperity reign. If there are still mourning hearts who cannot forget the lost ones, time has lessened the anguish, and white winged peace, and the sweet charity that can grant as well as ask forgiveness enables the burdened heart to bear its sorrows with patient resignation.

At this time of renewed prosperity, and when our motives cannot possibly be misconstrued, may not a proud and gallant people set the ball in motion and prepare the way by which provision shall be made for the reception of the veterans of the civil war? Those of them who have been fortunate do not ask for it, but there are comrades who from wounds, disease, and misfortune, need assistance. No soldier of the war of Independence or of the civil war should be allowed to drag out the remainder of his days in penury and want. They offered their lives and gave their blood for our glory, and that we might be a free people. This, however, has won for Texans a fame as deathless as time itself, and enables us to control the destinies of the grandest of American States. If we permit the soldiers of Texas to linger in want and die uncared for we are unworthy of that liberty for which Travis, and Bowie, and Crockett and Fannin, and their comrades gave up life, that which San Jacinto secured to us. If there are constitutional inhibitions which prevent the state from performing its duty in this respect, a grateful and generous people will sweep them out of the way.

May we not invoke the veterans of our entire country, the survivors of all our wars, and our people everywhere, in the name of the living as well as the dead—in this our day of peace and prosperity—to renew upon the altars of our country eternal devotion and loyalty to its institutions, and supplicate the aid and blessings of heaven that we, and those to come after us, shall preserve our liberty, "the Union of the States, now and forever one and inseparable."

Governor J. W. Throckmorton was one of the grandest statesmen and purest men this or any other country ever produced. He was the first Governor elected by the people of Texas after the war. *Reconstruction* in most fiendish shape was being visited upon the South. Governor Throckmorton was too pure, high and lofty in all that made a true man to suit the miserable wretches who controlled, and he was removed by *military order* and, with martial law and Davis police everywhere, a military governor was appointed to carry out the behests of the most damnable and corrupt regime that ever oppressed an unfortunate people. The very name of E. J. Davis should be consigned to eternal infamy, reeking with all that is repugnant and detestable to every white man on earth.

FRANK. B. CHILTON.

Extracts from the Record at Washington and that on File at Austin as to a Young Soldier.

Taken from "Personnel of Texas State Government" and "Types of Successful Men of Texas."

At the age of fifteen young Chilton was reading law at Montgomery, Texas, under the able instruction of Charles Jones, Esq., a distinguished attorney of that place; that is, he clerked in the store of P. J. Willis & Bro., at Montgomery, and at night and odd times read law. But it seems that fate had not destined him for the Bar, at least not just yet.

The dark clouds that had so long presaged a war between the States, finally burst in all its fury, and the country was plunged in strife. As young as he was, one of his impulsive, ardent nature, and in whose veins the patriot's blood was flowing—handed down through several generations of brave ancestors, could not be content to be an idle spectator; at the first bugle call to arms he responded with alacrity.

A company was soon formed, and he enlisted in it under the command of Proctor P. Porter—an attorney-at-law—who was elected Captain. The company marched to Red Top, in Grimes county, Texas, and the men were formally "mustered in" to the Confederate service, May 7, 1861. Thence they went to Harrisburg and went into camp preparatory to the long march to the seat of war in Virginia. The march was full of interesting events, and scenes, and made a strong and lasting impression on the mind of this young soldier; it was a frolic to him, but many of the old soldiers recall it with a sigh; especially that part of it which led across the "Grand Marie" of Louisiana. His company was christened "Company H," and was in the Fourth regiment of that brigade made famous by the immortal Hood, and known ever after by his name. He served with that command throughout the "Peninsula campaign," and to close of McClellan's "On to Richmond" campaign. After General McClellan was driven from his stronghold there and forced by Lee's army to seek the sheltering protection of his gunboats, which lay off Yorktown, where he recruited his shattered and disheartened army, and General Lee returned to the neighborhood of Richmond, young Chilton was prostrated with a severe attack of malarial fever; his relatives, Hon. W. P. Chilton, an uncle who was at that time in Richmond a member of the Confederate Congress—and General R. H. Chilton, a kinsman, then in the War Department, and afterwards Chief of General Lee's staff, made every effort to induce him to quit the ranks and take a position in the War Department, or preferably to them, to return to his home in Texas and stay with his mother: but—as we have said—the patriot's blood flowed in his veins; and as feeble and reduced as he was—nearly exhausted, in fact, from sickness—the long and weary marches through the dense and poisonous swamps of those low lands, and the fatigues of drill and camp duty, for he was not one to shirk a single responsibility, he would not consent to leave his command. His zeal in his country's cause was unabated, notwithstanding his prostration, his attachment to his comrades was strong; and it was only when, in consequence of repeated spells of fever that he became totally unfit for duty, that he listened to the advice of his relatives. McClellan reorganized his shattered forces, and as Lee fell back to Richmond pursued him. The battle of West Point, or Eltham's Landing, was fought entirely by Hood's Texas Brigade.

The battle of Seven Pines was fought in the water and the seven days battles around Richmond—beginning with Gaines' Mill—have no parallel in history. About this time he received news that his brother, Major Geo. W. Chilton, in the Missouri army, had been severely wounded by a shot in the head; another brother, Horace B. Chilton, was shot through the heart at Gaines' Mill, and nearly all his regimental and company officers were killed or wounded in the same battle, including Marshall, Carter, Warwick, Key, Porter, Ryan, Lambert, Walsh and many others, the purest and truest of young Southern chivalry. Their blood was poured out as freely as water, as a libation on their country's altar. It was indeed a time of mourning in Hood's Brigade: and then it was, and only then, that this youthful soldier consented to accept a discharge from the ranks and return home. The battles of Second Manassas and Sharpsburg were both bloody battles that forever wrote the gallantry and bravery of the Brigade imperishably.

Following discharge by Secretary of War was brought to him, September 20, 1862, by his uncle, Hon. Wm. P. Chilton, member of Confederate Congress from Alabama, former Supreme Judge of the state:—

F. B CHILTON.

At Beginning of War. Fifteen Years Old. Taken February Second, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-one, the day Texas Seceeded from the Union.

Adjutant and Inspector General's Office,
Richmond, Va., Sept. 15, 1862.

Special Order No. 216.

(Extract.)

VII. Private Frank B. Chilton, Co. H, Fourth Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, is hereby honorably discharged from the service of the Confederate States.

By command of the Secretary of War.

JOHN WITHERS,
Asst. Adjt. General.

To Private F. B. Chilton,
Through Hon. Wm. P. Chilton.

This boy left Richmond, Va., on October 25, 1862, with a sorrowful heart. Once more in sunny Texas, surrounded by friends and kindred—amid scenes of his childhood, rested from the fatigues he had so bravely borne—he soon recuperated his strength and health. With their return came again the yearning desire to be up and doing; his gallant young heart could not long brook the restraint put upon him; he tired of inactivity and sighed for the scenes of camp life.

It is a strange phase in human nature, that in looking back upon what were in reality scenes of privation and hardship, especially in military life, one forgets in a great measure all that is disagreeable, while the pleasurable memoirs, even be they few, come out in bold relief, and the mind loves to dwell upon them. An old soldier of thirteen campaigns and of two-score battles, told us that he loves now to recall the recurrence of *blackberry time* while in the army, and to remember how, while charging across a hard-fought field, he came upon a big patch of dew-berries, and although the minie balls, and shot and shell, were making unpleasant music around his ears, and comrades were falling about him, he jumped down in a gully and "got the best bait of blackberries he ever had in his life!" Young Chilton forgot the sufferings he had endured, but remembered the camp fires and the merry songs and anecdotes of camp life; he sighed to be once more amongst "the boys." He immediately reenlisted in the army, but did not rejoin his command. He remained in what was called the Trans-Mississippi Department, and served in many official capacities. While a Sergeant of Company B, Baylor's Regiment, Major's Brigade, Green's Division of Cavalry, he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy for gallant and meritorious conduct, and the following "Special Order" was promulgated and read on dress parade—to all the troops in the department:—

Headquarters Green's Div. of Cavalry,
Virginia Point, Tex., Feb. 20, 1864.

Special Order No. 2.

1. Sergeant Frank B. Chilton, Co. B, Baylor's Regiment, Major's Brigade, Green's Division of Cavalry, having been highly recommended by his company and regimental officers for promotion, and having proved himself a gallant and meritorious soldier, he is hereby appointed Senior Second Lieutenant of Company B, Baylor's Regiment, in accordance with General Orders No. 48, District Headquarters Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and will be obeyed and respected as such.

By order, W. P. LANE, Colonel.
Commander Division Cavalry.

(A true copy.)

A. C. POWELL, Act. Asst. Adjt. General.

See: War of the Rebellion official records of the Union and Confederate Armies, series I, Vol. XXXIV, Part I, Reports, Page 616; and Gen. Clement A. Evan's "History of the War," Record of Texas Troops, Vol. XI, Page 207.

At that time he was disabled by wounds, and was absent from his command on furlough, and being unfit for service in the field, was made Post Commander and Provost Marshal at Navasota, in accordance with the following order from District Headquarters:—

Headquarters District Texas, New Mexico and Arizona,

Houston, May 9, 1864.

Special Order No. 130.

VIII. Lieutenant F. B. Chilton, of Baylor's Regiment, being disabled by wounds, is assigned to duty as Commander of Post and Provost Marshal at Navasota, Texas. He will at once enter upon the duties of his office.

By command of Major General J. Bankhead Magruder. (Signed)

S. G. ALDRICH,
Acting Adjt. General.

Official:—
W. A. SMITH, Act. Asst. General.

The following order was soon afterwards promulgated, which, as will be seen, added to his duties as Post Commandant and Provost Marshal those of Enrolling Officer on the District:

Headquarters District of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona,

Houston, July 20, 1864.

Special Order No. 202.

Lieutenant F. B. Chilton, Company B, Baylor's Regiment Texas Cavalry, disabled officer, will report for duty to Major J. E. Kirby, Gen-

eral Enrolling Officer Third Congressional District.

By command of Major General Magruder.
(Signed) ROBT. J. SAMUEL,
Lieut. and Act. Asst. Adjt. General.
Official: W. A. SMITH, Act. Adjt. General.

Lieutenant Chilton was promoted to Captain. On January 27, 1865, by request of General J. B. Robertson, he was transferred to Reserve Corps under the following order:—

Headquarters District of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona,
Houston, Jan. 27, 1865.
Special Order No. 27.

IV. Captain F. B. Chilton, Baylor's Regiment, being unfit for field service by reason of wounds, is, at the request of Brig. General J. B. Robertson, commanding, assigned to the Reserve Corps, and will report to General Robertson for orders.

By command of Major General J. G. Walker. THOMAS M. JACK,
Capt. and Act. Adjt. General.
To Captain F. B. Chilton.

From the following order issued soon after that Capt. Chilton was assigned to duty in the Ordnance Department of the Reserve Corps:—

Headquarters Reserve Corps, Texas,
Brenham, Jan. 30, 1865.
Special Order No. 22.

XI. Capt. F. B. Chilton will act as Ordnance Officer of the Reserve Corps during the inability of Capt. Stephen F. Austin Bryan, Chief State Ordnance Officer, who is sick, and procure such supplies from the department as may be required. * * * *

By command of Brigadier General Robertson.
WILLIS STEADMAN,
Act. Asst. Adjt. General.
To Capt. F. B. Chilton.

Although unfit for service in the field, as we have said, by reason of wounds and impaired health, Capt. Chilton was nevertheless enabled to serve the Confederate government efficiently, and at the same time his surroundings were congenial and pleasant. Here he remained till the close of the war—not many months later. With him were a number of old friends—friends whom the mutual hardships of actual service, the dangers and sacrifices had cemented in bonds of fraternal love. He and Captains D. U. Barziza and P. I. Barziza were on duty at Houston, the Headquarters of the Trans-Mississippi Department, the former as Chief State Ordnance Officer, D. U. Barziza as Commandant of Camp Greer, and P. I. Barziza as Enrolling Officer of Harris county. They were all old comrades from the Army of Northern Virginia, and members of the old Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, and it may be imagined, many reminiscenses were recalled of their campaigns in Virginia; "they shouldered their crutch and showed how fields were lost and won." Willard Richardson, the venerable editor, and proprietor as well, of the Galveston News, then published at Houston, said, editorially, of the above trio of officers, in his paper of March 24, 1865:—

"Captains F. B. Chilton, P. I. Barziza and D. U. Barziza have been placed on the retired list, and are at present on post duty at this place. They have been disabled, and retired on account of wounds. Such men deserve soft places."

His gallant old Virginia commander, the venerable Gen. J. B. Robertson, of Goliad, recently deceased, was then in command, having been transferred from the command of the famous Hood's Texas Brigade, in the field in Virginia, to which he had succeeded; and this was another link connecting him to the past, and reminding him of his Virginia campaigns.

THE CHARGE OF HOOD'S BRIGADE.

Of gallant, cool and fearless men,
Midst scenes which history's made,
There's ever one ascendant star,
Like the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

In every land, in every clime,
Sometime where battles fierce were fought,
Through Artist's brush or Poet's pen,
Someone stands out, more finely wrought.

So tho' we love and honor all,
Glory in each charge that was made,
The ones that some way brightest shine—
Are those of Hood's Texas Brigade.

They marched so far o'er Prairie broad;
Thro' river, swamp, o'er rugged hill;
But just in time to save the day,
See how they charged at Gaines' Mill.

Fought at "Elthams' Landing"—Seven Pines;
At "Freeman's Ford" they were fighting still;
And the boys in blue, as well as gray,
Remember the charge of "Malvern Hill."

"Second Manassas" they fought well,
Nor for sharpshooters cared a snap;—
Were up and away to join the fray,
And skirmish at "Boonsboro Gap."

"Sharpsburg," where bullets fell like rain;
To "Fredericksburg" they had to go;—
And I have heard my father tell
Of blood-stained tracks upon the snow.

Wounded? aye,—cruel, deadly wounds,
Yet on with the tide did they surge;
Of all the gallant fights they made
None was grander than "Gettsyburg."

The enemy perched on rocky craigs;
Poured down their shot and shell,
And yet our friends, the boys in blue,
Said that the Texans gave them hell.

Bullets whistled and cannons roared,
And the shells kept up their wild screech,
But never man alive drew back
'Till the enemy were in reach.

The chasm was bloody and wide;
The Blue and the Gray fell side by side;—
Brave Infantry and Cavalcade;—
None braver there than "Hood's Brigade."

Who was the spirit that inspired
To deeds that were gallant and good?
('Twas a righteous, tho' bloody cause)
Who, but our noble General Hood?

Mounted on his charger brave, down
The line he rode with sword on high,
Crying "Forward! Forward! Forward!"
They followed him to fight, to die.

Ah! had the thinned and starving hosts
Only laid down their arms that day,
We could not sing of another
Charge—Deadliest of all the fray.

Thro' Virginia's ravished lands,
(Determined that they ne'er would yield)
Across the Tennessee's fair hills
To Chicamauga's bloody field.

They came; and in the golden noon
They charged, and fell, and charged again—
And stained the very water red;—
Tell me, where shall we find such men?

Go—look up the battle records,
Call the roll—the roll of "Company A"—
(Angels of Mercy, where were you
On that awful pitiless day?)

Yes, call the roll from end to end—
Ah! God, the women bereft—this
Was the answer at bugle call—
"There is only one man left!"

One man left where one hundred
Fared forth in the sunlight bright,
Trampled, bleeding, crushed, they lay,
In the sunset's glowing light.

Where was such scene, or story heard
On sea or on mountain, or glade
As this splendid, terrible tale,
"The charge of Hood's Texas Brigade?"

And the moon looked down in pity,
While the south winds' perfumed breath
Kissed the cold lips of our dear ones,
On Chicamauga's field of Death.

Yet again the remnant gathered,
(Tho' their General was laid low)
At his command "Your duty boys,
Wheresoever you may go."

'Till Appomattox's fateful day,
Their arms aside were never laid;
From sixty-one to sixty-five,
Full many a time fought Hood's Brigade.

Think of the charges they had made
In sixty-one, and two and three;
Nor sheathed a sword 'till captured or killed,
Our Hood's Brigade that followed Lee.

"Cold Harbor" was not very cold,—
And "Spottsylvania" Court house old
Saw a gaunt, hungry, ragged lot—
But their brave deeds, ne'er'll be forgot.

"Petersburg," around the "Trenches,"
"Richmond" fair, and her defenses—
All were great scenes of storm and stress,
But, Oh! the day of the "Wilderness!"

Write it, sing it, let it live—
Repeat it often as you may,
Never yet was scene enacted,
As that upon this wonderous day.

Poets' lay has fitly told how
The Texan seized the rein;
Never pen nor brush can picture
Such a thrilling scene again.

How the greatest of all Generals
In his own tender gallant way,
Raised his hat without rebuking,—
Again "Hood's Texans" saved the day.

Saved the day? Yes, more than that;—
Aye, more—do you not see
A star-gemmed crown Eternal ,
For him who saved our peerless Lee?

From Texas' sun-kissed prairies,
To Shenandoah's Valley shade,
Men stop to listen and to learn
Of famous "Hood's Texas Brigade!"

—Decca Lamar West,
Poet-Laureate Tex. Div. U. D. C.

WHAT THE RECORDS SHOW.

General Nelson Miles Cannot Excuse Himself.

Recurring to the shackling of President Jefferson Davis by General Miles, it is well enough to say that the official records abundantly settle the dispute as to who was responsible for the outrage. The order of Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana to General Miles, as shown by official documents, was as follows:

Fort Monroe, May 22, 1865.—Brevet Major General Miles is hereby authorized and directed to place manacles and fetters upon the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay whenever he may think it advisable in order to render their imprisonment more secure.

By order of secretary of war.

C. A. Dana,
Assistant Secretary of War.

This order left manacles and fetters clearly to the discretion of General Miles, for on the same date Mr. Dana addressed the following communication to Secretary Stanton:

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Washington.

Fort Monroe, May 22, 1865, 2 p. m.—The two prisoners (Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay) have just been placed in their respective casements. The sentries are stationed both within and without their doors. The bars and locks are fastened, and the regular routine of their imprisonment has begun.

The arrangement for the security of the prisoners seem to me as complete as could be desired. Each one occupies the inner room of a casement. The windows are heavily barred. A sentry stands within before each of the doors leading into the outer room. These doors are to be grated, but are now secured by bars fastened on the outside. Two other sentries stand on outside of these doors. An officer is also constantly on duty in the outer room, whose duty is to see the prisoners every fifteen minutes. The outer door of all is locked on the outside, and the key is kept exclusively by the general officer of the guard. Two sentries are also stationed without that door. A strong line of sentries cuts off all access to the vicinity of the casement. Another line is stationed on the top of the parapet overhead, and a third line is posted across the moats on the counterscarp opposite the place of confinement.

The casement on each side and between those occupied by prisoners are used as guard rooms, and soldiers are always there. A lamp is constantly kept burning in each of the rooms.

I have not given orders to have them placed in irons, as General Halleck seemed to be opposed to it, but General Miles is instructed to have fetters ready if he thinks them necessary.

C. A. Dana,
Assistant Secretary of War.

Note the last paragraph of the letter wherein Mr. Dana distinctly says, "I have not given orders to have them placed in irons," etc. Now, as a final disposition of the matter, note Secretary Stanton's order to Miles six days later:

Major General Miles, Commander, etc., Fort Monroe.

War Department, Washington, May 28 1865.—Please report whether irons have or have not been placed on Jefferson Davis. If they have been, when was it done, and for what reason, and remove them.

Edwin M. Stanton,
Secretary of War.

Every essential element of controversy is removed by these records. General Miles, in his exuberance and eagerness to do something heroic, made a great blunder for which there was not the slightest excuse save his ignorance of the proprieties of the situation. He has never outlived the outrage, although he lived to become the ranking officer of the army, and he never will.

It can never be claimed that either Dana or Stanton was responsible for the brutal treatment of President Davis in view of the official records which are here presented.

After All, the Air's the Thing.
"DIXIE."

The reformer is abroad in the land. He looks upon everything that exists and finds it wanting and capable of improvement, and he proceeds to reform. Among many other things he has turned his attention to "Dixie" and he

wants to reform the "Marseillaise" of the South. Whereupon loud and practically unanimous protests have been voiced alike in the Southland and in the North. For "Dixie" has long since crossed the line and has become the common property of the nation.

"DIXIE."

To millions the stirring air brings pictures of bitterly contested fields; of battle that will live in history until the last of the race wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams; of defeats that were as glorious as any victory; of a cause that was defended by men as intrepid as any that ever trod the earth. It carries the memory of the hearer back to the long thin line that swept up the hill at Gettysburg as if on parade, and to the gallant thousands who had lived for Dixie and who died for Dixie on that fateful day when the flower of the army of Virginia was swept down and the last hope of the South was wrecked in the charge at the sleepy Pennsylvania town, which that battle has made famous. It carries the memory of the hearer back to the first memorial day when the noble women of the South decked the resting places of friend and foe with the flowers of spring and watered them with their tears. And it conjures up before the inner eye the glorious picture of the reunited country, of peace and happiness and prosperity, of progress undreamt of in the olden times, when "Dixie" entered the Southland.

It has not been proposed to change the air, but simply the text. But even that must not be touched. From the graves of hundreds of thousands of our brothers who died for "Dixie" there comes a protest against the change of a single syllable. That text, puerile and ridiculous as it may appear, has been hallowed by the blood of a whole generation of fighting men, and it should remain as they knew it, and as they sang it around their camp fires and as they chanted it as they marched into conflict. And yet the words are of minor importance. After all, the air's the thing.

GLORIOUS SENTIMENT.

THE NASHVILLE REUNION.

(By Judd Mortimer Lewis.)

I would like to be in Nashville fer to hear th' band a-playin',
Just the oompah, oompah, oompah, of th' prelude, then th' blare
Of th' instruments together, an' to see the lines a-swayin',
And to hear the crowds a-cheerin'! Oh, I'm longin' to be there
When th' band's a-playin' "Dixie"! an' to see bright eyes a-shinin',
An' to see lace-bordered handkerchiefs a-wavin' in th' breeze,
An' ter talk of them ol' comrades sleepin' where the vines are twinin',
An' th' honeysuckle blossoms are a-noddin' in th' breeze.

Oh, I'd like ter see th' collums all in gray step off together
In a little slower measure than we used to know of yore,
'Ceptin' when th' band plays "Dixie" an' th' spirit slips its tether,
An' old age drops down from off us an' we're like we was before—
When th' magic of th' music conjures old scenes of our knowin',
An' we're goin' into battle like a cheerin' gray machine!
Oh, I want to talk of comrades layin' where th' blooms are blowin',
Of th' comrades dead in battle an' th' years that stretch between!

I would like to put my shoulder 'gainst th' shoulder of a brother,
One of them who marched beside me in th' tryin' days, an' dead,
An' to peg-leg up throo Nashville throo th' dust an' heat an' smother
With th' bands a-playin' "Dixie" an' th' banners overhead
Just a-risin' an' a-fallin', an' th' children runnin' after,
An' th' pretty girls a-wavin' f'm th' curb along th' street,
An' th' tearful cheerful greetin's an' th' weepin' an' th' laughter—
With th' glory of th' music in my heartstrings an' my feet.

When I'm called to that reunion with th' comrades over yonder,
An' no sickness an' no poverty 'll keep me f'm their side,
Like it does this week f'm Nashville, then I know th' guns'll thunder
An' th' pearly gates of heaven be unlatched an' open wide!
When for me th' "taps" have sounded an' remainin' comrades lay me
Where th' honeysuckle's perfume on th' evenin' breeze is blown,
Oh, there's just one tune in heaven 'at I'm hopin' they will play me—
I jest wanter hear ol' "Dixie" makin' music round the throne!

A TRIBUTE *to the* KNIGHTS OF THE STARS *and* BARS.

Ode to the Birth and Christening of the United Confederate Veterans, the Southern Cross of Honor and United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The notes that are floating 'round us today
Are freighted with memories sacred and warm;
True, they speak but in echoes and live but in dreams,
Yet their mission is vested with pathos and charm.

They bring to us visions of our Davis and Lee,
Our Jackson, Hood, Johnston, Magruder and Hill,
Dick Dowling and all their comrades in gray,
Whose records, with honor, our history fill.

For the host "transferred" o'er the river to rest,
'Neath the shade of the trees, on a campus above;
They bid us twine garlands of thought's immortelles
And strew their green tents with tokens of love.

'Tis all we can do—yet for the few
Who bore with them the heat of the day,
And are still "on the march," in life's sunset slope,
Wearing, still wearing their old coats of gray.

There are other duties we can fulfill,
Other tributes we can and should pay
In the pure coin of devotion and love,
Kind deeds and sweet songs—to them we say—

Knights of the Stars and Bars!
Honored survivors of a cause (called) lost, attend,
And let your far-famed "rebel yell" with our greeting blend.

Mingle again, today, as only heroes may
Who know what 'tis to do and dare!
Pluck honor from an all unequal fray
And mid defeat that honor still to wear.

Long years have sped since you, brave men,
In youth and vigor, donned the Southern gray,
And with strong arms, true as your steels,
Marched to the front in hopeful, proud array.

To the hopes, the fears, the smiles, the tears,
The parting sighs and prayers
Which followed you as volunteers,
Faithful memory, witness bears.

You fought—as only patriots fight;
Were vanquished—but as heroes are,
You proved your prowess e'en when might
Eclipsed all save your polar star.

No tremor seized you even then;
Sadly, yet proudly, did you bow,
Furling with bronzed hands your flag—
Unsullied then—held sacred now.

Can we, your women, e'er do less
Than your spotless records bless?
Can we forget the trying past
O'er which your deathless halo cast?

No! never, never, "while grass grows"—
Never "while water runs" or flows—
Never 'till life's sun has set
Would we, if we could, forget.

To you, we know, 'twas a dark day
When dawn said this, "The war is o'er—"
And peace, as with a taper pale,
Lighted you back to your own door.

For ah! its beams could not restore
Comrades lost—or fill the sleeve
That empty hung—or relume
The once proud hope—'twas yours to grieve.

Thank heaven! All this is of the past,
You are left battle-scarred, is true;
Yet—heirs for aye to memories
Not you or we blush to review.

War came as comes the hot simoon—
And patriot hearts, both blue and gray,
Deplored the fierce edict of Mars
Bidding brothers to meet in fray.

In that dread hour none stood alone
Filled with anxious hopes and fears;
Other eyes than ours were dim
With far-off watching and hot tears.

Yet, 'twas one hour when sympathy
Heaven sent, went out to one and all
Whose home treasures were called forth,
Some to be shattered, some to fall.

SOLILOQUY.

Honest difference was no sin—
To fight for right no shade of crime—
Defeat no shame—for honor lived
And proved our sacrifice sublime.

Nor was it wrong that our foes
(Those by principle inspired),
To rally to the stars and stripes;
The flag we, too, had loved, admired.

These had never known or felt
The encroaching hand of undue weight,
While jealousy was laying fast
Upon each prosperous Southern State.

Thus, vindicated is the truth
Of what our Gordon oft proclaimed—
"We were right and they were right—
Nor gray nor blue should be defamed."

And never once should tongue or pen
Throughout our reunited land
Asperse the men on either side,
Who did as honest patriots stand.

I, as a gray, have made this vow,
Never shall child of mine be taught
That Southern men were traitors,
Who for greed and glory fought.

To this grand diapason,
True, magnanimous and bold;
This long and thrilling story
Clearly, yet briefly, told,

Is due the birth and christening of the "U. C. V.,"
The Southern Cross of Honor and the "U. D. C."

Also that of a youthful band,
Marching now through Dixieland,
Known far and wide as the "C. A."—
Scions of Southern chivalry,
Of Southern worth, beauty and grace,
All that gave the "Stars and Bars" a place;
And to them a priceless name,
Wedded to virtue, honor and fame.

—Mrs. M. D. Farris.

Huntsville, Texas, June 27, 1907.

"DIXIE" GREATEST OF ALL.

After close and laborious investigation, Mr. O. G. Shemmeck, chief of the division of music in the library of congress, has announced that "Dixie" is first in "patriotic popularity." The Baltimore Sun says that this discovery was made long ago by all who have heard its ringing strains, that from Terra del Fuego to the North Pole its music has caused the blood to leap and the lips to cheer.

To the people of the South, "Dixie" is what the "Marseillaise" is to France, or the "Wacht on the Rhine" is to Germany. It is consecrated by the memory of Lee and Jackson, of the camp fires brightened by its martial strains, and the fierce charges made to its inspiring notes. To an exiled Southerner it is the song of "home" and every note paints pictures of the well-loved "land of cotton," and involuntarily they echo: "I wish I was in Dixie."

The song lives on when others come and go; it is the living spirit of the South, and as long as the tinkle of banjos, the strains of fiddles, the strum of pianos, the beat of drums the whistle of the fife, and the swing and splendor of the full brass band continue, "Dixie" will never lose its popularity.

AWAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE.

In Dixie cotton loves to grow
With leaf of green and ball of snow;
There waves the golden wheat and corn
In Dixie Land where I was born,
Away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie

In Dixie sweetest roses bloom,
The jassamine yields its rare perfume,
And here the sea breeze haunts the South
With orange blossoms in her mouth;
Away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

In Dixie Land we love to give
With generous hand—we love to live
With cheerful light and open door;
What matter if the wind roar?
Away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

In Dixie skies are "bonnie blue,"
And Southern hearts are warm and true;
Let there be love throughout the world,
The pure white flag of peace unfurled
Floats way down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

In Dixie Land 'tis sweet to rove
Thro' piny woods and sweet-gum grove;
And hark! The Rebel mocking bird
With sweetest song you ever heard
Sings away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

In other lands 'tis sweet to roam,
But Dixie Land is home, sweet home,
And Southern maid with simple song
Loves dear old Dixie, right or wrong.
God bless the land of Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

SONG BIRD OF THE SOUTH.

This ballad was written by Miss Carrie Belle Sinclair, in the midsummer of 1862, while Miss Sinclair was in Augusta, Ga.

There was a rivalry with the Augusta girls as to who should have the neatest homespun dress, and from this incident she took the idea and wrote that old war song.

The poem was first published in an Augusta paper and copied in the Savanah Morning News.

"The Homespun Dress" was sung to the popular air of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," by a member of the "Queen Sisters," an English family, then holding the boards of the theater, and this, with other songs, written by her, soon won for their author the name, "Song Bird of the South."

THE HOMESPUN DRESS.

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck
And pearls bedeck her hair.

Chorus—
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the Sunny South so dear!
Three cheers for the homespun dress,
Our Southern ladies wear!

My homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's palmetto, too;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with such grace.
Chorus—

Now Northern goods are out of date;
And since old Abe's blockade,
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that's Southern made.
The Southland is a glorious land,
And her's a glorious cause;
Then here's three cheers for Southern rights,
And for the Southern boys!
Chorus—

We send the bravest of our land
To battle with the foe,
And we would lend a helping hand——
We love the South, you know.
We send our sweethearts to the war;
But, dear girls, never mind—
Your soldier lover will not forget
The girl he left behind.

A soldier is the lad for me—
A brave heart I adore;
And when the Sunny South is free,
And fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave,
From out that gallant band;
The soldier lad I love the best,
Shall have my heart and hand.
Chorus—

And now, young men, a word to you;
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears fall for the one
Who fills a soldier's grave.
Chorus—

"TO LIVE OR DIE FOR DIXIE."

Created by a nation's glee,
With jest, and song, and revelry,
We sang it in our early pride
Throughout our Southern borders wide,
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise, in one glorious shout,
"To live or die for Dixie!"

How well that promise was redeemed,
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed
Victorious—like the crest of Mars—
The banner of the stars and bars!
The cannons lay our warriors low—
We fill the ranks and onward go
"To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie! Oh, how blest
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor knew the future's awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself, and so laid down,
The cross of earth for Glory's crown,
And nobly died for Dixie.

To live for Dixie—harder part!
To stay the hand—to still the heart—
To seal the lips, enshroud the past—
To have no future—all o'ercast—
To knit life's broken thread again,
And keep her mem'ry free from stain—
That is to live for Dixie.

Beloved land! Beloved song,
Your thrilling power shall last as long
Enshrined within each Southern soul
As times eternal ages roll;
Made holier by the test of years—
Baptized with our country's tears—
God and the right for Dixie!

Fannie Downing.

The above poem was written soon after the close of the war by a sister of a Confederate naval officer, Mr. Murdaugh, and sent to him where he was then living on the northern confines of the Argentine Republic.

WAY DOWN SOUTH.

The best of all the country
Is way down South!
The sweetest rose
The country knows,
The bluest violets 'at grows,
The spiciest wind 'at ever blows,
Is way down South!

The best of all the country
Is way down South!
The greenest hills,
The fastest rills,
The finest fields a feller tills,
The mockingbird—the whipporwills,
Is way down South

The best of all the country
Is way down South!
The bluest skies,
The brightest eyes,
The love that takes you by surprise,
That binds yer heart with tenderest ties,
Is way down South.

Baltimore News.

THE CHARGE OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE AT GAINES' MILL.

The following beautiful poem, by Major Val C. Giles, of Austin, a member of Hood's Texas Brigade, and a participant in the battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, which was one of the important battles of the war and of the country, will be read with marked interest by many, especially by those who participated in the battle.

As the years pass and the history of the struggle 1861-1865 may be viewed more and more accurately and clearly the cool, calm work of Hood's Texas Brigade and their marvelous charges stand in a blaze of glory, permanent, brilliant pages in American history.

The true way to perpetuate our history is to cherish such data as this from those who saw and heard, who were themselves in the thickest of the fight, and who are spared to review it that the children of these brave men may know that their fathers were no holiday, gold-lace soldiery, but active, substantial patriots as the world is glad to recognize.

—Kate Daffan.

President Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The charge of the Light brigade at Balaclava is one of the proudest, yet saddest, memories of the British army. It has been immortalized in story and in song, yet the charge of Hood's Texas Brigade in the battle at Gaines' Mill in front of Richmond, June 27, 1862, was equally as spectacular and incomparably more fatal to the brave men who made the charge. In fact no more gallant performance can be found in history than that charge of Hood's Texans.

In his report of the battle General Stonewall Jackson said "In this charge in which over 1,000 men fell, killed and wounded, before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery were captured, the Texas Brigade was the first to enter these strongholds and seize the guns."

FORWARD, HOOD'S BRIGADE.

We'll meet again, but not in strife,
As in the days of yore;
Ah, what a change, "but such is life,"
We'll fight with Lee no more.
That grand old chief's promoted now,
His rank is pure and high,
He's gone to join his old brigades,
Encamped beyond the sky;
For those who in that mystic land,
'Neath our banner cherished dear,
Who, in death unconquered stand,
We give to you a prayer—a tear.
Today our hearts freshly bleed
O'er hopes withered and gone,
As we, the past war's history read,
And for lost comrades mourn.
For Carter, Lambert, Hutcheson, Ryan,
Who muster with those heroes gone,
We bow today at memory's shrine,
And strike hands when the battle's won.

But my story changes, as does the day,
When sunshine fades to twilight gray;
'Twas on the crest at Gaines' Mill,
When came an order loud and shrill—
In my ear it echoes still:
"Forward, Hood's Brigade!"

Ninety thousand men contending,
Saber stroke and bayonets blending,
"Sunny South" brave men defending,
Fighting for the land we loved.
Through the smoke and din of battle,
Cannons roar—muskets rattle—
Battery horses wildly dashing
O'er the dead and dying crashing,
As they hurried in position
On the bloody field at Richmond—
"Richmond on the James."
Hissing, hurling through the air,
Grape and canister wildly tear—
Through our ranks death spread everywhere.
"Forward, Hood's Brigade."

Down the slope the column rushes,
With that wild rebellious yell;
There before them yawned an abyss,
Dark and deep and wide as hell;
Still with hearts as true as steel,
"Not a man dismayed,"
Death or victory—never yield,
"Forward, Hood's Brigade."

Horrid murder here and there
Seemed to reign supreme where
The Lone Star banner waving high;
Amid the crash there came a cry,
"McClellan's flanked—they fly, they fly!"
Then a scene of wild confusion,
Equaled save by those who bled
When the army of Napoleon
From the allies turned and fled,
Divisions running, regiments flying,
Cavalry dashing, horses dying;
Still amid that dreadful fray
Presses on that line of gray.
"Forward, Hood's Brigade."

From our sight the foeman fled,
Leaving there ten thousand dead,
Then it was that Stonewall said,
"God bless that old brigade."

And when the sun had gone to rest,
And light began to fade,
The moon rose with her sad, pale face
And wept with that old brigade.
For many a jacket bloody and gray
On the damp, cold ground was lying,
And sad was the soldier's heart that night
As he watched by his friend who was dying.
Many long years have vanished since then,
And the violets may blossom and fade,
But their memory is cherished and flourishes yet
In the hearts of that "Old Brigade."

Val C. Giles.

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE IN REUNION AT GALVESTON, MAY 7, 1874.

Possibly no better test of "deeds performed" and appreciation therefor can be found than in the reproduction of sentiments expressed—nearly forty years ago—in reference to Hood's Texas Brigade as are evidenced by following speeches at the Galveston reunion:

Hood's Texas Brigade, May 7, 1874, Third Annual Reunion, Galveston, Texas—

(*Galveston News.*)

It is not our intention in the present article to attempt even a resume of the movements of the gallant brigade, a portion of the survivors of which celebrated here yesterday their third annual reunion. Such could not be done within the space of any ordinary newspaper article, and it remains for some future historian to chronicle at length the incidents, the hardships, the victories and reverses which made up the life and record of this celebrated corps during the eventful epoch embraced between the years 1861 and 1865.

That a record should shortly be compiled and given to the world is due not only to the survivors of the different regiments forming the brigade, but the memory of the gallant dead calls for something of the kind to be done, as portraying a devotion to principle, to patriotism, and to all the manly virtues, never excelled in the annals of the world. It is believed that a historical association will shortly be formed in connection with Hood's Brigade, which will furnish such statistics and information as will further this purpose, and from which may be compiled a record of daring and devotion that the memory of the past deserves, and which history cannot afford to lose.

But allusion to a few of the leading events in the career of the corps may not be without interest at the present time. When—

Wild war's deadly blast was blown
and the South was buckling on her armor for a contest that was to decide her fate as a separate nationality, responsive to the summons sprung

the youth and chivalry of the Lone Star State—and first in order was the dashing Hood's Brigade, the after record of which forms one of the brightest pages in the history of the doomed Confederacy. It was not for them to reason as to the disorganizing causes which had brought about the necessity for a dissolution of the Union; the die had been cast by the leaders of their section—theirs the part to maintain the issue to a successful consummation. And right nobly did these sterling troops perform their duty.

Early in the spring of 1861 a number of regiments were organized throughout the State, and were assigned to position in different parts of the Confederacy then menaced by the enemy. The First, Fourth and Fifth Texas Regiments were ordered directly to Virginia, where they were formed into that celebrated brigade, whose actions afterward on many well contested fields told of the valor native to the soil which gave its members birth. The brigade as enrolled was made up of four regiments—the First Texas, under command of Colonel Hugh McLeod; the Fourth, under Col. J. B. Hood; the Fifth, under Col. J. J. Archer, and the Eighteenth Georgia under command of Col. Wofford, together with Reilcy's North Carolina Battery. After the celebrated campaign into Maryland, the Eighteenth Georgia was transferred into another corps, but was succeeded by the Third Arkansas. At one time also Hampton's Legion formed a part of the brigade, but the Legion likewise was transferred after a limited period of service. The Third Arkansas and Reilcy's Battery remained a portion of the corps until the surrender at Appomattox.

The first year of the war was not productive of much genuine active service for the Texas brigade. The armies of both the North and the South, after the affairs at Bethel and Manassas, feeling the magnitude of the struggle upon which they had engaged, lay watching each other like gladiators. The celebrated pronunciamento of Mr. Lincoln, ordering the dispersion of the Confederate troops, failing in its effect, and the recoil of the first army sent out from the North upon the National capital, taught that section that the ninety day business was a mistaken calculation; but true to the genius of the people of that portion of the Union, they went to work at permanent organization of their military departments. McClellan was then chief in command of the armies of the United States. Few will deny the capacity of this officer as an organizer. His masterly genius taught him that a people endowed with the courage and high chivalric qualities of the Southerner would require more demonstrative arguments than paper bulletins to desist from their undertaking; and, as a consequence, he employed the fall and winter of 1861 and the spring of 1862 in the discipline and armament of several splendid army corps. Magnificently equipped with the best arms then known to the service, with artillery in abundance, and a commissariat affording every comfort and necessary to the troops in the field. McClellan made a sudden change of front from the line of the Rapidan and turned up at Fortress Monroe. The chief with which the Federal was then contending was the able and sagacious Confederate leader, General Joseph E. Johnston. This movement of McClellan forced Johnston to a counter action, and the scene of warfare was transferred for a time to the Virginia peninsula.

The rapid "falling back" of Johnston's army upon the line of invasion, was one of that great chieftain's most splendid achievements. It blinded and confused the Federal leader. When McClellan touched the Southern lines at Yorktown, stretching to the James river, he found a handful of men under the hazardous Magruder, and never dreamed that such a force would contest the road to Richmond with an enemy one hundred and twenty thousand strong. He fancied that Johnston's forces were on the ground, and set himself to work at seige operations. The result is a matter of history. The Confederate army of the Rapidan had time to reach the peninsula before McClellan was aware of his mistake, and Richmond was saved for further and more desperate contests.

The arms that for a year before had remained unused had no further time to spare. Among the first troops to reach the battle grounds were those comprising the Texas brigade. The three Texas regiments were armed with the minie rifle—the Eighteenth Georgia had only the smooth-bore musket. At West Point, or, as it is sometimes called, Eltham's Landing, the brigade first sheathed its maiden sword. And a fine piece of steel it was. No discount on the boys from the prairies that morning. Then followed, in rapid succession, the memorable achievements of the Peninsula campaign, Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Freeman's Ford, the Second Manassas, South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and several minor engagements, compose the galaxy of victorious names won by the brigade up to the close of 1862.

The Army of the West at this time was severely pressed. Virginia being relieved by the destruction of several splendidly appointed Northern armies, troops for a time could be spared. Chosen and tried ones were needed on a new field of action, and where better were

they to be had than among the daring Texas infantry. In the Army of the West, Hood's Brigade participated in the actions of Chicamauga, Knoxville, Bean's Station, and Strawberry Plains, carrying with them all the way though the dash and elan which had distinguished them through the splendid struggles in Virginia. The grand old State being once more overrun, and the Confederate capital threatened, they were returned to their original battle grounds, to fight them o'er again.

By this time the brigade was fearfully cut up. Its decimated ranks presented no longer that lengthened and stolid front of steel which had so often carried death and destruction into Federal lines; but the veterans, though few in number, could be counted on to a man, and never flinched the hosts that opposed them. The brigade was a portion of the corps commanded by Longstreet. It reached Virginia from the West in time once more to save its capital, the occasion being the fearful struggle of the Wilderness.

And it was here that over all other contests the Hood Brigade won fame and immortality. On the 5th of May, 1864, the Federal army engaged the Confederate troops under General Lee. The ground was rugged and terribly chosen, unfit for the operations of cavalry because of the timber, and not suited to the quick movements of light and outnumbered infantry such as the Confederates were. The brunt of the fight was borne at long range, which put the Confedrates at a disadvantage because of the superior armament of the Federals. The struggle was awful. Upon the extreme right of the Confederate army were the divisions of Heth and Wilcox. They were pressed by the magnificent army corps of General Hancock, who commanded the left wing of the Federal forces. The contest had been terrific during the entire afternoon, and it was all the Confederates could do to hold the ground. This lasted into the night, and about 9 o'clock the wearied and decimated troops lay down to rest. Lee, at this time, was waiting with intense anxiety the arrival of Longstreet with his corps from the west, who had reached within nine miles of the battleground on the night of the 5th.

After the closing of the engagement on that night, General Wilcox reported in person to General Lee that so fearful had been the havoc made among his troops, that he could no longer hold the position, and asked to be permitted to retire to straighten up his line. General Lee answered, "Let the poor men rest: General Longstreet will relieve you before morning."

With the dawn of day again commenced the engagement. No support yet from Longstreet, and the shattered divisions of Heth and Wilcox gave way before the overpowering hosts of Hancock. This was a fearful moment to the great commander. He immediately gave orders for the retirement of the supply train, between which and the enemy there was nothing but the thinned lines of Heth and Wilcox, and in agony of spirit remarked to an officer of his staff, "We are beaten." Just as he uttered these words, a yell from the Texas brigade, which was the advance of Longstreet's corps, was heard in the rear, and the men burst into view. General Lee advanced to the head of the column, and, ordering a charge, proposed to lead it in person into action. He had passed with the men some distance in the charge before he was discovered; but no sooner did the men see their beloved commander, upon whom the hopes of all were cast, in a position of such imminent danger, that a feeling of horror seized them, and the famous cry was passed along the line: "Lee to the rear." The column halted. Apparently heedless of their desire, Lee remained in the advance, when the column refused to move unless he retired to the rear. At the instant four men sprung from the ranks to lead him off, when one of them got possession of the curb-rein of the General's war steed "Traveler," and jerked him to a half wheel. Lee reluctantly retiring at the demands of the chivalric brigade. The boys moved on, satisfied with their general's safety, and held in check the advance of Hancock until the remainder of their corps came up. But for this splendid movement the victory of the enemy would have been complete, for Longstreet's forces were not deployed when the divisions of Heth and Wilcox were driven from the field. It was a grand action, but of 811 men who made the charge, 565 were killed and wounded, and the gallant sons of the Lone Star State saved the day at the Wilderness with the best blood of the heroes of twenty battles.

General Lee always cherished this noble and splendid achievement of the Texas troops at the Wilderness; and when in 1864 a consolidation of the Army of Northern Virginia was effected, by special orders from Lee the *esprit du corps* of the Hood Brigade remained untouched—in token, no doubt, of their magnificent services.

The history of the brigade from the Wilderness down to Appomattox was one continued round of victory. They participated in the actions of Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and the series of battles round Richmond in the fall and winter of 1864, and never once displayed but the highest order of courage and military bearing. Their record is a most glorious one; and though Fate decreed that at Appomattox they should stack arms before the overwhelming hordes which a world could furnish their

enemy, impartial history will reveal the fact that the Army of Northern Virginia, under Robert Lee, for deeds of valor and patient endurance, has no superior recorded in its annals. And the Texas Brigade wears in its chaplet one of the brightest roses that decorate its memory.

The three Texas regiments in this historic brigade numbered at the beginning of the war some 3,000 men. They possibly received accessions afterward to the amount of 1,200 more —which makes the entire strength of the force employed foot up about 4,200 strong. The brigade, all told, must have participated in between thirty and forty pitched battles and minor skirmishes, in nine of which each separate regiment composing it lost in killed and wounded over half the men engaged. This was simply fearful; but it shows that where the hot work was, the Texas troops were likely to be found. The brigade lost in killed during the entire war some 1,200 officers and men, and almost every man in it was wounded—many of them several times.

Such is a slight review of the military services rendered the Confederacy by the gallant survivors who yesterday celebrated their third annual reunion, for an idea of the success of which the reader is referred to the account which follows.

GALVESTON REUNION NOTES.

THE REMNANT

Of the gallant brigade, at 4 p. m., formed in double file, and passed from Harmony Hall to the Opera House, marching through the opened ranks of the Washington Guards and Lone Star Rifles, who received the veterans at a "present arms," when they were entertained by Major F. C. Hume with the following

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Comrades of the Old Brigade—Standing in the sunshine and peace of the present, we welcome you, soldiers of the stormy past, to hearts and homes that are never closed to the brave, nor opened to the dastard. Upon me has devolved the duty of expressing this welcome in behalf of our brethren resident here in this sweet city by the sea; and if I fail to convey to you the most earnest conviction of the joy we feel in having you with us again after many months of our separation, it will be the fault of my expression, and not that of the warm hearts that invoke it.

I am proud to tell you that our people delight to honor you—all bronzed as you are with Virginia suns and snows—marked with scars and shattered with wounds, coming together here to join hands and exchange sympathies once more in the march of life.

Yes, you may feel sure that, although the dead past is commanded to bury its dead, and men come and go and smile and weep as if its sepulture were complete and its history forgotten, yet no true heart can repress the electric thrill that attends the mention of the names of the men who made the charge at Gaines' Mill—swept clear the fearful front of battle at Manassas—led away their imperiled chieftain from the awful slaughter of the Wilderness—made the rocks and hills of Sharpsburg and Gettysburg historic by their valor—and at last, with bleeding feet and broken hearts endured together the supreme and closing agony at Appomattox!

We are but a little handful now, my comrades. Of all the pride and strength and glory that made the name of our command a camp-fire word in the grand army, fought under the leadership of Lee, we only remain. Did I say we only remain? Not so. The loftiest, the proudest, the purest glory of all remains to us and to our country in the memory of those dear comrades who gave up their lives for the cause, which, if all else were wanting to render worthy, was sanctified by their devotion. To their deeds we look for inspiration—to them we point as examples of constancy, courage, patience and long suffering under misfortunes impossible to be borne but by heroes. They lie in unmarked graves from Suffolk to Gettysburg, but God does not forget their resting place. His spirit, we trust, will renew them in the great day and cover their scarred bodies with unfading vestments. They followed their convictions to the grave, and expended their last wealth in striking for the land of their love.

> How can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of his fathers
> And the temple of his gods!
> And for the tender mother
> That dandled him to rest:
> And for the wife that nursed
> His baby at her breast.

On this balmy spring day the green grasses grow about their graves as lovingly as if their heroism had been rewarded by victory, and we can love them just as much, and cherish their memories just as tenderly, as if their names had never been associated with the canting reproach of "disloyalty" and "treason." While living they were our brothers in thought, purpose and deed, and death itself is impotent to break the bonds of that fraternity. Therefore, in this reunion, we feel that though dead, they are not

distant from us, and though they are resting "under the trees" beyond the river, we can almost catch the phrases of their spiritual greeting. Let it be our care, comrades, to live so bravely and purely that we will not be held unworthy to have been their associates in life, or to renew their comradeship when death comes to call us to another world.

Today let us be glad that those of us now present have been permitted to assemble together in this hospitable city, and take new courage from all that we see and hear about us. Let us be proud and grateful that gallant men in uniform and arms stand about us in token of soldierly respect for soldierly deeds; and, above all, that gentle women, true to the traditions of their sex, are here to testify, by their presence and sympathy, their admiration for your gallantry and their devotion to the principles that nerved you to bear, without a murmur, the many years of privation and suffering that have made you old while yet lingering upon the threshold of youth.

I now commend to your attention and regard the gallant gentlemen who are to succeed me, and to whose addresses my own brief remarks have only been given as an introduction.

ADDRESS OF GEN. T. N. WAUL.

Was next introduced to the assembly. Addressing himself to the soldiers of Hood's Texas Brigade he extended to them a hearty welcome, in behalf of the soldiers of other commands during the late war, and of the citizens generally.

He dwelt at length upon the recollections evoked by their presence—recollections of Gaines' Mill, Sharpsburg, Manassas, the Wilderness, and a hundred other blood-stained fields where their prowess had shed undying lustre upon the names of Texan soldiers. Exhibiting the war-worn battleflag of the old brigade, torn into tatters by the leaden hail and faded by exposure in the far off fields of Virginia, it was greeted with a torrent of applause that lasted for some moments. He said that he remembered well the time when the first two companies of Texas troops arrived at the capital of the Confederate States. He was at breakfast when the news of their arrival was first brought to him, and upon going to their places of bivouac he found them a small but determined band whose bronzed faces and rude garments indicated the hardships they had endured in their long march from the far off Southland.

The little band soon increased in numbers and was formed into a battalion, of which the late General Louis T. Wigfall became the commanding officer. He remembered how the fair ladies of Richmond were in the habit of attending the inspections and dress parades of the Texans—these parades being the most prominent feature of the hour.

Referring to his next meeting with them at Manassas, the speaker paid a handsome tribute to the untiring devotion of Mrs. Wigfall, the widow of their first commander. He next met them on the banks of the Potomac, after their retirement from Gettysburg, from whence they sent back their greetings to their brethren in Texas.

Alluding to the oft-quoted remark that treason should be made odious, the speaker said that no such cause as that which was lost at Appomattox could ever be made odious. Such self-sacrifice as that displayed during the four long years of strife could not have odium attached to it. The men who fought the battles of the South would have the veneration and respect of the good and brave of all nations.

Those who would attempt to cast odium upon their cause would be held by every true soldier in the utmost detestation. They could honor the brave man who met them with his helmet down and ready for the fray, but for those who shirked the field of battle and attempted to asperse the characters of others whose convictions of duty led them into the carnage, language was insufficient to express the measure of contempt. He asked them to vow by this tattered banner, the emblem of their lost hopes, to stand by Texas, her history and her honor. The glory of Texas was as unsullied today as when she achieved her independence in the days of 1836.

To the ladies the General addressed himself in graceful terms, referring to their sacrifices and devotion during the long and terrible war. Wherever suffering was there they were found, ministering to the afflictions of the unfortunate. A Roman matron being asked for her jewels, had pointed to her sons, saying: "These are my jewels." Our wives and daughters had freely given up their gold and diamonds for the purpose of placing muskets in the hands of the soldiers. When the news had reached the wife that her husband was dead, with Spartan fortitude she had said to her son: "Go, my boy, pick up your father's musket, and take his place in the ranks."

For want of space we can only give a brief synopsis of the distinguished speaker's remarks, which were frequently interrupted by applause.

After music by the Lone Star band

Col. Thomas M. Jack, of Terry's Texas Rangers,

was introduced. He said that the very pleasant duty had been assigned him of welcoming the members of Hood's Texas Brigade in behalf of another branch of the army—he referred to Terry's Texas Rangers. As a member of the Rangers, he bid them welcome. During the war no charge was made or peril encountered by them that did not cause the hearts of all to swell with pride as they said: "God bless the soldiers of Hood's Brigade." Every soldier present that wore the gray gave them a welcome to Galveston. It was the custom in Rome in the olden time to do homage to her soldiery when they returned from the wars. It was justly so, for the sword was then the emblem of power. Here, however, it was different. Here we had no successful heroes to crown and no armies to welcome back. Nor had we minstrels to sing of the glorious achievements of the bloody fields whereon our patriots had displayed their heroism. Yes, there was one —one who had tuned her lyre, and in burning words had told how Hood's Texas Brigade went "Straggling to the Front," and how the rude soldiers in tattered apparel had sent "Lee to the rear," at the Wilderness.

The speaker said that Texas had a bright and glorious history from the Alamo to the surrender of the forces at Appomattox; a history that was unstained by dishonor. It was right that her soldiers should be here and mingle upon this occasion. The hearts of this entire people beat in unison with those of the veterans of Hood's Brigade. Why this outpouring of ladies and gentlemen, young and old? Why do the hearts of all Texans rise up to greet you? It is because you leaped forward at the first tap of the drum and staid there. You are the men who seized the reins of the horse of our grand old chieftain and asked that Texans might be sent forward to lead in the battle, It was because in your actions that you resembled the Old Guard of Napoleon. It is because you carried this flag (applause) into the strongholds of the enemy and brought it *back*, tattered and torn as it was. This is why we love you.

The speaker said that Gen. Waul had referred to the Roman matron who had pointed to her children as her jewels. He thought that if the voice of Texas could be expressed here today she would (pointing to the veterans before him) say: "These are my sons; I am the mother of Hood's Brigade."

Although their swords were sheathed, they had other and important duties to perform. Texas was one of the most beautiful and fertile countries under the sun; it was inhabited by beautiful women and brave men, and her development and unlimited prosperity had only fairly commenced. He besought them to remember the State of their adoption or nativity, and to be true to it in the hours of peace, as they had been in times of war. Let her fair territory remain unmutilated. (Applause.) Let it be Texas first, Texas last, and Texas for all time.

Men of Hood's Brigade, Veterans of a Lost Cause—God bless you, God bless you.

The conclusion of Col Jack's remarks, of which the above is but a meagre report, was followed by the remarks of

Col. C. M. Winkler.

In behalf of the Texas Brigade, Col. Winkler said it was a trite saying that republics were ungrateful, but such ingratitude as the citizens of Galveston had manifested toward him and his old comrades of Hood's Brigade was rather agreeable than otherwise; that they would cherish this reception as long as memory lasted. He dared not undertake to express his own feelings, to say nothing of those of his comrades—the remnant of the once noble band of soldiers. He would say, however, that while Texan valor had been tested on almost every battlefield, from the Rio Grande to Gettysburg, the name of the State from which they came had never been dishonored. He claimed nothing for Hood's Brigade that was not due other Texan troops wherever they might have served. They were willing to stand alongside of the other organizations, and did not wish to be placed forward on the score of superior valor. The speaker, referring to the charges of treason brought against the South, said that Texas had never fought for anything but what she considered the right, and he was not prepared to say that she was not in the *right* during the late war. In fact, he was of the opinion that the young men who were seated before him with muskets in their hands would live to see the day when the government would be administered upon the very principles for which the South fought.

He said that if the government should treat him as an austere mother he should obey her mandates; but that if, on the other hand, she should grant him the rights and privileges of a freeman, he should feel disposed to rush *into* her arms and set down to her table. And should she take a notion to enlarge the boundaries of her dominions, I don't know that I would hesitate to shoulder a musket again in her behalf.

The remarks of the gallant Colonel were received with much enthusiasm, after which

DR. S. O. YOUNG,

Son of Mrs. M. J. Young, the distinguished authoress, was introduced, and spoke as follows:

Fellow-Soldiers of Hood's Brigade—In October, 1864, my mother received from the hand of the committee, Capt. D. C. Farmer, Company A, Capt. W. T. Hill and Lieut. A. C. Woodall, of Company D, who were dispatched by you from the intrenchments near Richmond, to bear to her the worn and blood-stained battle flag you did her the honor to send.

At her bidding I appear before you today to unfurl this flag to receive your greeting. (Applause.) Very torn, and faded, and stained; torn in a hundred conflicts, faded by wind and sun, stained by *the blood of that brigade!* Can I offer you anything so deserving of your homage? It was *your* guiding star. *It is our greatest earthly treasure.*

It has been the winding sheet over many a manly breast, who fell bearing it forward. I do not unfurl its weary folds to kindle any unpeaceful feelings. We let the dead past bury *its* dead. But *our* dead are immortal; they live in our hearts, and shall live till there shall be no Texan on earth to love valor, and honor sublime devotion to principle. This flag is the sacred talisman that evokes every manly form back from his grave—to stand with us here today, and joy with friends we love and those we mourn. Too young myself to have had any participation in your glories, yet I have been admitted as one of you; I suppose because I honor and love you so much. My mother, in her letter to you, said she would swear me to duty on her Bible and this flag.

Gentlemen, she certainly has kept her promise; and if I have not drawn in the breath of patriotic devotion to the South and her soldiers, and above all to Hood's Brigade, it is not because its incense has not daily risen from our home altar.

She pledged her name and race to preserve this flag as long as one of them existed. I, in my own name, reiterate that pledge. The graves of my ancestors would not be defended with more sacred care than that which this flag shall command from me and mine.

TO HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

(Third Annual Reunion, Galveston, Texas, May 7, 1874.)

I wake my slumbering Harp again,
  I sweep once more its silent strings;
I trembling touch the olden strain,
  Whose every note some memory brings.
It led to battle once, your blades
  Triumphant drew, a trumpet tone,
To vict'ry once your bold brigades
  Where banners waved and rifles shown.

But hushed by griefs I dare not name,
  The song hath slept thro' lonesome years
With that neglected oriflamme,
  Whose burning Stars were quenched in tears,
And if its lightness all is fled,
  If broken chords alloy the strain,
'Tis but because the hopes are dead
  That gave it strength and sweetness then.

YE ARE COME TO THE HALLS OF HEROES.

A ring of old music is in the air,
  That thrills like a thrill of the days gone by
With its martial burden *"We Do and We Dare!"*
  And the heart, as of old, beats fast, beats high.
There are flags on the walls whose dark blood stains
  Tell mighty tales of the battle rout—
Of the columns flying along the lanes—
  Of Honor and Duty—of Hope and Doubt.

There are voices mingling that once rang out
  High and clear thro' the battle-din,
Sending the brave, with a clarion shout,
  To where Danger with Death was closing in;
There are scars of a hundred battles, won
  And lost, on the faces gathered here,
And the records of daring deeds that were done
  On a hundred fields in the days that were!

BUT, ROOM FOR THE DEAD! MAKE ROOM FOR THE DEAD!

There are phantom forms that come crowding in
  With rifle in hand and sword at knee,
A silent army, whose battles are won—
  Grand and fearless—that follow Lee!
There blazes the burning oriflamme
  In the hand that bore it at Malvern Hill,
And here is the group that dealt such shame
  To the flying foe at Gaines' Mill!

All here! From the blue-eyed boy who went
  In a blaze of glory from Seven Pines,
To the bearded man whose blood was spent
  Unknown and unwatched in the picket lines;
And a ring of the old music is in the air
  That thrills, like a thrill of the days gone by,
With the martial burden *"We Do and We Dare!"*
  And the heart, as of old, beats fast, beats high!
Ye are come to the halls of heroes!

Comrades, both living and dead, arise
And pledge me in silence that Wonderful Past,
With its bloody fields and its gloomy skies,
And its hopes sown thick on the battle blast;
For its spirit is here in our midst today
Breaking and blessing the bread of our pain,
Surely the stone shall be rolled away
And that Past shall rise and rejoice again!

—MOLLIE E. MOORE.

Palestine, Anderson County, Texas,
April 28, 1874.

Leslie Thompson, Esq., Galveston, Texas:

Dear Sir: Your favor of April 16th is received, inviting me to attend the third annual reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade, to be held in Galveston on the 7th of May proximo, and adding, "The 'boys' will expect a talk," and asking me to notify you if I can be present.

I should esteem it a very high privilege and a special pleasure to meet and mingle again with the survivors of that devoted and heroic brigade, in whose noble services and splendid achievements I took the greatest interest at the time they were being performed.

It was my fortune to be familiar with the greater portion of those who constituted that proud and glorious brigade, and to be very fully informed, both by the officers and men of the brigade, and by their superior officers, including General Lee, of their unequaled and unrivaled courage and efficiency in battle, and of their faithfulness in camps, and manly endurance on the march. I knew, too, full well their privations and sufferings for four long, eventful years, in a cause which commanded the devotion of our inmost hearts. And I would today rather that it had been my honor to have been a member of that peerless brigade, even as a private soldier than to have filled any other position in the fight of our people.

If I find it possible I will be with you.

Very truly and respectfully,

JOHN H. REAGAN.

THE HUNTSVILLE REUNION.

At the fourth annual reunion, held at Huntsville, Texas, July 2nd, 1875, Judge Benton Randolph spoke as follows:

Fellow Soldiers of Hood's Brigade:

Your comrades here have assigned to me the pleasant duty of bidding you welcome to our town, once the home of Houston, and now the final resting place of the Father of Texas.

Beholding you all, scarred and maimed as you are, brings to mind other days and scenes in which you and the absent ones acted so well your parts. Responding to the first bugle notes, and returning only when the last battle had been fought, you were four years soldiers indeed, undergoing all the toil, pain, privation, hardship and danger which have fallen to the common lot of every little band of patriots who, since the world began, have manifested sufficient courage to choose death instead of degradation as a daily business or vocation. I will here state parenthetically that you have not now, nor ever had, any objection to the Government of the United States. It was only of what you conceived to be a partial and unjust administration of it that you ever complained. It is consoling to reflect that the officer who commanded the armies of the United States in the late war, who then, like all his comrades, looked upon certain statutes and provisions in the Constitution and the decisions of the Supreme Court of the Government, only with contempt, scorn and derision, has recently announced officially to the world that "it is his duty, as the head of the Government of the United States, to enforce the laws thereof, whether found on the Statute Book, in the Constitution, or in the opinion of a Federal Judge, without pausing to inquire whether that law or that opinion is founded in wisdom or not." Who does not feel and know, if the Government had been administered in 1861 in accordance with this sentiment, that we would have had no war at all? And who would not today, in the face of all the cant about disloyalty and treason, prefer that his name should be handed down to posterity and the lovers of free government, as one who fought for equality in the Union, or the privilege of being let alone out of it, rather than have it transmitted as the champion of a party, or government if you will, who denied a right so clear and just?

The truth is, and the late war we trust has impressed it indelibly on the minds and hearts of some besides those who reside in the South, that justice is an eternal, immutable law of God; and no human government can long exist in peace and prosperity where the law does not enter into and form a part and parcel of it, and extend its blessed protecting ægis equally and alike over every section, however remote, and over every citizen, however humble.

But I must stop this digression, due alike, as I conceive, to you and the memory of your fallen comrades, and return to the subject referred to in the beginning of my remarks.

Your proud reputation began with your first battle; and from that day forward, wherever you went, you were hailed by the soldiers, and by the noble men and women of Virginia, as Hood's gallant Texas Brigade. At West Point, from early dawn till dewy eve, your command were the only soldiers between twenty thousand of the enemy and the entire wagon train of the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. That officer was delighted with your services, and passed the highest encomiums upon you, stating in substance that it was impossible to calculate the results of your victory, that you had certainly saved his entire transportation, and he did not know but that you had saved his entire army.

You were equally successful in winning the respect and confidence of General Lee. Gaines' Mill, you will remember, was your first engagement after he took command of the army. You did not there, as at West Point, do all the fighting, but in the language of the gallant Hood, "you did, by your daring charge, change the tide of battle from that of defeat to that of victory." At the Wilderness the defeat was more complete; the line had been actually broken when you appeared on the ground, and General Lee attempted to lead you into the jaws of death. Although you were ready and willing, as you had ever been, to sacrifice your lives on your country's altar, your love for that noble old chieftain was too great to allow him to do so. Quickly passing your command along the line, "Lee to the rear," you speedily enforced it; and for a long while your old brigade, then numbering less than a full regiment, fought an army, and held the ground until the rest of General Longstreet's Corps came to your relief. Of the 811 who went into that fight, 565 were either killed or wounded. The artist with that sagacity of his profession, has seized on this scene, the brightest in all the drama, to illustrate both the valor and prowess of the soldier, and his devotion and attachment to his commander.

The battles mentioned are but a few of the hundred fought by that grand old army of which you were a part, and on every field of which your conduct was such as commanded the respect and admiration of both friend and foe.

Soldiers such as you have been must necessarily have formed ties too strong and sacred to be wholly severed while opportunities are extended to clasp each other's hands and spend a social hour together. The men and women of Huntsville and vicinity are proud to do you honor, and on their behalf I am instructed to say thrice welcome to the Old Brigade.

Judge Randolph was followed by Major T. J. Goree, who read the following poem by Mrs. M. J. Young, of Houston, "Mother of Hood's Texas Brigade":

TO HOOD'S BRIGADE—THIS DAY AND THAT.

Part I.

Today the reaper's sickle
Is thrust in the bearded grain,
And the "Bob White's" merry whistle
Mocks the boy on the loaded wain.

That day the awful reaper
Was iron-visaged death,
And the hymn of a struggling nation
Was sung with expiring breath.

Today in a thousand homesteads,
This thought fills every breast,
"The wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

That day, the thundering cannon,
The crash, the smoke, the war,
Fell from the cliffs of Gettysburg
To the Atlantic's trembling shore.

Then stood as firm as the mountains,
The men of Hood's Brigade;
And closed the gaps in the column
By shell and sabre made.

Down like a rushing torrent,
They swept with cheer and yell,
To where the black-mouthed cannon
Were doing the work of hell.

Panting up the hillside,
With gleaming bayonet set,
Shouting the watchword of Southland,
"We neither forgive nor forget."

Today centennial banners
Wave over Boston Bay,
And the hymn of a nation's glory
Is sung by the Blue and the Gray.

Peace rests on our mighty rivers;
Sings in the whirling mill;
Smiles from the door of the homestead;
Dances on the sunny hill.

Laughs in the locomotive;
Sighs with a sweet content
Among the purple vineyards,
And orchard boughs down-bent.

Walks where the dead are resting,
And with flowers of every hue,
Lays a wreath immortal
On the graves of the Gray and the Blue.

Part II.

NOW AND FOREVER.

But by yon starry heaven
We joy with a patriot's pride!
Not for naught was so much given,
Not for naught our brave boys died.

Justice, the saintly maiden,
Has come from among the stars,
And is working the task that Themis
Gave to the great god Mars.

And this is why our joyance,
Is to such music set;
We alter the watchword of Southland,
Forgive, but don't forget.

Forget! no, by yon cloudless ether
That shows us the God of Day!
That night must have no ending,
When we forget the Gray.

Thank God, the bands of the wicked
Are broke by the leal and the true,
And joy pours her benediction,
On the land of the Gray and the Blue.

MISS HUNT'S POEM.

The earnest and graceful poem composed for the occasion by Miss Mary F. Hunt, an occasional contributor to the *News,* will be read with interest and prized by all members of the brigade, whether they were present and heard it or not; but its merits will possess a charm for the general reader:

Ere ruin placed her vulture hold
Upon our nation's heart,
Or Freedom's dirge was sung and told
Through every worldly mart,
A soldier band one autumn day,
To battle's wild refrain,
In rank and file of faded gray
Marched out from Dumfries' plain.

And strewed the land with mighty deeds,
That burst from every field
As swiftly as the summer seeds
With Valor's harvest yield;
And stood where hero legions swayed,
While fierce foes onward came,
'Till battle fires of Hood's Brigade
Were signal lights of Fame.

The drum is still on Malvern Hill,
The breath of battle spent,
Where Suffolk lays, her greenest bays,
On Turner's silent tent;
Where Upton's life-blood rushed to swell
Manassas crimson tide,
And every banner-bearer fell
And gallant Whaley died.

And Gregg, the noble and the great,
The Bayard of the slain,
Passed through the open glory gate
Of one fierce conflict plain.
But to our hearts they cannot die—
These fateful days of yore,
Whose carnage lights flash wild and high
Along the distant shore.

They can not die while Mem'ry lives
Her sacred watch to keep
Above the graves where valor gives
Her martyr'd children sleep;
While deathful groans from Fred'ricksburg
Re-echo through the past,
And Knoxville and the Wilderness
Still hear the cannon blast.

They can not die while Gettysburg
Lifts up her scarlet plains,
Or battle cries of Hood's Brigade
Resound from bloody Gaines.
There in War's vintage time of wrath
You walked the wine-press red,
Till every narrow purple path
Was heavy with your dead.

And here I pause, where Southland grieves
Within that battle's gloom,
To hang a wreath of laurel leaves
Upon a soldier's tomb.
Kentucky ranks his knightly race
Among her noblest brave,
And when she mourns her honored dead
She weeps by Marshall's grave.

Along that road of dreadful years
Of woe and pall and gloom—
That road so full of Rachel's tears,
So full of freedom's doom,
You saw above war's altar way
Your Silver Star ashine,
And placed your dead each fearful day
Upon that reeking shrine.

Oh chrismal oil of sacrifice!
Oh blood of heroes slain!
Poured out by war's unholy priests
On war's unholy fane!
Time cannot hide your crimson drops
With his concealing balms,
Though Hope may blossom where you fell,
And Peace may wave her palms!

What if the ways are white with bloom,
And flushed with rosy dawns—
Can sunlight lift from Calvary
The weight of cross and thorns?
What if a rainbow spans the sky
And deluge birds come back—
Can we forget the doves we lost
When flood and storm were black?

Can we forget that ending day,
When clash of arms did cease,
And passion overbalanced law,
And nations called it peace?
Peace! Peace, when every way was red
With drops of battle rain,
And mourners for the sacred dead
Were bound with victors' chain!

Peace! when our land was desolate
Of all that made it fair,
And Hope by Davis' prison grate
Grew dumb in her despair?
They called it peace—that Northern band,
Who came with vengeful law,
And over all our helpless land
Strewed aftermath of war.

We called it death—our nation's death,
And by her bloody grave
We drank the dregs of Marah's cup
That Gentile victors gave.
But now, when Time has bridged the gulf—
The chasm filled with gore,
That stretched its cruel crimson length
Along our Southern shore.

Those victors reach their bloody hands
Across that path of pain,
And tell us with Iscariot lips
They sorrow for our slain.
They prate of love and friendship true
Who gave our darkest hour—
They only wish our strengthened hand
To lift them into power.

Once when a battle fiercely raged,
A chieftain called for aid,
And quickly from the war-worn ranks
They sent him Hood's Brigade;
And one rode out before the band—
The noblest hero there—
To lead the charge with eager hand,
Where others feared to dare.

"Go back! Go back!" the soldiers cried,
"We'll win the passage here,"
And Kerr rushed to the charger's side
And forced him to the rear,
While through the battle's awful blare
You filled the ghastly breach
That shell and shot had opened there
In many a gory reach.

Today that chieftain lies at rest
Beneath Virginia's sod,
Death bore from out life's battle front
His saintly soul to God.
But you are left a place to keep
With sword of suffrage free;
Now, at your country's Wilderness,
Redeem your pledge to Lee!

Fill every breach with men of truth,
Who will not fear to go
Where Honor is the signal light,
However fierce the foe.
Your valiant deeds along the past
Have made your Texas great,
And down the distant years to come
Will light this fair young State.

You kept aloft her battle flags
When others fain would yield,
And bore them on their shattered staffs
From every crimson field.
Now wrap her in their sacred folds,
From storm and tempest wild,
And keep her pure from vandal touch,
Our Southland's youngest child!

MEMORIAL ADDRESS BY REV. DR. MITCHELL.

The memorial address, which was the event of the day, was then delivered by Rev. Dr. Mitchell. He said:

Soldiers of Hood's Brigade:

Fellow Soldiers—Ten long, weary years and more have passed since you, who never turned your back to the enemy in the day of battle, stacked your arms in the presence of a victorious foe. Having done all that manhood, patriotism, valor could do for the cause which was a thousand times dearer to you than life itself, at the bidding of him who was worthy to be your chief, and whose name occupies the proudest place in the galaxy of fame; at the bidding of Robert E. Lee, the immortal, you proudly stacked your arms upon a field which you had covered with imperishable glory. Your decimated ranks, from which so many of your comrades had gloriously fallen on a hundred

battlefields, in the fearful campaigns of a four years' war, stood, on that sad day of surrender, the proudest spectacle, in human view, that the world has ever beheld. Your country in the estimation of your hearts, and the hearts of millions whom you loved, was gone, passed into the hands and under the control of your conquerors. The cause, the idol of your hearts, for which you had a passion deep as the depths of your nature, the cause of human liberty under constitutional guarantees, such as the Southron by descent, by habit of life and by cultivated sentiment, was pre-eminently fitted to nurture, defend and maintain, was lost, and lost forever, or until you and your brethren, again restored to place and power, should be permitted, by the more peaceful influences of the forum and the ballot box, to become the custodians of the grand principles for which your Revolutionary sires had fought, and which you, attempting by force of arms, to maintain, had, if not absolutely and forever, at least for the present, lost. Your comrades who had gone with you to the front to conquer or to die, had, most of them, gone to the camping ground "on the other side of the river." Zollicoffer, Sidney Johnston, Polk, Jackson, and "a multitude that no man could number" of the purest patriots and the noblest heroes that the world had ever beheld, were sleeping "the sleep that knows no waking," or camping on the plains of immortality, while the hearts of all the people were broken and bleeding. On that sad day, while all was thus environed, you, with the fragment of the noble Army of the Potomac about you, obeying the command of him whose orders you had never disobeyed, with an eye undimmed and a heart unmoved, proudly yielded the field to the foe. No tinge of shame suffused your cheek, no craven spirit caused your head to bow; but, with an eagle eye and a heart of steel, and lofty will, you stood in the presence of your conquerors, the admiration of the world, "the noblest Romans of them all." The cause which you defended had ne'er been tarnished in your hands. Nor has it failed on your account. The flag you bore had never trailed. Pierced, torn, covered with dust and blood, you had with a Spartan, or what is more, a Texan courage, bravely borne it on the fields of Yorktown and Eltham Landing, of the Seven Pines and Gaines' Mill, and Malvern Hill, and Hazle River, of the second Manassas, and South Mountain and Sharpsburg, of Fredericksburg and Suffolk, and Gettysburg, of Knoxville, and Chickamauga of the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, of Russell's Mill, and New Market, and Petersburg and Richmond, and many others less known to fame, but not less hard fought fields, you had borne that honored, much loved flag, and when you furled it you knew, and your country knew, and none knew better than the foeman, that those who bore it had done a soldier's duty. When you surrendered, the most untutored savage might have known that that last soldier act of yours was, like all its predecessors, an act of honor and good faith. Yours was not a mercenary horde of hirelings, nor were you drafted for the field. It was when the first tocsin was sounded, when Texas was only permitted to give three regiments to the army of defense, at a double quick you and your comrades stepped into the ranks and filled them up. Some of your number, fearing lest they should be too late to be enrolled in the favored companies—traveled by day and by night, on horseback and on foot, to reach the place of enlistment. Such an one I have now in my eye, and perhaps many more are within the sound of my voice, who traveled on foot twenty-five miles and more, in the dead of night, lest he should be too late to join the vanguard of the Texas legions. Such zeal, such ardor, such will, such high resolve gave promise of the prowess which was to mark your soldier life. It was qualities like these which, brought into action and trained, fitted you for the almost superhuman work which you did under the leadership of Johnston and Longstreet, and Bragg and Jackson and Lee. It was traits like these which developed you into such soldiers that you became comparable to the "Old Guard" of Napoleon, made you the objects of the admiration, and subjects of the eulogy of Stonewall Jackson, and it was these which even made you a necessity to the great Hero of the Confederate war, say, the Hero of the world, Robert E. Lee, at the battle of the Wilderness.

I pause. It was a new era in the war. The fourth and the last act in the tragedy was opening. The Federal Government, backed by the physical force of the world, or so much of it as it needed, had sent out an army of more than two hundred thousand soldiers, the best armed, the best equipped army in the world with the best officers in the estimation of its shrewd President which the then United States could afford. They planted themselves upon Virginia soil, and and promptly her devoted, chivalrous son led his veterans, only sixty thousand, against them. It was a fearful stake, and the odds against the just was but too great. But Lee was there, and the spirit of Jackson was there, and the memory of him inspired the heart and nerved the arm of every Southron, and under its influence they stood like a "Stonewall" against those legions of the North.

But men were dying all the while, and the shattered ranks of Lee were thinning, while for every Northman who was cut down two fresh men took his place. And Lee began to think of the Alamo, and then of Gaines' Mill, and then he wondered if Hood's Brigade would not arrive in time. It was such a time as when Napoleon watched, and waited, and longed for the arrival of Grouchy on the field of Waterloo.

Grouchy never came, and the star of the Corsican—the first Consul—the Emperor Napoleon—set upon the rock of St. Helena. But Hood's Brigade arrived, my boys! and with it came return of hope to him who, until then, had never been so bare of hope. Lee placed himself at the head of the brigade, and shouted the Texans on to victory. It was a gallant sight, it was a noble scene. But look, you! Every man of Hood's Brigade stands still! And wonder and amazement are answered by a shout which comes from every man along that line. That shout says: "Lee to the rear! We are ready to do or die, but thou, the concentrated patriotism, and wisdom, and glory of our land, thou mayest not go!" Halting, he slowly wended his way to the rear, meanwhile waving them on, and offering up a prayer that the God of battles would be with them. The tide of the battle was soon turned by the "Old Guard" then. But it was a fearful price we paid, even for that victory; two out of every three of the six hundred men who went into that fight never came out again!

But the war is over, soldiers of the brigade; on our part, at least, the war is over. We have indeed sad memories of the past, which we cherish, and he is but a tyrant, and no friend of man or liberty, who would seek to prevent us from cherishing those sad memories.

Our country—our Southern country—is still sacred and dear to us. It has not ceased to be our home, and the home of all, living or dead, that we love. We will rear monuments over the graves of our departed heroes. We will preserve a correct memorial of their noble lives and heroic deeds, and teach our children to revere them. *Posterity will yet do them that justice which their living enemies will not give, nor permit their friends to give them.* If any think us unnatural in loving best our own beloved South, we remind them of the language of a noble Englishman. When John Adams went to England after our independence was gained, George the Third jested with him one day upon his being under French influence. The noble reply of Adams was, "I must avow to your Majesty that I have no attachment but to my own country." The King answered quickly, *"An honest man will never have any other."*

One day when the great painter, Benjamin West, of Pennsylvania, was in the presence of the King, in London, some courtiers who were jealous of West's influence with the King, spoke of a defeat of the Americans, hoping that his sorrow thereat would offend the King. West, perceiving their object, said frankly to George, "I am a loyal and grateful subject to my King, but I can never rejoice at any misfortunes which befall my native land." The King cordially replied, "It is a noble sentiment, Mr. West; and I assure you that no man will ever fall in my estimation because he loves his native land." Shall we, then, be condemned if we sympathize with our friends and with our native land in their sufferings and misfortunes? *You do well, therefore, fellow soldiers, in keeping up this brigade organization, and in laboring to gather all the facts of its history, so that they may be put upon record for the benefit of your country and of posterity.* If, when the heat of battle is all subsided, men of all sections do not seek to share the glory of such deeds as were done by the men of Hood's Brigade, then human nature, in some of its developments, is the vilest thing on the face of the earth, and the meanest, and all talk of a real union of the sections is a myth and a lie.

But we are called, fellow-soldiers and fellow-citizens, to a high career of *duty. This country is ours still,* and we owe it to ourselves and to the world, to shake off, by joint effort with our friends of all sections, what remains of political tyranny, and material depression, and thus make our condition, if possible, as good as it was, and if possible, *better than it was.* Despondency ill suits our condition, and ill becomes the Southern character. I know that we have much in the recollections of the past and the conditions of the present to depress and embarrass us.

"But can the noble mind forever brood
The weary victim of a weary mood?
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young genius brightening into day?
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed
The noon of manhood to a mirtle shade!"

The earth is as generous as it ever was. Nature yields a kind return for human effort; and human nature is as capable of high achievements as it ever was. Not only do our patriot sires who fought and gained our liberties a hundred years ago, tell us to take care of the legacy which they bequeathed us, and hand it down to our children enhanced, embellished and improved, but the men of San Jacinto and of the

Alamo, and the men who have made imperishable the names of "Gaines' Mill," and the "Wilderness," and a hundred other fields, speak to us through their deeds of mighty valor, and bid us work out for ourselves a destiny grand as our country, and noble as our sires and our fallen heroes.

"Thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy sadd'ning plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!
Yes, in that generous cause forever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages roll away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay.
And there are hearts prophetic hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordained to fire the adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordained to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of nature as they play;
Or, warm with nature's energy, to glow,
And rival all our greatest names below;
To pour redress on all our injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from our plundered shore,
With arms and arts that triumphed once before!
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love! Mercy! Wisdom! rule forevermore!"

If man were recreant, and failed to guard the soldier's fame, still would this proud duty be performed by fairer forms, and gentler lips, and lovelier hands. No true soldier ever failed to find a friend in woman; an admiring, idolizing friend, who, to honor and to crown him, took delight. This crowd of delicate beauty and gentle womanhood is here today, fellow-soldiers, to honor you. They come to wreath a fresh chaplet for your brows, to impress upon your hearts the expression of their appreciation of your noble valor and self-sacrificing service in their behalf. They tender you their smiles, and only less than heavenly benedictions. They will bless you, and sing of the fame of your glory long as you live upon earth, and when you join the encampment of your comrades who are gone before, they will water your resting place with their tears, and decorate it with flowers culled by fairest hands and guarded by fondest hearts.

Following letter from Major Sam C. Timpson carried its hearers back to the battle where Major Timpson, in command of a Federal battalion, made intimate acquaintance with the prowess of Hood's Texas Brigade, which circumstance possibly helped to make him a valuable citizen of Houston directly after the war. P. B. Timpson, a wealthy and prominent factor in Houston financial circles, is a son of Major Timpson.

LETTER FROM MAJOR TIMPSON.

Houston, June 26, 1877.

Robert Burns, Esq., Secretary Hood's Brigade,
Houston, Texas:

Dear Sir—I regret exceedingly my inability to accept the kind invitation extended to me to participate in the reunion of the survivors of Hood's gallant Brigade at Waco, on the 27th instant, but fully appreciate and am thankful for the compliment paid me. Pushing business engagements compel my presence in Houston, and I am therefore denied a pleasure which none but those who were in active service during the late war can fully and completely realize—that of meeting with those who, whether they wore the gray or the blue, whether comrades or opponents, can, now that peace spreads her white wings over our common country, extend cordial greetings, talk over the scenes of the past, and rejoice together that Federal and Confederate are vieing with each other in promoting the welfare and prosperity of this great nation.

It is in no spirit of disparagement to any other command on either side during the late war, that I most heartily bear testimony to the gallant achievements of Hood's Brigade. The reputation gained by it was due solely to the fact that it was always ready and eager to do the hard work which fell to its lot to perform upon the battlefield, and never failed when called upon. The best evidence of this fact is the testimony of those who met your command on many a hotly and well contested field, for it was a common saying in the army of the Potomac, among the veterans, that Longstreet's Corps was like Napoleon's grenadiers—always on hand, and always to be depended on. More than once during the continuance of the war, and prominently the Wilderness did the promptness of Hood's Brigade turn the tide of battle. The testimony of the troops that were pushing Lee at the time show how gallantly and successfully the Texas Brigade and the balance of Longstreet's Corps fought and how they saved the day.

It affords me a sincere pleasure to bear testimony to the valor of this splendid corps, and

I rejoice that the opportunity has been afforded me to do so, in making this acknowledgment of your kind invitation. I have said sufficient to show in what esteem Hood's Brigade was held by those upon the Federal side, and in doing so have performed nothing but a duty.

I herewith enclose the remnant of the colors of a regiment that met Hood's Brigade on some of the hardest contested battlefields during the war. It was carried by the right general guide of the Ninety-fifth Regiment, New York State Volunteers, First Brigade, First Division, First Army Corps, Army of the Potomac. It was carried with the regiment through the following engagements: Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock Station, White Sulphur Springs, Gainesville, Groveton, Manassas, South Mountain, Antietam, Upperville, Union, Ashby's Gap, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Cold Harbor, Five Forks, and other battles around Richmond. At Sharpsburg it was used to rally the right wing of the regiment; was planted in a cornfield on the Federal right and opposite the Confederate left, which, as far as can be ascertained from the testimony of participants, was the position held by Hood's Brigade, and as the cornfield was taken and retaken several times during the progress of the battle, it is not unreasonable to assume that the two flags were not far apart during this part of the engagement.

I trust your reunion for 1877 will have a large attendance and prove a pleasant and agreeable affair for those who are fortunate enough to be able to attend.

With my best wishes, and long life and prosperity to the survivors of Hood's Brigade, and a tear to the memory of those who sleep on "Fame's eternal camping ground," I remain,

Yours truly,

SAM C. TIMPSON.

When the tattered remnant of the Ninety-fifth New York Regiment, sent up by Major Timpson, was exhibited, it was greeted with the wildest cheers by the Association, and when it was announced that regiment had lost thirteen color bearers at Sharpsburg or Antietam, as the Federal army named the battle, the regiment was cheered again and again for its gallantry.

LIVINGSTON REUNION.

Royally Welcomed. Hon. Jas. E. Hill's Address to the Veterans. Polk County's Greeting to the Veterans of Hood's Brigade. Deeds of Valor and Patriotism Recalled.

Livingston, Texas, June 28.—Following is the speech of Hon. James E. Hill in welcoming the veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade:

Veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade and Confederate and Federal Soldiers: On behalf of the citizens of Livingston, I extend to you for them a most hearty welcome. There is no body of men nearer or dearer to our hearts than the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade. Your name will carry you to any hearthstone in Polk County, and there you will be received as an honored guest. The Confederate dead of their country lay beneath the sod on the battlefields of the Confederacy, from the craggy field of Gettysburg to the arid plains of Val Verde, and from the plains of Kentucky to the blue Atlantic and the rolling waves of the Southern gulf; and wherever they sleep they rest in the graves of heroes, covered with honor as proud and as bright as was ever won by a soldier or a patriot. You are among the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and kindreds of these dead heroes today, and in the name of the living and the dead, we thrice welcome you, for in honoring you we keep green the memory of our loved ones who fell by your side on every battlefield you fought. The proudest record of Polk County is the glory achieved in arms by her honored dead, and by Hood's Texas Brigade, for in that body of heroes are numbered Company B, First Regiment, and Companies H and K, Fifth Regiment, from this county, *a county who furnished in three years more Confederate soldiers than she had votes.* Yes, I say "proud record," for time will be no more when the name and prowess in arms of Hood's Texas Brigade is forgotten. So long as liberty, honor, love of country, patriotism and heroic deeds of the brave and the good are cherished as a virtue, so long will your names live as bright letters in history's page. From the earliest dawn of civilization down along the corridors of time to this day, no body of soldiers in any clime or age have ever excelled you in valor and in military prowess. The tenth legion of Cæsar, the old guard of Napoleon and

Hood's Texas Brigade will ever after be cited as examples of the bravest of the brave. Napoleon said, whenever he saw the white plume of the intrepid leader of the old guard waiving, he knew that victory was perching on his eagles. So the great Lee, when all else had failed and defeat seemed certain, called for Hood's Texas Brigade, and when they charged they carried the death rattle to the throats of the foe and planted the stars and bars on the enemy's ramparts. At Gaines' Mill, when charge after charge of brave and tried soldiers had failed to reach the enemies' guns, Hood came on the field with the Texas Brigade. Lee asked if he could break the enemies' line. The prompt reply, "I will try," was enough. You charged bayonets with your great leader at your head, and though one-half of the Fourth Texas fell dead or wounded on the field, no halt was made until the guns were captured and turned on the routed foe, who were so completely demoralized that an entire regiment surrendered bodily to the Fifth Texas. History records no more deadly charge and heroic deed in arms. The cry of the Federal gunner, *"You must be devils,"* shows the panic you carried to the enemies' hearts. At the Wilderness, when all seemed lost, Lee called for Hood's Texas Brigade, and when he placed himself at your head to lead you in the charge, that act alone would have rendered your names immortal. But when you cried, "Lee to the rear, we will rout the foe," then was enacted one of the brightest pages of history in the annals of time. The devotion to your great leader, the bravery and determination then displayed in that charge, whereby victory was won out of defeat, wreathed your brows in chaplets of eternal fame.

When Captain Ike Turner bid us farewell on receiving the stars and bars from the hands of a fair damsel of Polk County, he waved his cap at the girls that gathered around him and said, "When I return I will bring each of you a hero." That bravest of our brave fell by the enemy's guns, but true to his promise his soldiers that survied the enemy's bullets returned home heroes. Our other two gallant companies, B, First Regiment, and H, Fifth Regiment, were equal in heroic deeds to Company K and the gallant and lamented Captain Turner. We welcome to our hearths and our homes, and as to our brave Confederate dead, with every pulsation of our hearts say:

Here sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blessed.
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fairy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair.
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

GEN. JOHN B. HOOD AT WACO REUNION, JUNE 27, 1877.

After dinner was over and the band had played a few airs, the audience again assembled and General Robertson introduced

GENERAL HOOD.

He said that he had hardly hoped to be present at this reunion of his old comrades, but business that was as urgent in its force with him now as he had sometimes been with them had brought him to Texas, and he remained to meet them on this occasion. Everywhere he had met with that familiar and hearty grasp of the hand he had felt in the days gone by, and that it was so cordial and true that it took him back to the days of his boyhood, when he was at West Point, and had gone to meet his mother and brothers. His fondness for his comrades and love for them was greater than for all things on earth save his family, and his meeting with them stirred up the deepest fountains of his heart in pleasurable emotions. He had a few words to say to them concerning the fights he had gone through with them, and while he would say much that was perfectly familiar to them, he would say some things they never before knew concerning his orders and the circumstances surrounding him on the different occasions, to which he would allude. The first at which they had become

ACQUAINTED WITH THE ENEMY

was at Eltham's Landing. True, in that fight they were only engaged with the skirmish line, but it was their first baptism of fire, the place where he first knew them and they him. At Gaines' Mill they first felt the keen edge of battle. This was not only one of the grandest battles of the revolution, but the first struggle in

which they had partaken. He had rode up to General Lee and that officer had said to him, "General Hood, the enemy are here and we have not broken their lines; I want them off the field." He replied that he believed if any troops could do it his brigade could. He then moved his brigade forward, and soon they were under fire. In emerging from the woods the Fourth Regiment struck an open, bald field, through which they had to charge. He determined to go with his old regiment and drive the enemy from their guns in front of them. On through the field they swept, and before they had gotten in five hundred yards of the enemy Colonel Marshall and Lieutenant Colonel Warwick had fallen never to rise again. As they rushed down the hillside across the ravine and to the hilltop beyond, he gave the command to "fix bayonets." They received the order with a yell and a more impetuous rush forward. On they went until the ditch and breastworks and first guns were carried. Here the regiment took the bit in their teeth and forced themselves ahead, capturing and driving everything before them.

The Fourth Texas Regiment never satiated their appetites in this conflict until they had taken battery after battery and demolished line after line, until they had fourteen guns. The battle of Manassas always brought to his mind the gallant Upton and the Fifth Texas. Here he paid a glowing tribute to the gallantry and qualities of the lamented Upton as a soldier. And in the same connection took occasion to allude to General Logan, the orator of the day, characteriing him as an able, energetic, brave and dashing officer, one who won his spurs by gallant fighting as well as by ability.

AT SECOND MANASSAS

the Fifth Texas took the reins in their hands, and fighting faster than he could keep up with them, had strewn the field with red breeches (Zouaves), and were crowding fast into the very vitals of the enemy. At Second Manassas General Longstreet's orders to him were to move on the enemy slowly, and he would send other brigades along to assist him, but the Fifth Texas never gave any other brigade a chance to come up.

AT SHARPSBURG

the First Regiment concluded to fight on its own hook, as it were. Here they went into the fight with 260 men, whipping and driving everything they found in advance of the other regiments, coming out with forty men. With each of these fights were associated these particular regiments.

AT CHICAMAUGA.

On Saturday he commanded the right wing of the army, but on Sunday morning the gallant Longstreet took command, and he was given command of five divisions. When he fell from his horse wounded in that terrible fight it was his fortune to fall into the arms of his old brigade and by them to be borne from the field. Could anyone wonder then, after having shared together such perils and privations, that their hearts were knit together as with great hooks of steel? Reverting again to Gaines' Mill, of which battle this was the fifteenth anniversary, on the same anniversary eight years ago God had blessed him with two sweet little daughters. The General then drew a beautiful simile of flowers as illustrative of his love for his old command. He then drew a comparison of the past and present since the war, and said he was

NOW HOPEFUL

and buoyant for the future, but had only become so within the past six months. Prior to then he couldn't get the devil out of him, but now all looks brilliant before him. Through the wisdom of the President, Louisiana and South Carolina were able once more to assume their stations as sovereign States. They were again free and prosperity was dawning upon them. He then thanked his comrades for meeting him, and thanked the people of Waco for the magnificent welcome accorded him.

REUNION AT BRENHAM, JUNE 22, 1881.

After an opening piece by the band, Doctor Chaplin led in a fervent appeal to the throne of grace, the burden of which was that the time might speedily come when the men of the South should be understood by their brethren of the North, when they should be seen as they are, and when all the scars of the late terrible strife should be healed. An impromptu glee club sung most artistically.

Colonel D. C. Giddings then came to the front and was received with loud applause. He welcomed the brigade in the name of the people of Washington County. He said:

We felt honored by your presence, and would we be if we were not ready to extend to you

that welcome which your conduct so richly merits at the hands of the people of Texas? We welcome you, too, because your presence will tend to dissipate the error that the reunion of the two armies will tend to keep alive the animosities of the late war. Had the matters at issue in that war been left to a vote of the soldiers of the two parties, or even of the Union armies, a peaceful solution would have followed and bloodshed would have been saved. (Applause.) Success is the measure of merit. Had you been successful, the world would have rang with peans to your praise. But as you fought in a lost cause, we of the South claim the right to pay you tribute. (Applause.) All honor to the men who fell on both sides, whether they wore the blue or the grey. Their blood and their ashes mingle in the same soil, and together have nourished the beauteous flowers that grew on their mounds. Why not the surviors do likewise, and forget sectional passion and hatred? Many of the soldiers on the other side are willing to forget and forgive (applause), and I am sure that we shall not be laggard.

Washington County welcomes to her borders the soldiers of the lost cause, and just as warmly welcomes the honest soldiers of the Union.

Again, on behalf of our people, I welcome you to our town, our county, our houses, our home circles and our hearts. (Loud applause.)

Judge John N. Henderson, of Bryan, on behalf of the brigade, responded as follows:

Address of Judge John N. Henderson.

Fellow-citizens, ladies and gentlemen, and comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade: The duty has been confided to me, by the committee, of responding on the part of the brigade to the welcome which has been extended to us by the people of this community through the eloquent remarks of the gentleman who has just addressed us. I should have preferred that the mantle on this occasion should have fallen upon worthier shoulders than mine, but, inadequate as are my own powers, I feel it a pleasing task to return, however feebly, our gratitude for this splendid ovation. But who would have expected less from the people of old Washington County, from whence went forth to the battle-fields of Virginia two of the thirty-two companies which composed Hood's Texas Brigade? (Cheers.)

We have met again, fellow soldiers, after an interval of a year. As is our custom, we have come together from every portion of our beautiful State, to hold our annual reunion. For the time being, the busy cares of life are forgot; the farmer has left his plow; the mechanic his shop; the merchant his store; the stockman his ranch; the lawyer and physician his offiice, and the remnant of Hood's Texas Brigade have assembled together. May I inquire for what purpose are we here? I know it has been said that the object of these organizations is to foster and keep alive the animosities of the late war. By others it has been charged that they have a political significance; but I undertake to say that the accusation is utterly without foundation, and it is with pride that I appeal to the records of our own brigade reunions to refute the charge, with reference to ourselves. (Applause.)

No, comrades, we are met for a nobler purpose. We have assembled together in social reunion, and our hearts go out to one another over the sacred recollections of the past. Though we are soldiers of a lost cause, we feel that we suffered no dishonor in defeat, and we are here for the purpose of renewing and cementing afresh ties that were welded amid scenes that tried men's souls. And today, where we now stand, the mystic chords of memory are touched and we look back across the lapse of near twenty years, and recall our share of the events of that sanguinary drama which drenched this land with fraternal blood.

It is unnecessary on this occasion that I should do more than allude to the career of the Texas Brigade in Virginia, for you, my countrymen, are familiar with its achievements. There was scarcely a battle of importance fought from Eltham's Landing to Appomattox, in which it was not engaged, and in some it bore a prominent part.

At Eltham's Landing it successfully aided in covering the flank of our army on its retreat from Yorktown; and such was the bravery of the First Texas Regiment on that occasion, that General Smith, the division commander, said of it that, "had he forty thousand such men he would undertake a successful invasion of the North."

Again, at Gaines' Farm, the brigade acted no mean part in securing that glorious victory, and the Fourth Texas, by its deeds of daring valor, covers itself with immortal renown.

At Manassas the command was again conspicuous, and by their gallantry did much to achieve that splendid success. The lamented Hood said of the conduct of the Fifth Regiment on that field, that "it slipped the bridle, broke through three lines of battle, and penetrated to the very heart of the enemy." (Prolonged applause.)

And at Sharpsburg, too, throughout that terrible day which has been characterized as the fiercest struggle of the war, the Texas Brigade

fought with desperate valor, and against fearful odds.

And at Gettysburg and on other fields they received honorable mention.

But if there were no other page in the battle history of that brigade than the Wilderness, it would stand alone as a sufficient monument of the heroism and valor of that little band of Texans. The passage of the bridge at Lodi by Napoleon was a grand scene; the assault of McDonald at Wagram, with his column of 16,000, was a sublime spectacle; and the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, since made immortal by the poet's pen; these all mark epochs of the courage of men on the field of battle, but to my mind the charge of the Texas Brigade at the Wilderness under the eye of the immortal Lee, stands without a parallel in the annals of war. Those were trained soldiery, and moved to the onslaught like a piece of machinery, driven to their duty by the stern rules of discipline. These moved to the charge, in the face of overwhelming odds, and against a victorious enemy; they charged with the coolness of veterans, but not more nerved by discipline than by the fires of patriotism which burned in the bosom of each citizen soldier, and which determined him to do or die in a cause which he deemed just and holy.

"Musketry to right of them,
Musketry to left of them,
Musketry in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they charged, and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell."

Though no sculptured marble rears aloft its spotless shaft to tell to the stranger that "these, too, fell at Thermopylæ"; though no paternal government stretches forth its protecting arms to raise a splendid mausoleum to the fallen Confederate heroes of the Wilderness, yet their deeds of valor are enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen, and in the hearts of the admirers of true courage and manhood throughout the world; and, in the urn of history, the brightest page will be reserved, in which their memories will be embalmed, and will go sounding down the ages to the remotest time.

Suffice it that this little band of Texans, surrounded as they were by the most extraordinary circumstances, felt and realized that Texas had committed to their care and keeping her fair fame and her sacred honor. They were inspired by the deeds of the illustrious heroes of the Alamo, of Goliad, and of San Jacinto, and they determined to bear aloft the honor of their native State upon the points of their bayonets, to victory or death. It was no ignoble task to earn a place in the annals of the army of Northern Virginia; and Texas need not feel ashamed of the deeds of those, her children, written in letters of blood upon almost every battlefield of Virginia. No history will ever record, that in the hour of danger these men ever proved recreant to the trust confided to them, or that, in the shock of battle, they ever turned their backs upon the enemy.

"Wherever death's brief pang was quickest,
Where the battle's wreck lay thickest,
There, be sure, would they be charging."

There many of them, alas will never charge again. How many of them sleep their last sleep on the soil of the Old Dominion, their bones bleaching on the battlefields of that classic land!

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
While glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

Denny and Black fell at Eltham's Landing; Ryan and Marshall offered up their lives at Gaines' Farm; the soil of the Rappahannock drank up the blood of the gallant Whaley; the bold spirit of the chivalric Upton went forth to meet the god of battle from the plains of Manassas, and, as he would have chosen, while the shout of victory was yet ringing in his ears. Gregg, too, the Chevalier Bayard of the brigade, poured out his heart's blood in a skirmish in front of Richmond, though he had often courted death upon nobler fields; while Turner, the faithful soldier, is quietly sleeping under the green sod at Suffolk. Others of equal valor, courage and devotion, if not of equal fame, rest in nameless graves, awaiting that resurrection morn which shall call all true soldiers to duty.

And let us, the survivors of that noble band, emulate their example in the battle of life which is before us. It only remains, ladies and gentlemen, that I again thank you on the part of the brigade for these evidences of your hospitality.

"Dixie" by the band was loudly encored, and General T. N. Waul was introduced as the orator of the day. He spoke substantially as follows:

Fellow Citizens—We have met with the citizens of Washington County today to honor Hood's Brigade, because they brought honor to Texas. We honor them because, first ere the

sun of the Confederacy had risen, they went forth to the call and followed the bright luminary from its early rising to its gloomy setting at Appomattox. Our hearts rejoice with you now as formerly they swelled when we read of your deeds and your valor from Eltham's Landing—Sharpsburg—Chicamauga and so on to the end. We have followed you, step by step, ever onward and upwards, until you were accorded the highest honors and the highest posts of a soldier. The advance guard in every attack, the rear guard in every retreat. (Applause.)

The war was ended, and you were restored to your homes. (The speaker here paid a glowing tribute to the word *home* and its meaning —the Southern home included, he said, all this and more.) Firm, high resolve was stamped on the countenances of your matrons. In her chamber, your wife, with bowed head, wrote you words of hope, when all around her was dark as night lest she should unnerve your arm by telling the truth. Every Southern home became a factory. The music of the piano was banished and the hum of the spinning wheel took its place. Fans were supplanted by cards, and supplies were sent, not alone to the Southern soldier. Every soldier was their brother, and all were partially supplied. Mothers sent their boys from school, not as substitutes for their fallen fathers, but as recruits in the struggling army. Ah, you had the courage of soldiers, but your wives at home had the courage of martyrs. (Applause.)

It was a just sentiment that inspired our people and all that our enemies have done to cast reproach upon us has failed and your presence here shows that you do not heed the odium.

(He pictured the dark scenes in the South that followed the close of the war, when the carpet-baggers swallowed all that war had left.) But this is past. Your patience and endurance have won for you another victory, for peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.

He referred to Roman history at the time and following the organization of the Italian confederation, with Rome as its central figure, to draw both a parallel and a contrast between the social strife and its results in the attempt to destroy that confederation, and the late war between the sections of this country and the results that followed.) We are presumed to have our full rights in the Union. Our duties are to be performed with the same fidelity and honesty as if the storm of war had never swept over. We cannot forget the war; we do not want to forget it and he who was a soldier, and pretends to forget it, is a hypocrite and a traitor. (Loud cheers.) But that does not prevent us from being honest citizens. Let us cling to the constitution with the fervor of true patriotism, never forgetting that he is the best citizen who supports the party in power. It is our duty to obey the law, and, if it is unjust and unwise, secure its repeal. This country belongs to us and will belong to our children, from Alaska to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have an interest in all this broad domain. With us everything is lofty and broad, and should elevate the soul of the Texan as he puts his foot on Texas soil, until he feels the independence of the McGreggor—McGreggor when he had his foot on his native heath and his eye on Ben Lomond.

(He paid a beautiful tribute to the brave men and fair women of Texas.) Coming generations have escaped our troubles, but will have the benefit of our experience. Would you change places with them? Would you lay your burdens on their shoulders? No; for though we have lost everything else, we have saved all that was worth saving, because we saved our honor. (Loud applause. Hurrah!)

The principal cause of the strife is gone; it can never trouble us more. In all future strife, which will be one in political fields, we shall have others with us, and we may thus hope some time to bring back this government to its original purpose and original purity.

(He recounted something of the history of the brigade, and drew a warm word-painting of the affair at James River, which was received with enthusiastic applause. (Hurrah!) He alluded to the feature at Gettysburg as an exhibition of another character possessed by the brigade, even greater than the heroism shown in almost certain victory.) On that occasion your brave brigade did not obtain success, but you did more—you deserved it. (Cheers.) Your records are in the War Department at Washington, but (pointing to the battle-scarred flag) the flag of our brigade is not there. (As the audience took in his meaning, they greeted the sentence with most enthusiastic applause.)

The time may come when those fathers will lead the victorious hosts of our united country, and when that time shall come, who will there be North or South who will not be proud to follow it to victory, and to cry "make way, make way for the flag of the Old Guard." (Tremendous shouting and applause.)

MAJOR GENERAL M. W. GARY.

General M. W. Gary, of South Carolina, was one of the bravest Major-Generals the Confederacy had, and commanded a corps of as gallant troops as any army on earth could boast of. During the first of the war, Hampton's

South Carolina Cavalry Legion was a part of Hood's Texas Brigade. When Wade Hampton (its Colonel) became a Brigadier-General, Gary was made Colonel of the Legion and had ample opportunity to judge of Hood's Texas Brigade. Later as both Brigadier and Major-General, he became—like his chief—convinced that there was one brigade that never failed, no matter what the circumstances. General Gary pays a magnificent compliment when he voluntarily writes that: "When history is truthfully written Hood's Texas Brigade will stand first among the Brigades of the Army of Northern Virginia."

GENERAL GARY'S LETTER.

Edgefield, C. H., S. C., May 20, 1879.

Major Robt. Burns, Houston, Texas.

My Dear Sir: I have just received your letter inviting me to deliver an address before the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade, at their annual reunion on July 9th, at Palestine. It gives me great pleasure to receive this graceful reminiscence from the members of Hood's Texas Brigade. I was for a long time, as the Colonel of the Hampton Legion, a member of this distinguished command. I feel proud of the fact that my old regiment fought shoulder to shoulder with the gallant sons of Texas through many a fierce battle.

When the history of the war is truthfully written, the record of Hood's Texas Brigade will stand first among the brigades of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I shall ever cherish my associations with these brave soldiers as the most pleasant reminiscences of the war. I regret that my time and health will not permit me to accept your invitation. Please tender my sincere regrets to my old friends and companions in arms, and my best thanks for their distinguished consideration and courtesy, and assure them of my best wishes for their future welfare and prosperity.

Believe me, very sincerely, your friend,

M. W. GARY.

(Gary was one of the most gallant Major-Generals in the army.—BURNS.)

Benediction was pronounced by Dr. F. T. Mitchell, and the procession was reformed to march to the dining hall.

At the dining hall a most magnificent dinner was spread, and was partaken of with a relish. When the proper time came, toasts were read by General Sayles as follows: "Our dead comrades, their part in all the pomp that fills the glory of the Southern rill, is that their graves are green." Response by Major J. N. Henderson.

"The Texas veterans, their monument is the empire State of Texas, in grandeur surpassing the pyramids, and, we hope, destined to outlive them." Response by General Robertson.

"The honest men on both sides of our unhappy struggle. They have never lost their self-respect nor their respect for each other." Response by Major Plunkett of the Union army.

"The Terry Rangers." Response by John M. Claiborne.

"Our women—their heroism may have been less noisy and demonstrative than the men, but purer, perhaps, and certainly not less lofty." Response by Major Walsh.

"The private soldier who got the hard knocks and the poor pay, but made an undying reputation for his superiors." Response by Governor Lubbock.

"The fire boys; we can all rejoice in their victories, for they leave no legacy of empty treasuries or bleeding hearts or rankling animosities." Response by J. L. Moore.

"The next war, may it be postponed beyond our day." Response by Captain Rogers.

"The church militant, peace and good will, so the fighting parson brings with him the olive branch." Response by Dr. Mitchell.

"The chaplain and the chaplains, may they grow in grace and may their shadows never grow less." Response by Dr. Chaplin, in which he read the poem.

HOOD'S BRIGADE.

BY C. C. CHAPLIN, D. D.

And read by him at their late Reunion in Brenham, June 22, 1881.

Of all who fought 'neath Southern Cross,
None better record ever made,
Nor ever suffered greater loss,
Than did the men of Hood's Bigade.

At Freedom's cry, they left their all
And flew to old Virginia's aid,
Where, pressing forward at her call,
West Point was stormed by Hood's Brigade.

At Seven Pines the Texas yell
Was heard through tangled brake and glade;
While among them many heroes fell,
Victors at length stood Hood's Brigade.

At Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor, too,
With helpless Richmond nigh dismayed;
There routed were the boys in blue,
By those who fought in Hood's Brigade.

At White Oak Swamp was battle joined,
And blow for blow was quickly paid,
Fame's medals there were freshly coined,
And proudly won by Hood's Brigade.

On Malvern Hill, Old Stonewall by,
With Jeb Stuart ready for a raid,
Again the blue coats had to fly;
The game was flushed by Hood's Brigade.

From Hazel Run thro' Thoroughfare Gap,
To where Bull Run's water strayed,
At Boonsboro hit McClellan a tap,
To Sharpsburg's Heights swept Hood's Brigade.

'Twas at the far-famed Wilderness,
Where Grant his forces all displayed,
Some Southron's fled the battle's press,
But these were none of Hood's Brigade.

Bold Lee came flaming to the front,
As well McArdle has portrayed,
But soldiers led him from the brunt—
"Lee to the rear!" cried Hood's Brigade.

At Darbytown they were well met,
And the blue coats with them roughly played;
They laughed and shouted—"Texas get!"
"Yes, we get, you bet!" said Hood's Brigade.

At Gettysburg, where shot and shell,
With grape nigh formed a shade,
As tho' lured on by marriage bell,
Upward swept this bold, Hood's Brigade.

At Chancellor's, where Jackson's arm
Forever sheathed his trenchant blade,
As whirlwind strong, without alarm,
To victory rushed this Hood's Brigade.

On Appomattox's bloody field,
Where Fate most sadly was obeyed,
Without dishonor's taint did yield,
The remnant left of Hood's Brigade.

On thirty fields these heroes fought,
And never will their laurels fade,
For true renown is ever bought
By deeds like these of Hood's Brigade.

But now this cruel war is o'er,
With all its danger and parade;
May sweet peace reign forever more,
Pray all the men of Hood's Brigade.

* * * * * * * * *

War had along with shadows drear
Its lights in which was humor rayed;
Many a loud and ringing cheer
Betokened fun in Hood's Brigade.

'Twas Christmas times, the war was hot,
Of home thought men of every grade,
And sadly sighed at their hard lot—
No Christmas times had Hood's Brigade.

The papers spoke of sumptuous feast—
Turkeys, chickens, by cooks arrayed;
Cakes, pies and things from South and East,
To feed to the full Hood's Brigade.

But when it came, 'twas feast so small,
Tho' sent by men of every trade;
"Let Richmond's poor now have it all;
We'll do without!" said Hood's Brigade.

But here you have a table spread
With cakes, and wines, and lemonade,
Of turkeys hams, be there no dread,
But *"sperets"* float e'en Hood's Brigade.

But ah! time thins your much loved ranks—
The boys of yore are maimed or grayed,
Still are you full of merry pranks,
For death alone stills Hood's Brigade.

A toast! a toast! Come bow your head,
Use water which your God has made;
I drink now to the honored dead
Who grandly died in Hood's Brigade.

"The press, molder and exponent of public opinion—in wise hands the pen is indeed mightier than the sword." Response by Harry Cassil, of the *Houston Post*.

"R. E. Lee; the South, which gave to the world her Washington as a monument of true greatness in success, has also given a Lee, to illustrate the grand character of a hero under defeat.

From its scabbard never hand
Drew sword from stain so free;
Nor purer sword led a braver hand;
Nor braver bled for a brighter land;
Nor brighter land a cause more grand;
Nor cause a leader like he."

Response by Major Hume.

"The surgeons faithful on the wounds of a friend." Response by Dr. Burroughs.

"Stonewall Jackson; he made the enemy his purveyors, and settled with them by a check on the bank of the Potomac." Response by Colonel Winkler.

"Germania and Columbia." Response by Prof. Jesser.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Response by A. E. Brietz.

"The youth, who were the hope of the Confederacy in 1861, are the stay of the Union in 1881." Response by Mr. Haggerty.

"The seed corn of the republic has been preserved." Response by Seth Shepard.

The dinner and toasts occupied the time until half past five.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD.

General Hood was born at Owensville, Bath county, Kentucky, June 29, 1831. He was educated at Mount Sterling, entered West Point Military Academy in 1849, and, graduating at the end of the usual term, he joined the Fourth Regiment of Infantry in 1853. With this regiment he served nearly two years in California, and then was transferred, in July, 1855, to the Second Cavalry to which Albert Sydney Johnston and General Robert E. Lee belonged, in the respective commands of Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel. With this regiment he did duty on the western frontier of Texas, and in July, 1856, was wounded in a fight with the Indians. No doubt it was here, in the wild service of West Texas, he derived that boldness and dash so conspicuous in him during the four years of terrible strife he was soon called to participate in. This is apparent from the fact that, sometime before the war between the States began, he was ordered from Texas to report for duty as instructor of cavalry at West Point, but afterwards, at his own request, was returned to his regiment then at San Antonio.

He resigned his commission in the United States Army on April 16, 1861, and entered the Southern Army with the rank of First Lieutenant and ordered to report to General Lee early in May, 1861. He was then appointed Captain of cavalry, and sent to Magruder, then in command on the Peninsula. He was engaged in many skirmishes, and a fight at Big Bethel. On September 30, 1861, he was ordered to Richmond, and received the rank of Colonel of infantry, and assigned to the Fourth Texas Regiment—which had just reached Richmond from Texas.

At this period Hood was in all the manly vigor of good health, and presented a fine commanding appearance, with a powerful, melodious voice, and a kindly though piercing eye; consequently his soldierly bearing and look soon won upon his men and very speedily he obtained their cordial good will. The men found him able and ready to give all the necessary instruction, not only in drilling them but also in other minor technicalities of the field. Thus he succeeded in forming a magnificent regiment out of a hardy and daring set of volunteers from historic Texas.

In November, 1861, Hood and his regiment were ordered to Dumfries, Virginia, and there with the First and Fifth Texas Regiments, organized into a Brigade under Senator Louis T. Wigfall, who had been appointed a Brigadier-General.

When, however, Senator Wigfall had to take his seat in the Confederate Congress, on March 3, 1862, Colonel Hood was assigned to his post, with a Brigadier's rank.

In this month the grand army of Virginia evacuated Manassas, and marched south. Hood's Brigade then accompanied it to the Peninsula, and was attached to Longstreet's Corps at Yorktown and Williamsburg and when the army evacuated the Peninsula and retreated to Richmond, Hood's Texas Brigade brought up the rear of the main force. On May 7, 1862, the Union forces under Franklin landed at Eltham's Landing, on the York river, in great force, with the intention of cutting off the retreat of Johnston and capturing his whole wagon train. General Hood with his small force of Texans came prominently forward in attacking him. Posting his Texans in an advantageous position in the swampy woods, he fell like an avalanche upon the advancing Federals, and gave them such battle as they could not face or withstand. The fight was wild and confused for hours. The Texans fought in true Indian style, from log to log, from tree to tree, never giving an inch but all the time steadily advancing. The enemy hurriedly fell back to their gunboats and opened up a terrible fire, shelling every possible foot they thought the Confederates could occupy. Hood's Texans however had not stopped in their wild tactics until they themselves were almost in the shadow of the boats. Nor did they leave their position hurriedly, but doggedly held the Federal army at bay long enough to insure the safe passage of *the* wagon train. In meantime the continual fire from the gunboats sent their crashing shells far above the heads of the Texans. As night closed in General Hood withdrew and followed the main army towards Richmond.

Being held in reserve there was little chance for further distinction at Seven Pines, but within a short time thereafter Hood and his Texans won immortal fame at Gaines' Mill—which was their first great battle. Previously they had been held in reserve, placed where desperate men were wanted on skirmish line or outpost duty. Now, however, they were called upon to show of what stuff they were made and the most forlorn and desperate duty was assigned them, and never did seasoned troops of any combination on this earth, more nobly or gloriously do the awful work meted out to them. The Federal batteries formed a deadly line that was belching awful destruction and defied the best efforts of picked troops to dislodge them. Repeated charges had been made only to break to pieces in face of the withering fire. General

Hood said his brigade would do their best, and when the moment came the command was given. Hood himself, on foot, led them forward in this charge of death. The brave Texans, with a blood-curdling yell, at a run, rushed right on, heeding not the countless numbers that fell at every step, until they reached the redoubts, when delivering a deadly fire that leveled everything before it, they rushed right at the guns. With demoniac shouts and clubbed guns they attacked everything in sight and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued; their ranks were broken time and again, but rapidly closing up, the Texans fought like fiends. The result is known. No power on earth could withstand such an onslaught. The enemy fled before the tremendous charge of Hood's Texas Brigade, while Hood, by his desperate courage and gallantry on this occasion was made a Major-General.

From this time the movements of General Hood were so bound up with the grand army under General Lee, that to relate them in detail would be to exhaust our vocabulary, since he was everywhere that work was to be done and his men were as untiring as himself.

At the battle of Second Manassas, August 30, 1862, General Hood was again conspicuous for great daring and wonderful skill in his movements. On the first day, it is related that "General Lee, seeing the moment had arrived for a demonstration on the enemy's left, about nightfall this was undertaken. Hood's men were ordered forward and no sooner had these splendid troops thrown themselves with ardor into the contest, than the whole appearance of the field suddenly changed. Up to that moment the conflict had been obstinate, but the firing upon both sides had perceptibly decreased in intensity. It was just at this moment Hood's men advanced; and the quick tongues of flame leaped from the muzzles of his muskets, lighting up the gathering gloom with their crimson light. Then with one long roar of musketry, and a maze of quick flashes everywhere, Hood's men charged forward, with wild cheers, driving the enemy before them into the depths of the forest."

In the next day's conflict, Hood took the advance of Longstreet and pressing forward, "never yielded an inch." Hood himself shared equally the dangers of his men, and when the gory fight was won, could claim a full share of the high praise bestowed by General Lee on the charge he made.

It is a strange coincidence that the troops actually opposed to Hood's men at this battle were the same he encountered at Gaines' Mill; they had been waiting, and praying, to meet him again; and as there, after a most desperate and gallant contest, they had to retire before him.

The first invasion of Maryland, in September, again brought General Hood prominently forward at Boonesboro, where he held the mountain pass against McClellan until Lee came up. Hood accompanied the army to Fredericksburg. Here Hood held the right of Longstreet, and was consequently on the left of Jackson. The enemy had captured everything in front of Hood's position, but he quickly charged and dispossessed them, and drove them back with great loss.

In February, 1863, Hood was at the Seige of Suffolk, in Southeast Virginia. In June he was again in Maryland at the second invasion of that state by General Lee. General Hood was severely wounded in the arm, at Gettysburg, and on the retreat he suffered very much. It was at first thought his arm could not be saved, but proper care and attention preserved it, though ever afterwards it was shriveled and useless. Still, he would not forsake his command. Resting awhile, he insisted on accompanying Longstreet into East Tennessee, and then on to reinforce Bragg, then in active preparation for the battle of Chickamauga. In this battle General Hood was on the left hotly engaged and ultimately drove the enemy from his entire front. Second day at Chickamauga, Sunday, September 20, 1863, he was again wounded, making it necessary to amputate his leg, it being nearly torn from his body and terribly shattered. For his valuable and marked service on this occasion he was made a Lieutenant-General; but six months elapsed before he could again take the field.

In the beginning of March, however, he was at Richmond, and about the middle of the month proceeded to take command of his corps in North Georgia. On his way to Dalton, a collision occurred between trains and General Hood suffered much, but would continue his journey. At the Battle of Resaca, Hood commanded the right and as the army fell back he effectively and stubbornly disputed the advance of the enemy and made it a continual battle for him to advance.

On the 18th of July, General Johnston was relieved from command and General Hood appointed in his place, and assumed command in the following address:—

Headquarters Army of Tennessee,
July 18, 1864.

Soldiers: In obedience of orders from the War Department, I assume command of this army and department. *I feel the weight of the responsibility so suddenly and unexpectedly devolved upon me* by this position, and shall bend

all my energies and employ all my skill to meet its requirements. I look with confidence to your patriotism to stand by me, and rely upon your prowess to wrest your country from the grasp of the invader—entitling yourselves to the proud distinction of being called the deliverers of an oppressed people.

J. B. Hood, General.

There is not in all military annals such an instance or such a picture—together with all its incidents and surrounding circumstances—as that of General Hood relieving Johnston in command of the Confederate Army before Atlanta.

It takes all the ability and bravery of the best of generals to conduct his own campaigns—and few would undertake to remedy mistakes, or harmonize elements connected with the command of another—right in the face of a powerful enemy.

Again, in body, General Hood was not a semblance of a physical man. The maganificent physique that stamped the man of 1861 was all gone. With an arm all but wrenched from his body at Gettysburg, and now hanging a withered and useless member by his side, minus a leg that had been shattered to pieces and lost at Chickamauga, with other wounds besides, and yet not recovered from a railroad wreck, how wonderful it is that he was yet willing to follow his country's flag to the death and counted not if every other limb followed those gone before.

In reflecting upon the career of General Hood it causes one to believe that indeed men can be born, who in their nobility, devotion, principles and courage soar far above earthly comprehension. He was evidently one of those whom no disaster or physical ailments—not even the terrible dismemberment of his body—nor any amount of external trouble, annoyance, or ill-will, can crush, but the spirit within was as powerful to will and to do as ever. Certainly all must—or ought to have known—that his future career could never be as conspicuous as it had been, and does it not seem he better deserved to have become the loved and honored ward of his country—instead of its active dependence in such a crisis and hour of need.

His was no longer the fine commanding presence of earlier days, in the outset of his military life—nearly four years of hardest active service having reduced his frame, and robbed him of all his physical ability, leaving the vigor of his powerful mind alone unbroken, and the piercing directness of his steel-like eyes undimmed. An eye witness says of him at this time: "I saw General Hood today, surrounded by a group of magnificent-looking Major-Generals and Brigadiers, in earnest converse under an oak tree. General Hood, notwithstanding his crippled condition and emaciated form, looked every inch the commander he was, and was in as cheerful flow of spirits as any of his brave and patriotic veterans."

When we reflect as to how and when General Hood consented to take command of the Army of Tennessee, our admiration for this great hero of the South becomes more intense and his wonderful patriotism and love for the Confederacy, which far exceeded ordinary human comprehension.

The record says: "On Sunday, the 18th of September, 1864, President Davis arrived at General Hood's headquarters, and, the following day, reviewed the whole army. In the evening the President addressed the soldiers in hopeful and encouraging tones. Turning to Cheatham's division of Tennesseans, he said: 'Be of good cheer, for within a short while your faces will be turned homeward, and your feet pressing Tennessee soil.' President Davis was followed by General Howell Cobb, who made a very eloquent speech interspersed with many happy hits. Again and again General Hood was enthusiastically called for. At length he painfully rose from his chair and slowly came forward, and dashing his hat from his head like a blushing schoolboy, the General said: 'Soldiers, it is not my province to make speeches. I was not born for such work; that I leave to other men. Within a few days I expect to give the command "Forward," and I believe you are like myself, willing to go forward, even if we live on parched corn. I am ready to give the command "Forward" this very night. Good night.'"

General John B. Hood was too grand a man in every respect for this author to attempt to reflect upon him because he could not win the independence of the Confederacy. General Robert E. Lee and many other glorious men failed—who like Hood did their best. General Hood was one of the ablest corps commanders that ever existed upon this globe, and covered both himself and the troops he commanded with an everlasting wreath of glory. That as commander of an army why he was not able to bring victory to the Southern cause has been long fully understood by all fair-minded people, and General Hood, like General Lee, and like the gallant soldiers that fought under them, all did their best.

At Tupelo, Mississippi, General Hood took leave of the Tennessee Army in the following order:—

Headquarters Army of the Tennessee,
Tupelo, Miss., Jan. 23, 1865.

Soldiers: At my request, I have this day been relieved from the command of the army. In taking leave of you, accept my thanks for the patience with which you have endured your hardships during the recent campaign. *I am alone responsible for its conception, and strove hard to do my duty in its execution.* I urge upon you the importance of giving your entire support to the distinguished soldier who now assumes command, and shall look with deep interest on all your future operations, and rejoice at your success.

J. B. Hood, General.

After General Hood had visited Augusta, Ga., on the 3rd of February, to accept an ovation, receive a serenade, and make a speech, he paused long enough to publish his official report of the Tennessee Campaign—in which he differs much with General Johnston—and afterwards proceeded to his home at San Antonio, Texas.

There he quietly remained, trying to recuperate his shattered health. In short time the war was over—and he busied himself at home and elsewhere by advising all with whom he had any influence to quietly accept the new order of things. September 25th, 1865, General Hood went to Washington to find out how his case was to be disposed of. General Hood had chose Texas as his home and once said to me, "I am a Texan at heart and expect to live, die and be buried in Texas." The war ruined his hopes and subsequent events destroyed all his plans and he died of yellow fever in New Orleans during the terrible epidemic of 1879. Mrs. Anna Marie Hood, the devoted wife and mother, died on the evening of August 24, 1879. General Hood, the bereaved husband and father, followed on the morning of August 30th, leaving behind them in full orphanage, eleven children of very tender years. Lydia, the eldest of these, died on the evening of the same day, leaving ten young, helpless children, the eldest of whom were twins of the age of nine years and two months. The youngest was one month old.

The generous heart of the country was quickly moved to the grateful recognition of the virtues, the chivalry and self-sacrificing devotion of the departed hero, and to an active and giving sympathy for his children. Together with Hood's Texas Brigade committees were formed and a large amount of money raised and invested for the maintenance of the orphans. They were much sought for by wealthy people and were favorably and satisfactorily adopted into desirable homes. Hood's Texas Brigade still attempts to keep up with its wards and has a consciousness that fate has been kind to all its loved General's second Hood's Brigade.

REPORT ON GEN. HOOD'S CHILDREN, READ AT BRENHAM, JUNE 22, 1881.

New Orleans, June 14, 1880.

Gen. J. B. Robertson, President Hood's Brigade Association, Waco, Texas:—

Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of June 1st, in which you ask for information, to be laid before the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade at their annual reunion to be held at Seguin, Texas, on July 14, 1880, "regarding the condition of the orphan children of General Hood, what disposition has been made of them, and what is proposed to be made; what amount of funds has been raised for their maintenance, and how invested, and who has the authoritative control of them." I take pleasure in giving you the desired information.

I enclose copy of the will of Mrs. E. R. Hennen, grandmother of the children, who was confirmed by the probate court as their natural tutrix (or guardian), from which you will see that General Hood committed his children entirely to her control, and that she, at her death, which occurred April 6, 1880, transferred their trust to her brother-in-law, Mr. John A. Morris, who had most generously and serviceably aided her in this charge up to the period of her death.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE LATE MRS. HENNEN.

The following is the will of the late Mrs. Hennen, as opened and read yesterday in the second district court:

New Orleans, January 7, 1880.

MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

General J. B. Hood, in the presence of witnesses, gave me his children unconditionally. Should it ever be necessary to prove this, Colonel Samuel Flower and Mrs. Desire Musson can certify to the above.

I, in virtue of the authority given me by General J. B. Hood do, in case of my death, bequeath my grandchildren, Annabel, Ethel, Genevieve, John Bell, Duncan, Norbed, Lillian Marie, Marion Maud, Oswald and Anna Gertrude, to my brother-in-law, John A. Morris, husband of my late husband's sister, Cora Hennen. I wish him to have sole control of the children and all property they have at my death. I commend these little orphans to his fatherly love

and protection, and feel assured he will give them the tender solicitude he has for his own children.

* * * * * *

I wish to acknowledge the unwavering kindness of Colonel Samuel Flower to the children of his friend, General J. B. Hood, and hope those orphans will never forget his services to them in the hour of trial.

To John A. Morris I again commend my precious ones, with the full confidence of his ability to act for them with judgment and conscientiousness.

Written entirely by myself. New Orleans, Jan. 7, 1880. ELEANOR HENNEN.

It was Mrs. Hennen's most earnest desire and effort, originally, to keep these children together; but on her return from her trip to Austin, Texas, in December last, made with the view of the selection of a home for them, her health previously delicate, suddenly failed her, convincing herself and her friends of her early dissolution. It had also become evident that the funds contributed by generous and sympathizing hearts from various portions of the country as well as from abroad, for the benefit of the children, would prove inadequate to yield a revenue sufficient for their care and maintenance—ten of them, and all of tender years. Realizing this fact and conscious that she would soon be taken from them, and their care be necessarily entrusted to others than kindred, she reluctantly concluded, in view of the many advantageous offers made in this behalf, that a separation would be for their future interest and welfare. Accordingly, all of the children have been disposed of as follows:

Annabel and Ethel Genevieve, twins, born May 29, 1869, have been taken charge of by Mr. John A. Morris, referred to in Mrs. Hennen's will. Under the protection and care of their great-grandmother they have been sent to Hanover, Germany, where Mr. Morris' own children are being educated, and where they are happily and most advantageously located.

John Bell Hood, Jr., born September 23, 1871, has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. David M. Russell, of Cohomo County, Mississippi.

Duncan Norbed, born January 25, 1873, has been taken by Miss C. Furniss, of New York City.

Marion Maud and Lillian Marie, twins, born March 6, 1874, have been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher M. Adams of New York.

Odile Musson and Ida Richardson, twins, born October 19, 1876, have been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. McGehee, of Woodsville, Mississippi.

Oswald, born July 11, 1878, has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Harney, of Scarsdale, New York.

Anna Gertrude, born August 4, 1879, has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. M. Joseph, of Columbus, Georgia.

It is proper that I should add, in view of the kindly interest which prompts your inquiries, that the above named parties, who have so kindly and generously opened both their homes and hearts to these orphans, are known to each other as well as known to or connected with many of the family friends of the latter; and are people whose worth morally and socially will insure for the children affectionate care and all the advantages of cultured education and training.

The amount of funds that have been contributed for the maintenance of the children is $18,412.04. These funds are still in the custody of the joint relief committee, composed as follows:

W. R. Lyman, chairman; Francis T. Nicholls, James Buckner, Samuel Flower, D. R. Calder, Jno. H. Murray, of Army North Virginia; J. A. Chalaron, G. T. Beauregard S. D. Stockman, Fred N. Ogden, Walter V. Crouch, of army of Tennessee; and have been invested, as they have been received, in bonds and stocks of the highest standing, mostly United States four per cents. As the cost of maintenance of the children, for the present, will be generously borne by those who have taken them in charge, it is proposed that the above fund, with such additions as may result from further possible contributions, from settlement of the Hood and Hennen estates, from sale of General Hood's book, or otherwise, shall be securely placed under the joint direction of the aforesaid committee and legal representatives of the children as a ready recourse in case the vicissitudes of fortune or other causes should deprive either or all of them of the protection and support they are now receiving; or, otherwise should good fortune so determine, to remain intact, save by its accumulations, for distribution, proportionately, as each of the beneficiaries may arrive at the proper age. In this connection I would express the hope that the General's book, "Advance and Retreat," may meet with a much more extended sale, as I am informed by the parties having the same immediately in charge that the proceeds thus far have not realized the cost of publication. Whilst we have to acknowledge our thanks to the press of the country generally, both North and South, for their generous and gratuitous advertisement of the work, yet the expenses of its publication have been such that unless a much larger sale of it be

reached the estate will be so much reduced between cost and proceeds.

It is also proper that I should state that the funds raised, I believe, through the exertions or under the auspices of your Association, and heretofore remitted to Mrs. Hennen direct, for the immediate necessities of the children and the construction of a tomb for the interment of the remains of General Hood and his daughter, Lydia, have been so applied by her; and together with a few other sums contributed, to be similarly applied, constituted the means of their support up to the period of their disposition as above stated. What balance remains thereof will, of course, be added to the relief fund above referred to.

Trusting that I have satisfactorily answered your inquiries, I have the honor to remain, with high esteem for yourself personally and the survivors of Hood's Brigade,

SAM'L FLOWER,
Administrator of the succession of J. B. Hood.

Upon motion, the above document was ordered spread on the minutes of the Association.

DALLAS REUNION, JUNE 27, 1884.

Judge Aldridge, in welcome, spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Nineteen years ago the last gun was fired in the great war between the States. We look around us, and, save the mouldering fortifications and the maimed forms among us, we look in vain for visible evidence of one of the greatest and fiercest struggles that ever darkened and affrighted the face of the earth. Not only have the outward signs of the great contest faded from the face of the land, but from the hearts of our people has faded the animosity engendered by the strife. The time has at last arrived when judgment, no longer beclouded by passion, awards to every man the loftiest patriotism, whether he battled for the Union or against it. The fact remains to history that the best and bravest throughout the Union stood in the ranks of the contending armies. The man from Maine and the man from Texas was each actuated by the utmost honesty of purpose and devotion to duty, and alike deserves the applause and gratitude of those for whom he bared his breast to the storm of battle. The brave soldiers of the Federal army who so gallantly measured arms with us upon the field, as cheerfully assert these truths as we do. None deny them except the soulless demagogue who sniffed the battle from afar off then, and would ride to power now by fanning with sacrilegious hand the last smouldering embers of political hate. For nineteen years the South has devoted herself assiduously to the arts of peace. And peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. Her cotton fields have whitened and her granaries have groaned year after year until at length the desolation which oppressed her and spread its pall on every heart, has been lifted and the New South stands today clad in all her pristine strength and beauty. Under these favorable auspices we assemble here today. But let not this reunion be misinterpreted. Let no man misunderstand its meaning. It is not a revival of the war spirit. Believing implicitly that the general government was but a delegated power and that the sovereign States had a right to withdraw from the compact whenever they deemed it for the best interest of their people to do so, we appealed to force, the last argument of sovereigns in dire extremity. How we maintained that argument, let the whole world bear witness. The torch blazed in our midst and the thunders of the conflict echoed on all our hills; from the Potomac to the Rio Grande and far out upon the bosom of the ocean, the war dog's growl told of carnage, and the waves were painted red with the gallant blood of the blue and the gray. It was truly a war of giants. But we were confronted by men whose ancestors were brothers of our own. Confronted by English-speaking people, who have never been conquered by any other race, from Julius Cæsar to the present time. They sometimes conquer one another, and so it was with us. The issues of the contest were two—secession and slavery. These issues were decided against us, and in all good faith we accept the result. The issues involved in that contest are res adjudicata forever. Nor would I have it otherwise. I believe that I but speak the sentiment of the Confederate soldiers when I declare that I am glad that the negroes are free, and am willing that they shall enjoy all the political rights that I claim for myself. And I believe that I but speak the same sentiment when I assert that I rejoice that the great Union is forever one and indivisible. The stars and stripes float over no more devoted people in this government than the late soldiers of the Confederate army. Yet while we love the Union and the flag of our common country and stand ready to strike to the death any who would insult it, we are not asked by

any brave or generous soul—North or South—to forget our illustrious dead, and we never will forget them. Throughout the coming years to the last syllable of recorded time, we will teach our children to rise up and call them blessed. God forbid that the Southern people should ever cease to drop tears of sorrow upon their graves, and to twine around their monuments the rarest and brightest flowers of our own sunny clime. Their valor is the common property of the American people as it is that of those who fought them. And whether they sleep by the river side or on mountain height, by the sea, or 'neath the mourning pine, they are all safe from oblivion. The stones that mark their resting place may crumble and pass away, yet in the hearts of a great people they live on through the coming ages embalmed with their love and admiration. We love them because they loved us and they died for us. But to speak more directly to the object of this reunion. It is but natural that men who had been so closely associated in camp and upon the field for four long years should desire to meet again. And when they do meet they are irresistibly carried back to the scenes of the past. What a theme in that past have the survivors of Hood's Brigade! They talk of Eltham's Landing, Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, second Manassas, South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chicamauga, Knoxville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, the siege of Petersburg and Fort Harrison. These are but the leading features. Ah! my countrymen, what a record is that! I assert in all candor, and without enthusiasm, that the record of Hood's Brigade is the brightest page in the military history of the world. The Macedonian Phalanx and the Roman Legion fought their inferiors. These men fought their equals in birth and their superiors in equipment. Napoleon's Old Guard furnishes no such record. The nearest approach to it is by the troops of the Great Carthagenian in the valley of Italy. We Texans celebrate the battle of San Jacinto. Its anniversary is made a legal holiday by the law of the land, and I would not pluck one laurel from the brow of the heroes of San Jacinto, yet in the history of Hood's Brigade, that battle would scarcely rise above the dignity of a skirmish. They displayed on a hundred battlefields the same valor that characterized our veterans at San Jacinto. Brave men all over the world have followed gallant leaders into the very jaws of death. None have so loved their leader that they have refused to fight until assured of his safety. At the battle of the Wilderness, the ragged Texans did this, thus saying by action that they feared not death, but only the loss of their commander. The grand old hero was moved to tears. I might speak of how they turned the tide of battle at Gaines' Mill and Sharpsburg; how they, of all the army, stood alone, with clubbed guns and bloody bayonets on the mountain top at Gettysburg; how, as a testimonial of their valor, they were allowed to retain a brigade organization when only a battalion of them stood above the ground. But I cannot discuss their achievements. The subject in its magnitude is far beyond the time I have purposed for these remarks.

We call this a reunion of Hood's Brigade. But well we know that Hood's Brigade is not here today. Let us hope that from the battlements of heaven, they lean and look with approving eye upon this humble tribute to their memory.

We have left to us only a fragment of the three full regiments that entered the army. Less than 600 survived the war. Beggared in fortune—broken in constitution—bankrupt in all save honor.

REUNION AT SEGUIN, JULY 18, 1881

Governor John Ireland Welcomed the Brigade.

About noon, the vast assemblage was called to order by Gov. Ireland, who said:—

Citizens, Soldiers, Members of Hood's Brigade:

It is a pleasing task to welcome you to our midst—to our board and our hearts. As citizens, we extend to you all the hospitality of hearts overflowing with good cheer, and that deep and abiding faith in your manhood and worth that cements and binds our race in one family and brotherhood. As members of the most renowned and justly celebrated military organization of any race or age, we extend to you the welcome due to a heroic and a gallant band. This is not the time nor place to discuss the merits of the respective sides and causes in which you won for yourselves and country that renown and glory that make you the "Old Guard" of modern times, or the 300 of Thermopylae. The differences between your band and that 300 is that you were all Leonidases, having, one, however, who surpassed, in some respects, the others in those qualities that fitted him for a leader. We see before us a small band. Am I told that the balance are not—that they are gone? This is a mistake. The others are here embalmed in the hearts of a grateful people, where they will live green and fresh as long as the pulse shall beat; nay, when this gener-

ation is no more, these little ones will meet at this spring, and from its pure fountain-head drink to the memories of Hood's brigade. Do not be disheartened because those principles for which your comrades died, and for which you bled and suffered, were not triumphant. Perfection in judgment has never been attained. You failed in establishing those ideas for which you fought. Let those who defeated you content themselves with the fact that you have and do freely and honestly admit this. Let them remember that true virtue and worth, with an enlightened people, consist mainly in following, with zeal and fidelity, convictions of right, and while others celebrate the anniversaries of the triumph of their cause, by the sword, let us rejoice, with a no less hearty zeal, in doing homage to the loftiest patriotism, the most heroic deeds of valor known to the annals of man. The victorious in any cause are never without their followers. Moral courage is more clearly demonstrated in following the defeated in a cause believed to be right.

In the name of all the people, and our local government, I welcome you, gallant band, Hood's Brigade, to our midst, and bid you partake, freely, of all that seems good.

REUNION AT CAMERON, JUNE 27, 1885.

Hon. E. L. Antony Delivered the Following Address of Welcome.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY E. L. ANTONY.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We are here today for the purpose of welcoming the survivors of Hood's Brigade, and as we are the host among our guests, permit me to address myself in your behalf to them.

Survivors of Hood's Brigade! Soldiers of the Fallen Confederacy! The sons and sires, the maids and matrons of old Milam bid you welcome within her precincts, bid you welcome to her hospitalities, bid you welcome—yea, thrice welcome, to the festivities prepared for your entertainment! Not forgetting that many of her noble sons were your comrades in arms in "times that tried men's souls," it is with pride and deep-hearted pleasure that she greets you on this, the anniversary of your noblest achievement. Your sympathies are her sympathies. Your memories are her memories, your glory is her glory.

Recalling the time, now far in the past, when the people of the South after having for long years in the halls of Congress, in the forum, at the ballot box and on the hustings, fought nobly for rights—inalienable rights—bequeathed to them by the Revolutionary Fathers; secured to them by the guarantee of our cherished constitution—when all peaceful means to secure them had proven ineffectual, save one, and that one secession—resorted to, when the people had assembled in their solemn sovereign capacity, for the purpose of speaking into existence a new nation, to take its stand in the great and honored family of nations on the face of the earth; when the new declaration of independence had been proclaimed throughout the land; and when, in reply, the people of the North, in a spirit of coercion, had sounded the tocsin of war; then it was that the great heart of the South was fired by the spirit of Southern chivalry, and her people accepting the challenge of the North went forth to battle in the fierce conflict of arms, for the maintainance of those rights, dear to the hearts of all freemen. The call to arms resounded in every nook and corner of the land, and our then sparsely settled community, filled with that enthusiastic patriotism, common to her entire people, hailed with delight the opportunity to smite with fire and sword their common enemy in defense of their homes and firesides, wives and little ones.

In these stirring times came forth from veteran soldiery of the former Union, that famous warrior, John B. Hood, your old heroic commander. Sounding the battle cry of freedom upon the hilltops, in the valleys and over the broad prairies of Texas, he gathered around him the truest, bravest, most patriotic body of men which ever unfurled its banners to the battle breezes or marched with dreadful tread to meet the invaders of a new-born nation. Into the foremost ranks, into the thickest of the fight they plunged headlong, led by the noble Hood. And every battle field in the Old Dominion lies strewn with the bleaching bones of some of the old brigade. Nobly and well did every man do his duty to the sacred cause for which he fought, with not a traitor to the command, nor a deserter from its ranks. The courage, patriotism, and hardy fortitude of your great ancestors in placing the Lone Star of Texas high in the constellation of independent sovereignties, as exhibited by them in defense of the Alamo, and at Conception and Goliad, and which culminated in the final achievement of glorious victory and independence at San Jacinto, fell upon their descendants in the fulness and richness of their native beauty, and we but behold the same brilliant characteristics of the hardy pioneers of Texas in the conduct of their sons at Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gaines' Mill and a hundred other hotly contested fields, fighting for their rights and liberties against the oppressions sought to be inflicted upon them and their countrymen.

At Gaines' Mill when victory hesitated to perch upon Southern banners, when the balances were nearly even, with chances of success favorable to the Union cause, into the midst of the terrible conflict, the battlefield heaped with dead and dying and streaming with the blood of fallen heroes; amid the storms of shot and shell, the rattle of musketry and roar of cannon, in the blinding clouds of smoke and fire which hovered over all—the Old Texas Brigade, in true obedience to the rallying cry of its great commander, with firm and steady tread and fixed determination, dashed with furious onslaught upon the hitherto invincible column of heroic blue-coats in their front, routed them with fearful carnage, broke through their ranks, and turned the tide of battle to the then tottering Confederacy and brought victory —glorious victory—to the Southern arms, and at nightfall "the Bonnie Blue Flag" unfurled its silken folds in triumph over the bloody field. Never was there greater courage displayed by any soldiery in all the history of warfare. Not less glorious was their conduct than that of the victors at Marathon and Leuctra. Thermopylae never saw a greater sight; and the old guard of Napoleon, with all its glory and renown, never won a greater victory than this. And dumb be the tongue would speak to falsify your record; paralyzed be the hand would write to rob you of its glory! But it was all in vain. We lost at last.

Survivors! It is the memoirs of these occasions that we are here today to recount and to celebrate. Let us look upon them as things of the past, pleasant to recollect, thrilling to narrate, sad—sad, indeed—to reflect upon. We knew we were right; and thanks be to God, since the end came, our grand old ex-President Jefferson Davis, has prepared and spread broadcast over the land, the greatest, the most unanswerable argument in defense of our cause ever made to sustain the cause in defense of which any people ever fought, and this will vindicate us in the eyes of the future generation. But it is all over now; it is all gone, save to memory. We have become another people. We have assumed other and different obligations. We have another government to support. While we cannot forget the past, we must now look only to the future. While we love the memory of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," we must not forget our duties to the "Stars and Stripes." They make the flag of our country. It is ours now as much as it was before the disruption came. Our differences are all settled. We are now in a new union—a union, indeed. There is no more secesson there. The men of the North and the men of the South are now united in a common brotherhood, in a common country. It is all ours. And when the old American flag, the creation of our Revolutionary fathers, the star-spangled banner, which floats proudly over all this land from the ice-bound regions of the North to the tropical climes of the sunny Southland, basking in the gentle sunshine of freedom, needs a blow in her defense and our new union calls for heroes to defend her sacred standard and save it from hostile hands, I dare say that arrayed in her behalf will be found the boys of the gray and the boys of the blue, standing side by side, fighting for her supremacy. Yet while this is true, and we love our common country as much as they, may we not yet sometimes come together in friendly concourse to indulge in the pleasures of memory; may not the true history show as well the courage of the South as the courage of the North. If we are brothers again, we should all be proud of the heroism of both sections, not as Northern men and Southern men, but as united American citizens. At all events may Texas, proud empire that she is, never forget the valor of her sons! Forget it? No! In future ages, when she is teeming with millions of people—prosperous, happy, liberty-loving people; when the golden harvest fields all over her broad domain are yielding their rich fruits to the merry songs of the husbandman; when her cattle browse on every hill and plain; when the humming of her factories, the clinking of her anvils and hammers, the buzzing of her saws and the roar of her furnaces fill the air with the music of industry, peace and plenty, and over all, floats our noble country's flag, then will her chivalric people remember the heroic deeds of her sons, and all throughout her borders, from the silvery mountains of New Mexico to the genial waters of the Gulf will sing their praises, in one united, eternal, ever-swelling chorus of harmonious voices, the reverberation of which will float along gently down the aisles of time, echoing and re-echoing throughout the boundless recesses of the far off infinity; and the conduct of the old brigade and its gallant leader will shine out with a yet more refulgent beauty.

Again, Soldiers, we greet you with a hearty welcome to the bosom of old Milam.

GENERAL J. B. ROBERTSON

of Hood's Brigade made a brief but eloquent response to the address of welcome.

GOVERNOR JOHN IRELAND

then made the following well-defined speech, which was most enthusiastically received:—

No man has a right to speak on this occasion except he has been a soldier in the late war.

When I say soldier, I do not refer to those who fought mosquitoes on the coast, but men who were in the front of battle with Lee, Johnston, and Jackson. (Voice—And Hood.) Yes, and Hood; I thank the gentleman for reminding me of him. This is my first visit to Milam county, but I am rejoiced to meet you here today. Nowhere do we find more culture, refinement, patriotism and bravery than in the broad state of Texas, and Milam county contains all the attributes of the other portions of this state. Knowing of the reunion of Hood's Brigade, I determined to avail myself of this opportunity and of an invitation to visit you, and if I have not done so before it is not that I think less of Milam county than I do of Travis, but because of the vast extent of territory included in this state. Texas is not a place that can be jumped into and jumped over at one jump. Texas is a great state, of vast dimensions, and in her citizens we find all those attributes that comprise the bone and sinew of all great nations in time of peace and in time of war. Look upon these survivors of Hood's Brigade, and compare them to the young men raised in cities and behind counters; not that I wish to disparage this portion of our population, but when we want men to fight our country's battles we must look for those accustomed to contending with nature. I trust to God that we may emblam these noble men in our memories as *I remember hearing of the ..... guard who acted with such distinguished bravery that his name was kept forever on the roll, and there was always one appointed who, when the roll of the ..... guards was called, answered to this man's name, "Here." So may it always be that there will be some one to call to mind the noble survivors of Hood's Brigade.* We have no enmity towards those who do not exactly agree with us in political opinion, and I ask the members of this Brigade if in their estimation of their friends, they think less of those who wore the gray? It does not comport with decency and good sense for anyone to say that these reunions shall not take place, and that these men shall not meet to recount the deeds of the past. I recollect some people of the Republican party were horrified and indignant because Mr. Davis was requested to go to New Orleans from his home at Beauvoir on the same train with the Liberty bell. Mr. Davis was a patriot and Mr. Davis' ancestors fought for the establishment of the liberty which that bell represents, and it was after Mr. Davis himself had performed gallant services in the field when the Mexican army was respulsed, that General Taylor stepped up to him on the field of battle and said, "Mr. Davis, my God was a better judge of men than I was." And yet when the commissioners returned from the exposition they were met with denunciations for allowing this man to ride on the same train with the Liberty bell. It has been said by our detractors that we are rebels still, that notwithstanding these soldiers delivered up their guns at Appomattox and received paroles, they are traitors. But I say they were never traitors. They are patriotic and loyal citizens. We have womanhood, manhood, patriotism and loyalty second to none, not to any person or party, to any man or set of men, but to the right. I speak to you as John Ireland. I believe that those who come here from the North, even though they once bore arms against us will receive the same consideration as one of Hood's Brigade. But they must not try to rob us of the right to our own opinion. They must give us the right to construe the constitution according to our own ideas of right and justice. These men are not traitors—were never traitors. No man who fought for what he conscientiously believed to be right can be a traitor. When our soldiers surrendered and laid down their arms at Appomattox they meant what they said, and while their deeds as soldiers can never be excelled, yet they are true to our common country. This is no time for speaking. I did not come here to speak, yet I am willing and happy to add anything to your pleasure today. You have your chosen orators who will address you, and I will only add a few words of congratulation on your condition. The state is marching on to improvement, and while reports do come to us occasionally of crimes, and they come from Milam county with the others, yet crime is not on the increase, but the increased facilities of morning papers, telegraphs and telephones bring them more frequently to our ears. I am told that by the next election this county will cast 5,000 votes, and the improved and growth of this county is but a type of what is going on throughout the state. We are in the habit of lauding our state for its size, its productions and its grandeur in all respects. We are all proud of it. In a few years she will number 5,000,000 inhabitants, and instead of 13 representatives will send 35 representatives to the legislature. I saw an editorial the other day headed "Division of the State." Is there one here who would be willing to see this great state divided? (Cries of "No, No!") I hope I will never live to see such an event happen. I do not believe there is a man so popular or so influential as to live in the affections of the people a single day if he expressed a wish to divide this great Empire State. We are one and

indivisible, united in sentiment, politics and all things. There are some who have been spouting about free grass, and quoting from that time-honored speech of Patrick Henry, which we all used to speak in our school-boy days, the sentence, "Give me liberty, or give me death," they have said "Give us free grass, or give us death." (Voice—They are grasshoppers.) Yes, they remind me of grasshoppers.

Educate your children, build school houses, and observe the laws. However hard and oppressive a law may seem, it is your duty as good citizens to render obedience. By these means you will raise worthy sons to succeed you, and should our boys ever be called on to fight, let them be certain that it is for the right and not for power.

THE NAVASOTA REUNION, JUNE 29, 1886.

Hood's Texas Brigade is the Pride of Texans. Captain F. B. Chilton's Stirring Appeal to His Comrades to Attend the Reunion at Navasota, will be Read with Interest and Feeling

"Comrades," writes Colonel Chilton with an eloquence that is admirable in its simplicity and strength, in touching reference to the brigade's war record, "no sublimer spectacle of fortitude, no grander example of loyalty to principle, nor nobler picture of unselfish patriotism and undying devotion to country was ever exhibited by human beings of this or any other earth. Only true and loyal soldiers of the living God ever equaled your devotion to the cause that you held so dear—the cause that was lost. The record you made then must live after you have gone, and it is for the furtherance of that purpose that I plead with every member of you to be at Navasota."

The brigade will be the guests of the town. The citizens' program provides for a great entertainment, the fame of which will long endure. There will be feasting and eloquence. Athenian oratory and Roman banqueting, and Grimes County will be remembered by those fortunate enough to be present as a land flowing with milk and honey and echoing with silver-tongued speech.

No one can doubt the Americanism of the South. But our patriotism is founded on loyalty to the South; the South of 1776, the South of 1812, the South of 1846, and the South of 1861, as well as the South of 1898. The memory of the great Civil War is a precious heritage. The Lost Cause left unimpaired the great principle of civil liberty for which the South contended. You may defeat a people, but you can not kill a principle. A principle is eternal, being part of the eternal law.

Therefore the veterans of the Confederacy, among whom Hood's Texas Brigade made for themselves an illustrious name, are held in honor. Their valor and self-sacrifice for their country are an inspiration and example for this and succeeding generations for all time.

Texas has not forgotten her dead who died for her on the battlefields of the Confederacy. The surviving veterans are venerable not only because of age and the weight of years, but also because of their achievements and endurance, their courage, wounds, and hardships bravely borne. The gathering of these old men honorable will be a notable occasion. The Navasota reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade will be a fitting assemblage of the old soldiers, a pleasure to them, and memorable exhibition to our young men of the glory of the gray.

THE PROCESSION.

The proceedings at the Opera House closed at 11 o'clock. After charming music by the band the procession formed on Washington Avenue, and marched to the barbecue ground in the following order:

Herb's Light Guard Band, of Houston; Bryan Rifles, commanded by Captain Tom McQueen; Navasota Guards, commanded by Captain James Wesson; Lee's Light Infantry, commanded by Captain Robert Harlock, Jr.; Governor Ireland and other distinguished visitors; members of Hood's Brigade, in carriages and buggies; citizens in buggies and on horseback and citizens on foot.

Thus formed the procession under charge of Grand Marshal Joe D. Baker and assistants moved up Washington Avenue to Railroad Street and turned in that thoroughfare. At this point the scene was grand and imposing. The measured tread of the marching military in perfect harmony with the sweet, inspiring strains of martial music, surrounded by prane-

ing steeds, gay paraphernalia, bright bayonets, glistening and glittering in the sunshine, augmented by the cheers and plaudits of thousands of patriots who thronged the wayside, vividly brought to mind involuntary visions of the terrible scenes through which the torn and shattered remnant of one of the bravest brigades that ever faced a foe had passed. Arriving at the grounds, ranks were broken and a rush made for the grandstand. In a few seconds all available space in and around it was occupied by those eager to hear the patriotic recitation by one of Navasota's loveliest daughters, Miss Julia Owen. In a firm, sweet voice, as clear and as distinct as the silvery notes of a tinkling bell, she impressively uttered the soul-thrilling sentiments contained in the beautiful poem, *"The Southern Soldier."* It touched the hearts of the old heroes and brought tears to many eyes. Following are the verses:

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

The war is passed; the weary march;
The charge upon the cannon's mouth,
Have left a remnant of the brave
Defenders of our lovely South.
And now that peace returns again,
With sacred olive-branch in hand
It is but mete that we should greet,
The brave defenders of our land.

Ye Southern soldier, tried and true,
With pride we dwell upon your fame;
Among earth's patriotic sons,
There is not writ a prouder name.
For while the foe from every land
Drew men and arms, Ye stood alone,
And hurled him back upon his track,
Like waves that strike a wall of stone.

Ye were not conquered; nor subdued;
But overpowered by foreign aid—
By Europe's nihilistic hordes,
To whom the price of blood was paid;
But had the North and South alone,
Unaided, fought the battle through
The Southern cause had won applause,
And victory remained with you.

But let it pass; a power divine
Directs the course of human weal.
And while our hearts do not repine,
For the "lost cause" we ever feel
A grateful pride in Southern hearts,
Who held, alone, the world at bay,
For twice two years thro' blood and tears,
A part of whom we greet today.

The cause for which you fought is just,
And sacred now as e'er before—
The right to govern our own affairs,
The foeman will deny no more.
For this you fought; for this alone,
Which in the union now is ours;
Instead of two, one flag we view,
And one—the disunited power.

Ye brave defenders of the South,
Who with our noble chieftain stood,
With hearty cheer we welcome you,
And drop a tear to Lee and Hood.
And now to our Confederate chief,
Three patriotic cheers we give;
The Southern heart gives him a part,
And long it prays our chief may live.

HON. GUSTAVE COOK

the orator of the day at 12 o'clock took the stand and delivered a magnificent address. His speech was a master effort, abounding with eloquence and sound reasoning, and was universally pronounced the strongest address ever delivered by that gentleman. From it we extract the following eloquent passages:

Men of Hood's Brigade! neither shall I pronounce any eulogy upon you, for already it is inscribed upon the memory of your countrymen. Moved by that patriotic spirit which alone makes free government possible, you answered the call of the State to which you owe allegiance, and turning away from the allurements of home and hearthstone, bared your good right arm for the strife. Shoulder to shoulder, and sustained by a sense of duty which admitted of no wavering doubt, you staked the forfeit of your lives, your fortunes and your sacred honor. I shall not follow your bleeding footprints, nor linger by the simple unmarked graves that marked your line of march from the seven days around Richmond to the going down of the sun at Appomattox. When the history of the war in Virginia is faithfully written, your children will read the matchless career of Hood's Brigade, and not until then can her eulogy be pronounced. It is not meet that I should rehearse now the deeds that emblazoned the name of "Hood's Brigade" upon the scroll of imperishable fame. The fierce memories of those sanguinary days must not be summoned to this glorious festival, where peace presides and good will to men prevails. We are not here to revive the horrors of war, but to cultivate the inestimable privileges of peace. Let the memory of your hardships and dangers in the past be appeased by the peaceful blessings of the present. This re-

splendant scene is far more grateful to the eye than all the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Forgetting all that is unpleasant in the past, devote yourselves to the glorious possibilities of the present. "Behold! how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; it is like the precious ointment that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard that went down to the skirts of his garment." In the providence of God we are again incorporated with the United States of North America. Whatever may have been our opinions heretofore as to its wisdom or desirability, it is an established fact which asserts itself and enforces its own recognition. It is the course of human events, directed by that mighty power which arrested Saul and said unto him: "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." It is a part of that divine economy in which there is no mistake, and it becomes us to reconcile our hearts and minds to the great fact, and, assuming it to be permanent, continue with a hearty good will the performance of our duties under it. The diligent, earnest and patriotic discharge of every duty, civil, social and religious, which we owe to our country and fellow-citizens of every section, will make us better men, better citizens and better Christians. It is an educational ordeal to which I am sure we are subjected for our common good. It will strengthen and prepare us morally and spiritually up the way that leads to ultimate perfection, which we believe to be the predestination of man. I have been singularly honored by Hood's Brigade, for this is the second time it has been my lot to deliver your annual address, and I may be pardoned for referring in this connection to what I have said on former occasion. It has been eight years since, but some things which I said to you then I would like to impress on you by repetition, for I do not flatter myself so much as to believe you have remembered them with much distinctness until today. *We have passed through the valley of the shadow of reconstruction, and while it is not necessary and neither is it becoming that we forget, it is the part of wisdom and duty, that we shall not cherish these recollections in sullen and angry resentment.* The course of human destiny has affiliated the South again with the North, and I come now to speak of our present and future duty, and to exhort you that you shall give heed. The war of shot and shell has long since ended, but the contest for liberty and free government has yet to be decided. The contest lies ahead of you, and you have but to profit by the great lesson you have been so providentially taught, to become not only the final victors in the contest, but the preservers of constitutional liberty in America. O! men of Texas; you have a mission, and I conjure you, as you love liberty, nerve your hearts and set your faces toward its accomplishment. Will you listen to me? Will you believe me? Shall I tell you what I told you eight years ago in order that I may convince you that it is no idle vagary which moves me to speak to you? If I repeat the forecast I then penned to you and you find it verified, will you believe? I know not how or why, but the vision is before me. I cannot believe

" 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
But coming events cast their shadows before."

And I do know that something inspires me to again spread the picture before you and warn you of the coming danger. Think of it, people of the South! people of the North! people everywhere! Reflect that the grandest and most hopeful experiment of free government is now on trial. Think that when despotism, by means of its precursors, tyranny, communism and anarchy shall have throttled our young America, the last and only champion of our popular government goes down, and answer if conservatism has its value, and if the South has her mission.

GOV. JOHN IRELAND

Followed Judge Cook in a grand speech. He was enthusiastically greeted by the vast audience which plainly indicated the warm place he occupies in the hearts of the people. His address was received with vociferous applause.

At the conclusion of Governor Ireland's speech, dinner was announced. Through the energy of Grand Marshal Baker, the members of the Brigade were the first to arrive at the tables and after them came the multitude. Provisions had been provided in abundance, and when eight thousand people had eaten all they wanted, enough was left for eight thousand more. Captain Dick Monroe deserves great credit for the excellent manner in which the barbecuing was done, and the noble ladies of Grimes County deserve equally as much credit for the delicious sweetmeats and other luxuries provided.

PROGRAMME RESUMED.

After a short recess for dinner and social converse the programme was resumed, by the introduction by Hon. Norman G. Kittrell of the pretty and intelligent Miss Nora Barry. Little Nora with her sweet voice touchingly

recited the "Conquered Banner," and by her charming delivery at once captured the hearts of the audience. She fully proved herself a worthy daughter of the brave soldier, Captain W. E. Barry. Hardly had the tender voice of Little Nora ceased to sound in the ears of the audience, when some big-hearted son of Grimes County sighted

MAJOR HANNIBAL BOONE

in the crowd. He yelled "Boone!" and the multitude took up the refrain. Boone hesitated, but it was no use. The people were overflowing with love and admiration for him and intended to hear him speak. He mounted the rostrum which was at once seized by a host of enthusiastic friends, and amid the deafening cheers of the thousand present, was borne on their shoulders a point a few yards from the grandstand.

He paid a glorious tribute to the noble mothers and daughters of the South, and closed with a flow of oratory as grand and patriotic as ever charmed an audience. His eloquent words brought forth cheer after cheer for the gallant Boone and other heroes of the Confederacy.

BOYS OF THE BRIGADE.

The 29th was certainly a field day for Grimes County. The presence in Navasota of the Governor, the reunion of the remnant of the gallant Hood's Brigade, and the abundant showers that cooled and moistened the parched earth, and added renewed vigor and freshness to the beautiful flowers and broad, green fields of growing corn and cotton, contributed largely towards making it such, but not entirely all. Old St. Peter went to sleep. The gates of heaven were left ajar, and angel babes came down with a falling star. Captain W. E. Barry, Colonel J. Q. Yarborough and Wm. Forrester were the happy men. The advent of the young rebels occurred on the eventful 29th—three bouncing boys. Young Barry will be known in the future as Hood Boone, in honor of the anniversary birthday of John B. Hood, and all that is left of the gallant Boone.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.
D. J. R.

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,
  True as the truest that wore it—
Brave as the bravest he marched away,
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay),
Triumphant waved our Flag one day,
  He fell in the front before it.
Firm as the firmest where duty led,
  He hurried without a falter;
Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
And the day was won, but the field was red,
And the blood of his fresh, young heart was
    shed
  On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle-plain,
  Where the foremost ranks had wrestled;
On his pale, pure face, not a mark of pain,
(His mother dreams they will meet again),
The fairest form amid all the slain,
  Like a child asleep, he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the woods that swept
  The field where his comrades had found him,
They buried him there, and the big tears crept
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept,
(His mother, God pity her! smiled and slept,
  Dreaming her arms were around him).

A grave in the woods, with the grass o'ergrown,
  A grave in the heart of his mother;
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
There is not a name, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the winds maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
  But his memory lives in the other.

REUNION AT AUSTIN, TEXAS, JUNE 27-28, 1887.

Hood's Veterans—The Old Brigade Meets in Annual Reunion—A Business Meeting Yesterday Morning, and a Barbecue at Barton Springs—Governors and Congressmen Speak Eloquently of the Days that Tried Men's Souls.

The remnants of the gallant brigade which, on the fields of Virginia, during the great war, won renown for themselves, and fixed the fame of Texan soldiery upon the highest pinnacle reached by any State in the struggle, met in this city yesterday in annual reunion. Hood's Texas Brigade—the synonym of dash and gallantry, the forefront of many a charge that won the day; the pride of Lee and Jackson and Longstreet; the love of Hood and Gregg and

Robertson—around the very name there clings the aroma of chivalry! Of 4,500 daring men who went into the thick of the shot and the shell, a tenth returned at the close of the struggle, and of these two-thirds have since passed over the river and joined their comrades and old commanders on the other side. Of the hundred who were here yesterday, empty sleeves, shattered limbs and weather-beaten faces attest the ravages that were wrought by the four years spent in the campaigns of Virginia. And dearer than all, the sight of the old veterans as they greeted one another, and as their eyes moistened when touching memories of the sorrowful past were raised, attested the sacredness with which they surrounded the occasion of their assembling.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

It was but a few minutes past 9 o'clock yesterday morning when the old soldiers, who had been assembling for an hour at Nagle's store on the avenue, formed in line, and, preceded by a brass band, marched to the capitol. Here there were already gathered a crowd of ladies and gentlemen. The veterans filed into representative hall, which was speedily filled. The Association was called to order by Major J. H. Littlefield, of Bryan, the Vice-President. Rev. Mr. Atkinson was introduced and offered a feeling invocation to the Throne of Grace. General A. S. Roberts, chairman of the local committee of arrangements, then introduced

HON. J. W. ROBERTSON,

Mayor of the city of Austin, who delivered an eloquent and touching address of welcome. Judge Robertson's address was as follows:

Soldiers of Hood's Brigade: I need not say to you that all the men, all the women and all the children of all nationalities, of all races, of all religions, of all political faiths, whether from North or South or foreign shore, who dwell in this city or who dwell in this country, unite in this welcome, this cordial welcome to the heroic survivors of Hood's Brigade. This demonstration is not intended as a mere token of hospitality and friendship. It means something more. It is a manifestation of the grateful affection, respect and esteem we have for the brave men whose heroism on the battlefield has secured for them and for the cause for which they fought an imperishable name. We tender you this testimony of our remembrance of the sacrifices you made as Confederate soldiers, of the dangers and perils you endured, and of the unfading lustre of your valor in the field.

A quarter of a century ago today, on the evening of June 27, 1862, Hood's Brigade moved up on the line of battle ready for action. To the right, along Powhite Creek, the combat raged with terrible fury, while the invincible columns of Stonewall Jackson were noiselessly but surely winding their way around to the right of the Federal army. The brigade advanced, led by that knightly chieftain, the brave and heroic John B. Hood. With steady tread and colors flying, and with the "rebel yell" rising above the flame and roar of battle, they charged upon the enemy, intrenched behind double lines of breastworks, supported by well served batteries, seized his guns and drove him from a stronghold he believed impregnable. The Federal line was pierced and broken by this determined and brilliant assault, and a general advance of the Confederate army swept the enemy from the field. Night came on and closed over the scene. The battle of Gaines' Mill had been fought and won. The sun went down on a bloody field and our flag floated, proud and victorious, while the friendly darkness covered the retreat of the defeated and flying enemy. Hood's Brigade, torn and bleeding from the terrible conflict, slept on the battlefield where its valor had gained immortal renown and hope, exultant, joyful hope rested upon the victorious banners of the young Confederacy.

The Federal army was defeated, but the battle was not decisive. The beaten army was rallied and was ready to renew the battle with the dawn of morning. It is a fact, an historic and indisputable fact, that in this great war, with more than twenty general engagements, and more than two thousand conflicts of arms, there was no battle fought with decisive results. True it is, that at Donelson and Vicksburg, and at other places, armies were surrendered, but the loss was too small, and the blow too insignificant to make any lasting impression on the final result. At Fredericksburg, Burnside was repulsed with appalling slaughter, but his army was not routed or seriously demoralized, and he stood ready to meet his enemy at any moment. The Federal army sustained an overwhelming defeat at Chickamauga, but it retired, gathered fresh strength behind its fortresses, and finally drove the Confederate forces from Missionary Ridge, and from the invincible fastness of Lookout Mountain. But the defeated Confederate army rallied, reorganized, and fought with brilliant and distinguished courage on many other historic battlefields.

At Shiloh the Confederates first won, then lost, a great battle, but the enemy was not able to give pursuit. Sharpsburg was a drawn battle, and so were the terrific engagements in the

Wilderness and at Spottsylvania. The great assault at Gettysburg, the grandest illustration of heroic courage that is recorded in the world's history, failed of success, and the assaulting column, nearly annihilated, was hurled back from Cemetery Hill with awful slaughter, terminating in a disaster such as no army, save the Army of Northern Virginia ever yet survived. Notwithstanding the utter defeat of the Confederate army, it sullenly retired across the Potomac unmolested. The enemy, though masters of the field, were appalled at the terrible shock they had received. They looked on in awe and wonder, while the bleeding remnants of the defeated Confederate army gathered about their colors, ready to obey any command of their beloved chieftain. History records but one Gettysburg. No other battle so determined and destructive has ever been fought.

At Nashville the half-starved and half-clad skeleton of the once magnificent Army of Tennessee was hopelessly defeated and driven from the field, routed and disorganized. In the dead of winter, barefooted, without clothes, without food, over the frozen ground, across the rivers and mountains, harassed at every step by a relentless enemy, this patriotic and heroic remnant of this brave and noble army, marched hundreds of miles, united with the army in North Carolina, and fought in the last battles with the same invincible courage and spirit that had given them distinction and fame in the earlier battles of the war.

In all the great engagements, unparallelled in their ferocity, the defeated army invariably rotired and reorganized, and prepared to renew the stuggle. As long as the immortal Lee had an army he could fight, and his worn and ragged followers did fight against a force that it was impossible for them to resist, until their great leader, encompassed by ruin on every side, halted his command at Appomattox, and the Army of Northern Virginia and the Confederacy for which we had fought through four eventful and bloody years, with all their achievements and mighty memories, passed into history. The actors disappeared from the stage and the curtain of darkness shadowed the land.

But even this final overthrow was not the result of battle. It was a surrender to an overwhelming and invincible force. It was the supremacy of might and power.

In other wars, in Europe and elsewhere, a great battle has generally determined the result. It was so at Waterloo, and effectually so at Sebastopol, at Sedan, and at Plevna.

The percentage of killed and wounded in the battles of the Confederate war far surpasses the losses in battles between European armies. In the battles of Napoleon, and in the wars of later times, the losses in killed and wounded did not exceed 12 per cent. The records show that the average loss in our great struggle was more than 30 per cent. In some of the most desperate encounters the losses reached 40 and in some instances even 50 per cent. of the forces engaged. These terrible losses were not confined to one battlefield. It is true of Shiloh, Chickamauga and other battles in the West, and it is true of Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, second Manassas, Chancellorsville, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, not to mention many other important and well-contested engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia. How shall we account for this fact in our history? How could it be that in a four years' war between the two sections of a country, arrayed in the most destructive and bloody contest of arms that has ever occurred upon this earth, that no decisive battle should be fought? Why is the percentage of the loss in our war three times as great as in the battles that have settled the destinies of Europe? I answer that it was the private soldier, the blood and courage of the private soldiers that made this result. It was the American soldier against the American soldier. It was Saxon blood against Saxon blood, and that blood never leaves a battlefield unless crushed and overwhelmed by a superior force. The reason of this statistical and historical fact is found in the character of our citizen soldiery. It was independent manhood, born and bred under the institutions of a free government, and trained by intelligent discipline. The common soldier was led by patriotic motives. He was devoted to principle, and he fought for principle. The world has never before witnessed such prolonged and determined devotion of a people to a cause. No such armies, composed of such material and led by such officers, ever before met in a battle. If a division was broken, they would fight by brigades. If brigades broke, the regiments would fight alone. And if the regiment was disorganized and routed, every man fought on his own account. Always seeking cover, the retreating soldier would send the deadly bullet in the bosom of his advancing enemy from every rock and tree that lay in his path. He could be overcome and driven off, but he was never demoralized and was always ready for a fight. Such patient and heroic sacrifice, such endurance and such splendid courage, had never been witnessed before. The records of this war form the surest and truest test of American manhood. It presents the grandest realization of the success of free government,

and of the power of personal liberty in the development of the citizen, and the splendid prowess of his manhood. Such soldiers can only be found where the influence of free institutions exist. They draw their inspiration from a knowledge and appreciation of the duties of a citizen of a free republic. The character of the soldier rests on his independent manhood. Our soldiers were not bought by bounties. They were not mercenary, nor did they fight for plunder or reward. They were not forced into the army. They were volunteers who fought, bled and died for what they believed to be right. This is the character of the men that bore the Confederate flag in a hundred battles, and gave to history and to the world the splendid example of their devotion to duty, and of their unfaltering courage in every danger.

In all the records of this great war and in the many events and incidents of the battles that were fought, there will be found no grander act, no prouder achievement of human valor, than in the retaking and holding of the "bloody angle" at Spottsylvania, by Hood's and other brigades. There is nothing in authentic history, there is nothing in tradition or fiction—not even in the ride of the Six Hundred at Balaklava—that can equal, much less surpass, the grandeur of the courage of the men who retook and held the "bloody angle." It was the most desperate, the bloodiest, encounter of the war. Hood's Brigade, under the immediate eye of the great commander, charged upon a defiant and victorious foe of five times their number, drove him out of the greater part of the works he had surprised and captured, and held their position thoughout the day and night until trees were cut down by bullets, until the ground ran red with rivulets of blood and until the dead were piled up in heaps. The sun in his course has never looked down on a scene so awful in blood and death. It was a voluntary sacrificial offering of their lives on the altar of their country to save a battle about to be lost. And it was saved. All honor to the memory of the heroic dead, who poured out their life-blood in the "bloody angle" as a libation to liberty and to save a great army from ruin and defeat. They sleep the eternal sleep of death on the field where they fell.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck this hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a fairer sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
And dwell a weeping hermit there."

Again, permit me to convey to the veterans of Hood's Brigade renewed assurances of the most hearty and cordial welcome to this city; and, again to extend to you, individually, and as a body, the unlimited freedom of the city so long as you shall remain as our honored guests.

The band at the conclusion of the address played "Dixie" in a spirited manner, and brought a round of applause from the audience.

BARTON SPRINGS,

the place where the fatted ox had been slain and put upon the spit. By 12 o'clock the town had been well nigh deserted, and the pecan grove at the spring was spreading its shade upon a crowd that approximated close to 5,000 men, women and children. The Austin Greys and the Granite Rifles attended in full uniform and gave an exhibition drill which was much admired, but in addition to this they threw themselves into the breach for guard duty around the tables, and did effective service in keeping back the crowds. Considering that the Granites are a visiting company to the city, and that with the Greys they were especially invited guests on the grounds, this gallant conduct on their part deserves particular and cordial mention.

ON THE GROUNDS.

After the bulk of the crowd had assembled and the ladies, of whom there was a small army, had found seats on the hill sides, under the shade of the pecans, the battery of speakers began to open, and heavy firing continued through the whole of the engagement.

HON. JOSEPH D. SAYERS,

member of Congress from this district, was first introduced and delivered the historical and eloquent address that is reported below. Major Sayers said:—

Again have you assembled, not only to renew those associations and friendships which had their origin amid scenes of so interesting a character, but also to recall the memories of those comrades whose lot it was to yield up their lives in battle, or upon the march, or in the camp, or in thickly crowded hospitals, or within prison walls.

You, therefore, have a two-fold duty to perform today—the one to yourselves, the other to

your dead—and I am quite sure that the discharge of this duty will be both pleasant and profitable.

The friendships of unadventurous lives are of too soft a clay. They are quickly formed, and are as quickly broken. They germinate and bloom into full maturity before the midday, "but 'ere the shades of evening close they are scattered on the ground to die."

Personal selfishness and individual greed do their work, and they do it rapidly, easily and effectually, making the sworn friends of today to become the bitter enemies of tomorrow.

> Too often is friendship but a name,
> A charm that lulls to sleep;
> A shade that follows wealth and fame,
> And leaves the wretch to weep.

But not so with the love of the soldier for his fellow. The ties which spring from a common danger, and which are strengthened and cemented by close companionship in privation and suffering, are too strong to be easily sundered, and too sacred to be soon forgotten. They are as enduring as the heavens themselves, and they proudly defy time, distance, and every circumstance of life .

Yes, survivors of Hood's Brigade, those who fell in the prime of their manhood's strength, at Eltham's Landing, or at the Seven Pines, or at Gaines' Mill, or on Malvern Hill, at Freeman's Ford, or at Manassas, or on Chickamauga's heights, or at Gettysburg, or at Sharpsburg, and those whose souls went out amid the expiring agonies of the Confederacy in the deep gloom of the Wilderness—though they have long since fallen—are with you today. In truth—

> Their faces do look upon you,
> Their forms go trooping past.

And those battle flags of yours, I do not see them today. Where are they? If they be at the capitol as trophies of Federal prowess let them there remain, unsoiled by the dust of ages and untouched by the ravages of time, eternal monuments of Texan valor. Aye, let them remain there with the history which they have made—a history which will not fail to touch the hearts and fire the souls of all who admire dauntless courage and unshaken fortitude in the hour of peril and of suffering. There were many thousands called from the mountains and the valleys, from the plains and the woodlands of the South to stand guard around the capital of the newly-born Confederacy, but of them all no troops crowned themselves with a more imperishable halo of glory than those three regiments who, there and so often, did battle for the honor of Texas and for the independence of their country. Truly were they the fit representatives of the Lone Star State—the worthy successors of those who fell so gloriously at the Alamo, and who fought so brilliantly at San Jacinto.

Theirs was a proud duty, and proudly was that duty performed.

When they turned their faces homeward; a bare remnant of near 4,000 stalwart men, they brought with them, as a trophy, richer and more beautiful than ever victorious soldier placed in the hand of beauty, the consolation that they had faithfully and fearlessly responded to every call that had been made upon them.

No danger had been so great as to make them afraid; no privation so severe as to cause them to falter; and no adversity so bitter as to render them despondent.

From the beginning to the end of that great struggle—whether upon the advance or upon the retreat, amid the shock of battle or in the bivouac, naked or clad, barefoot or shod, parched by summer heat or shivering beneath the cold of an almost Northern winter, rejoicing in victory or defiant in defeat, they were, at all times and at all places, true to the troth which they had plighted—the favorites of Hood; and Longstreet and Jackson and Lee never called to them in vain.

Beginning at Eltham's Landing, they then and there entered upon that career of glory which they so gallantly followed through every peril and through every privation, until the coming of that hour when he, whom they loved so well, bade them fight no more.

But, let us take a brief and hurried glance at some of the memorable scenes through which you were called upon to pass.

Says Major-General Gustavus W. Smith, who commanded at Eltham's Landing, in his report of that affair: "All the troops engaged showed the finest spirit, were under perfect control and behaved admirably. The brunt of the contest was borne by the Texans, and to them is due the largest share of the day at Eltham." And we have it from a Federal general, that, had it not been for the enemy's gunboats, this would have been another Bull Run affair.

Here the First Texas lost more than two-thirds of all who fell upon the Confederate side, among the killed being Lieutenant-Colonel Black.

Though greatly superior in numbers, the enemy was driven to seek the protection of his gunboats, and the retirement of the Confederates from Yorktown out of the Peninsula was safely accomplished.

Their route led them along and close by a deep navigable river, filled with vessels of war,

gunboats and transports of the enemy, and connected with the line of march, at almost every mile, by good lateral roads leading to favorable landings."

But this engagement, though important and successful, was but as a skirmish when compared with the heavy and sanguinary battles in which the brigade was to bear so prominent and so honorable a part.

Richmond was become an almost beleaguered city, and the Federal commander was concentrating his troops preparatory to a general battle, which, he confidently predicted, would result in the abandonment of the capital. A distance of only four miles intervened between the left wing of his army and the goal of his ambition. But that distance he was destined never to pass. It is unnecessary for me to enter into details as to the engagement of May 31 and June 1, 1862, known as the battle of the Seven Pines.

The brigade was placed in the left wing of the army. General Longstreet, who commanded upon the right, being in need of more troops—using the language of Major General Smith, who was in charge of the left wing—the brigade moved, under orders and in double quick time, through the mud and water, underbrush, and other difficulties of the ground, to his assistance, driving in the advance pickets of the enemy upon their support, and taking and passing their camp with scarcely a perceptible halt or notice, only anxious to find the enemy in force, who were still making resistance in front of Longstreet and Hill."

"But, dark coming on," says General Smith, "there is no reason to doubt that Hood's Brigade of Texans upon the right and Griffith's of Mississippians on the left, supported by the brigade of General Semmes, would have enabled us, in one more short hour of daylight, to drive the enemy into the swamps of the Chickahominy. As it was, darkness compelled us to relinquish an unfinished task, and the troops were withdrawn from the wooded swamp immediately in contact with the enemy and bivouacked in the open field within musket range of their strong, defensive position."

As at Eltham's Landing, so at the Seven Pines do we find the brigade in the front and eager to establish a reputation for those high soldierly qualities, which they were to so often and so abundantly demonstrate upon many a hard fought field before the final fall of the Confederacy. A most difficult and a most dangerous task it was to accomplish, but the character of the task was well understood and fully appreciated, and every man, with scarcely an exception, prepared himself to meet the issue.

THE BATTLE OF GAINES' FARM.

We now come to a most critical period in the early history of the Confederacy. The Federals were moving upon the capital by slow approaches, strongly and securely fortifying themselves at every step of their advance.

Excluding the troops of McDowell, which were in the valley, they who stood in close proximity to Richmond and were under McClellan's immediate command, numbered full one hundred and fifteen thousand fighting men, exceeding the Confederates opposed to them by about thirty-five thousand. To the practiced eye of Lee it appeared that something should be done, and that, too, quickly and effectually, if Richmond would be saved.

The enemy's left was too strongly protected to be successfully assaulted, and with a skill not inferior to that of the great Napoleon, he planned and executed a movement which led to the overwhelming defeat of the enemy, to the abandonment of the lines which he had been so long forming and so laboriously protecting by every device known to modern warfare, ending in a precipitate retreat, with heavy loss of men and munitions of war, to his gunboats upon the James. My purpose, however, is to call your attention to the conduct of the Texas Brigade on that great occasion. Great things were to be done; let us see who did them. Attached to the immediate command of Jackson himself, the brigade bore its part, during the seven days' battle, in a manner worthy the reputation it had already achieved; worthy the great state of whom it was the sole representative in that grand army; and worthy the illustrious soldier, under whose leadership it was, for the time being, placed.

Desiring to avoid every appearance of exaggeration, and anxious to present the facts to you as they occurred, I shall speak to you in the language of the commanding general—Robert E. Lee.

In his report of the seven days' battle, he says:

"His," (Longstreet's) "column was quickly formed near the open ground, and as his preparations were completed Jackson arrived, and his right division, that of Whiting, took position on the left of Longstreet.

* * * * * * * *

"The line being now complete, a general advance from right to left was ordered. On the right the troops moved forward with steadiness, unchecked by the terrible fire from the triple lines of infantry on the hill, and the cannon on both sides of the river, which burst upon them as they emerged upon the plain. The dead and wounded marked the way of their intrepid ad-

vance, the brave Texans leading, closely followed by their no less daring comrades. The enemy were driven from the ravine to the first line of breastworks, over which our impetuous column dashed up to the intrenchments on the crest. These were quickly stormed, fourteen pieces of artillery captured, and the enemy driven into the field beyond. Fresh troops came to his support, and he endeavored repeatedly to rally, but in vain. He was forced back with great slaughter until he reached the woods on the banks of the Chickahominy, and night put an end to the pursuit. Long lines of dead and wounded marked each stand made by the enemy in his stubborn resistance, and the field over which he retreated was strewn with the slain.

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"Our troops remained in undisturbed possession of the field, covered with the Federal dead and wounded, and their broken forces fled to the river or wandered through the woods."

And Brigadier-General Whiting, the division commander, thus graphically writes of his troops in this engagement:

"The field where we entered it was about the head of the ravine, which covered the enemy's left near the main road, a deep and steep chasm dividing the bluffs of the Chickahominy. On the left side of this, as we fronted, General Hood put forward the First Texas and Hampton's Legion. Men were leaving the field in every direction and in great disorder; two regiments, one from South Carolina and one from Louisiana, were actually marching back from the fire. The First Texas was ordered to go over them or through them, which they did; the remaining Texas regiments were rapidly advanced, forming line on the right of the ravine, and the Third Brigade on their right, and, pressing on, the whole line came under the enemy's fire.

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"The Texans had now come up and joined line on the left, when the word was given to charge, and the whole line * * * charged the ravine with a yell, General Hood and Colonel Law gallantly heading their men. At the bottom ran a deep and difficult branch, with scarped sides, answering admirably as a ditch. Over against this was a strong log breastwork, heavily manned; above this, near the crest, another breastwork, supported by well-served batteries and a heavy force of infantry, the steep slope, clad with an open growth of timber, concealing the enemy, but affording full view of our movements.

"Spite of these terrible obstacles, over ditch and breastwork, hills, batteries and infantry, the division swept, routing the enemy from their stronghold.

"Many pieces of artillery were taken (fourteen in all) and nearly a whole regiment of the enemy. These prisoners were turned over by Col. J. B. Robertson, Fifth Texas, to Brigadier-General Pryor, or some of his staff. The enemy continued to fight in retreat, with stubborn resistance, and it soon appeared that we had to do with his best troops. * * * * In the meantime my division continued steadily to advance, though suffering terribly, until night found them completely across the plateau and beyond the battlefield. * * * The battle was very severe, hotly contested and gallantly won. I take pleasure in calling special attention to the Fourth Texas regiment, which, led by Brigadier-General Hood, was the first to break the enemy's line and enter his works. Its brave old Colonel (Marshall) fell early in the charge, on the hither side of the ravine. The stubborn resistance maintained all the day faltered from that moment, and the day was gained. * * * So closed the battle of Gaines' Mill, the troops sleeping on their arms in the position so hardly won."

This is the testimony of Lee and of Whiting as to the severity of the battle, and as to the conduct of the Texas Brigade, and this testimony is upon record to be read and admired by all men.

In this engagement the Fourth Texas enjoys the proud though melancholy distinction of having lost more men, killed and wounded, than any other regiment of the eighty thousand who fought beneath the Confederate banner in any of the seven days' battles.

And here the career of the brigade might have ended, and the pages of history cease to bear witness to the unparalleled courage which it afterward displayed on many a stricken field, and yet its more than knightly bearing at Gaines' Farm, and just twenty-five years ago from this very day, would well entitle it to a place, side by side, with those heroes who have made themselves immortal, and whose deeds will dwell in the memory of man forever and forever.

MANASSAS, AUGUST 29 AND 30, 1862.

Active operations upon James river having been discontinued by the enemy, it was thought that Richmond could be best defended by an energetic campaign against General Pope, whose forces were upon the Rapidan, with General Jackson in close proximity.

Longstreet's troops, among which was the Texas Brigade, were pushed forward to Jackson's assistance. The two forces combined did not exceed 54,000 men, while the strength of the Federals, under Pope, was not less than 73,000.

By a series of movements, no less successful than skillful, General Lee forced the second battle of Manassas and almost destroyed his enemy, though there was another Federal army, equal in numbers to his own, near Alexandria and Washington, and within one day's forced march of the battlefield. These movements culminated in a general engagement with Pope on the plains of Manassas, which resulted in a complete victory for the Confederates.

Here we again see the Texas Brigade fully maintaining the reputation it had already acquired. At a most critical moment Longstreet's forces moved forward to a general attack, and, by their headlong courage, decided the issue. In his official report that general says:

"My whole line was rushed forward at a charge. The troops sprang to their work and moved forward with all the steadiness and firmness that characterizes war-worn veterans. * * * * The attack was led by Hood's Brigade, closely supported by Evans. * * * * The attacking columns moved steadily forward, driving the enemy from his different positions as rapidly as he took them. * * * The battle continued until 10 o'clock at night, when utter darkness put a stop to our progress. The enemy made his escape across Bull Run before daylight. Three batteries, a large number of prisoners, many stands of regimental colors, and 12,000 stands of arms, besides wagons, ambulances, etc., were taken."

In this engagement the Fifth Texas lost very heavily, indeed, its list of killed and wounded greatly exceeding that of any other regiment upon the Confederate side.

GETTYSBURG.

Whenever and wherever disaster follows instead of success, and especially if it be serious and unexpected, severe, and oftentimes unjust, criticism is awakened. With the policy and the result of this engagement, however, we have nothing to do today.

It is only of the Texas Brigade that I would speak. From the most reliable authority we learn that the strength of the Confederate army in the Gettysbug campaign at no time exceeded fifty-eight thousand, while the Federals in the engagement at Gettysburg not only numbered fully ninety-five thousand, but acted entirely on the defensive, occupying almost impregnable positions. In the approach of the former to the field of battle the brigade was the rear one of Longstreet's corps, but it was hurried forward in advance of those ahead to its designated place in the line of battle, which was upon the extreme right. As usual, Hood's Brigade led in the attack.

Of this assault, General Longstreet, than whom no more intrepid commander ever led soldiers to battle, says: "Then was fairly commenced what I do not hesitate to pronounce the best three hours' fighting ever done by any troops on any battlefield. Directly in front of us, occupying the peach orchard on a piece of elevated ground that General Lee desired me to take and hold for his artillery, was the third corps of the Federals, commanded by General Sickles. My men charged with great spirit and dislodged the Federals from the peach orchard with but little delay, though they fought stubbornly. We were then upon the crest of Seminary Ridge. The artillery was brought forward and put into position at the peach orchard.

The infantry swept down the slope and soon reached the marshy ground that lay between Seminary and Cemetery ridges, fighting their way over every foot of ground and against overwhelming odds; at every step we found that reinforcements were pouring into the Federals from every side.

"Nothing could stop my men, however, and they commenced their heroic charge up the side of Cemetery Ridge. Our attack was to progress in the general direction of the Emmettsburg road, but the Federal troops, as they were forced from point to point, availing themselves of the stone fences and boulders near the mountain as rallying points, so annoyed our right flank that General Hood's division was obliged to make a partial change of front so as to relieve itself of this galling flank fire.

"Still the battle continued to progress. The situation was a critical one. My corps had been fighting over an hour, having encountered and driven back line after line of the enemy. In front of them was a high and ragged ridge; on its crest the bulk of the army of the Potomac, numbering six to one, and securely resting behind strong positions. My brave fellows never hesitated, however. Their duty was in front of them and they met it.

"They charged up the hill in splendid style, sweeping everything before them, dislodging the enemy in the face of a withering fire. When they had fairly started up the second ridge, I discovered that they were suffering terribly from a fire that swept over their right and left flanks. I also found that my left flank was not protected by the brigades that were to move echelon with it. McLaw's line was consequently spread out to the left to protect its flank, and Hood's line was extended to the right to protect its flank from the sweeping fire of the large bodies of troops that were posted on Round Top.

"These two movements of extension so drew

my forces out that I found myself attacking Cemetery Hill with a single line of battle against not less than fifty thousand troops.

"My two divisions at that time were cut down to eight or nine thousand men, four thousand having been killed or wounded.

"We felt at every stroke fresh troops—the sturdy regular blow that tells a soldier instantly that he has encountered reserves or reinforcements. We received no support at all, and there was no evidence of co-operation on any side. To urge my men forward under these circumstances would have been madness, and I withdrew them in good order to the peach orchard that we had taken from the Federals early in the afternoon.

"Our men had no thought of retreat. They broke every line they encountered. When the order to withdraw was given a courier was sent to General Lee informing him of the result of the day's work.

"I am satisfied that my force, numbering hardly thirteen thousand men, encountered during that three and one-half hours of bloody work not less than sixty-five thousand of the Federals, and yet their charge was not checked nor their line broken until we ordered them to withdraw.

"General Meade himself testifies that the Third, the Second, the Fifth, the Sixth and the Eleventh corps, all of the Twelfth corps, except one brigade, and a part of the First corps engaged my handful of heroes during that glorious but disastrous afternoon.

"I found that night that 4,529 of the men, more than one-third of their total number, had been left on the field. History records no parallel to the fight made by these two divisions on July 2nd at Gettysburg."

Such is the picture drawn by Longstreet, the MacDonald of the Confederate army, of this terrible assault. And the picture is not overdrawn. Alas, it is only too true. Federal and Confederate alike speak of the fearful conflict and of its fearful terribleness. Even at this date the cheeks blanch and the heart refuses to pulsate as the mind endeavors to take in the awfulness of that bloody scene.

And during that summer afternoon, amid the carnage of Seminary and Cemetery Ridges, where were those gallant Texans? What part did that small band of heroes play in the fearful drama that was being then enacted?

The roll was called that night, and fully one-half of those who had answered to their names in the morning of that day were laying, wounded or dead, upon the field. All honor to those who fought, to those who fell, to those who survived.

Cemetery and Seminary Ridges! Field of Gettysburg! Of all who stood upon your crests —of all who climbed your rugged sides on that eventful day, none braver fought or died than they of Hood's Brigade.

And who will write the story of that summer afternoon? And who will sing its song?

Nay; tell it as you may,
It never can be told,
And sing it as you will,
It never can be sung.
Leader of the men in gray!
Chieftain—truest of the true—
Write the story as you may,
And you did; but even you,
With your pen, could never write
Half the story of that day,
And you have failed,
As failed our men in gray.

THE WILDERNESS.

The lifeblood of the Confederacy was fast ebbing away. Everything that mortal man could conceive or do had been devised and performed. Our resources, in men and supplies, were rapidly and steadily failing, while those of the enemy were being increased almost every hour. The official register of both armies shows that when the Battle of the Wilderness was fought, Grant had, under his immediate command, one hundred and forty-one thousand fighting men well drilled and abundantly provided with supplies of every character. To this formidable army, Lee stood opposed with an army of but sixty-three thousand, nine hundred and eighty-one men, and they almost exhausted by a continuous struggle of nearly three years, and but poorly and scantily provided with provisions, clothing and munitions of war. Truly was the conflict unequal, but even here and under such untoward circumstances did the Confederate soldier maintain the reputation which he had already achieved. The Texas Brigade had returned from the bloody field of Chickamauga, and from the arduous campaign that followed, to the scene of its early operations and to their old commander. It had returned with fresh laurels added to the chaplet of fame, which it had garlanded for itself whenever and wherever it had been called into action. It still maintained its haughty bearing amidst all the misfortunes that were thickly clustering around and about the cause which it loved so well, and to which it had plighted its life, its fortune and its honor. And here again was it to demonstrate its just title to that renown which had become known to the whole civilized world. And it was here that evidence was to be furnished anew of its undying attachment to their great chieftain, by an act which has no parallel in the

military annals of any other people. It will go down to history as one of the most peculiar and the most affecting incidents of the great Civil war. I can best give it to you in the language of an eye-witness—himself a most distinguished Virginian:—

"Heth's and Wilcox's divisions of A. P. Hill's corps being hard pressed by the superior numbers of Hancock's corps, General Lee sent an aide to hasten the march of Longstreet's divisions.

"These came the last mile and a half at double-quick, in parallel columns, along the plank road, the Texas Brigade in front. General Longstreet rode forward with that imperturable coolness, which always characterized him in times of perilous action, and began to put them in position on the right and left of the road. His men came to the front of disordered battle with a steadiness unexampled even among veterans, and with an elan which presaged restoration of our battle and certain victory.

"When they arrived, the bullets of the enemy on our right flank had begun to sweep the field in the rear of the artillery pits on the left of the road, where General Lee was giving directions and assisting General Hill in rallying and reforming his troops.

"It was here that the incident of Lee's charge with Gregg's Texas Brigade occurred. The Texans cheered lustily as their line of battle, coming up in splendid style, passed by Wilcox's disordered columns, and swept across our artillery pit and its adjacent breastworks.

"Much moved by the greeting of these brave men and their magnificent behavior, General Lee spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches, and followed close on their line as it moved rapidly forward. The men did not perceive that he was going with them until they had advanced some distance in the charge; when they did, there came from the entire line, as it rushed on, the cry: 'Go back, General Lee, go back!' A sergeant seized his bridle rein; the gallant General Gregg, (who laid down his life on the 9th of October, almost in General Lee's presence, in a desperate charge of his brigade on the enemy's lines in the rear of Fort Harrison), turning his horse toward General Lee, remonstrated with him.

"Just then I called his attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been seeking, and who sat on his horse on a knoll to the right of the Texans, directing the attack of his divisions.

"He yielded with evident reluctance to the entreaties of his men, and rode up to Longstreet's position.

"I need not say the Texans went forward in their charge and did well their duty.

"They were 800 strong and lost half their number killed and wounded on that bloody day.

"The battle was soon restored, and the enemy driven back to their position of the night before."

What a scene have we here? What visions does it conjure up?

Amidst the dense woods and almost impenetrable undergrowth of the Wilderness—on that May morning—amidst the shock and havoc of battle—shell and canister and grape, and the deadly rifle bullet bursting and driving and screaming, the brigade preparing for the charge, unmindful of itself, but careful of its beloved chieftain—the ragged sergeant with his hand upon the rein of the commanding general.

My friends, when yonder capitol shall have been completed in all of its splendid proportions—magnificent and worthy of the greatness of Texas, as it will be—yet two things additional must be done to insure the completeness of the whole—the one, a painting, drawn by a master hand, must be hung in a most prominent place upon its walls, representing Lee at the Wilderness. The other, a lofty monument of the purest marble—standing in the front—to be seen by all men, and inscibed thereon the words, *"Hood's Brigade—Always in the Advance."* Future generations will gaze, with increasing delight, upon that painting, and will ponder upon Lee and the Wilderness and the May of 1864; and therefrom draw, in plenteous abundance, the glorious inspiration of that scene. Truly—

Seasons have passed since that day and year;
Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest,
Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the Rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed and the cannon are dumb;
And Fate with pitiless hand has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The gray bearded man in the black slouch hat.

And the inscription on that lofty monument in front of the capital—*"Always in the Advance"*—What a world of meaning does it involve! What a lesson will it teach to those who shall come after us!

Always in the advance—in peace or in war—in whatever affects the prosperity or the happi-

ness of the people—in whatever shall redound to the welfare of humanity—an expression—full to the overflowing with the sentiment of high nobility—lofty courage—earnest devotion—and unruffled patience! An expression made immortal by Hood's Brigade.

But I must be done. And yet, how feebly have I executed the task assigned me on this occasion! An hundredth part of the wondrous story of Hood's Brigade has not been told.

To others more competent than myself do I leave the bloody fields of Malvern Hill, Freeman's Ford, Boonsborough Gap, Sharpsburg, Chickamauga, Siege of Knoxville, Spottsylvania and Appomattox, at all of which you, survivors of Hood's Brigade, and your comrades, did your duty, your full duty, and more than your full duty. You stood watch and guard around the cradle of the Confederacy, and you were present when it was consigned to the slumbers of eternal rest.

You stood courageously and steadfastly beneath the folds of its flag from the very hour of your enlistment until it ceased to be the emblem of a people struggling for their independence. In victory and in defeat, on the field and in the camp, amidst snow and ice, as beneath midsummer suns, in sickness and in health, you were at all times, and under every variety of circumstances, faithful, patient and brave. Of all who were with you, full four thousand, from first to last, only a handful survived the war, and fewer remain today.

I rejoice to speak it—your course since the termination of that great conflict, in which you played so conspicuous and so honorable a part, has been worthy the loftiness of your military career. Nothing more can I say, here and now, than to commend you and yours, and those kindred who yet survive your dead comrades-in-arms, to the eternal keeping of Him who doeth all things well, and in the hollow of whose hands rest the destinies of nations as of individuals.

CONGRESSMAN (MAJOR W. H.) MARTIN.

Major Martin, of Athens, Texas, the successor to Judge Reagan in the fiftieth Congress, hasn't worn his newly won honors long enough for his old comrades to cease calling him "Howdy Bill," and it isn't very likely, to look at him, that he will ever care to have them do so. He is tall, angular and ugly, but he is brave, gallant, and shows in his face and in his homely but hearty manner, that he has a big heart inside of his vest buttons, and that he loves the men who fought 'long side of him for four years, there can be no doubt. When Gov. Lubbock introduced Major Martin, there was a degree of applause that would have been classed as a Texas yell, only the presence of the ladies softened the tones somewhat. Major Martin made no set speech, but he noted the day as the anniversary of the fight at Gaines' Mill when McClellan's line before Richmond was broken. He eulogized the memory of Hood, who was the idol of his command, and he said that the welcome to the survivors of the old brigade, this day given, was a tribute to the memory of their old commander and as such it was received and would be cherished. He dwelt upon incidents in the history of the old brigade. One, especially—when, at 4 o'clock on the evening of the 27th of June, 1862, Hood rode through the lines cheering his men and telling them that "we'll whip 'em yet," (this in the heat of the battle). The men of this brigade were loved, he said, by Hood, Lee and Jackson, and all unite in saying that on that day Texas broke the line of the enemy and saved the capitol of the Confederacy. Texans went there representing the heroism of Goliad and the Alamo and to represent Texas, and the glory that was won is freely given to Texas. The speaker then dwelt upon the battle of Gettysburg, where, in the council of generals, held before the fight, Hood dissented from the others of Lee's commanders, and even asked permission of Lee to change the programme; how he obeyed the order of battle, and in the heat of the fight, when his arm was shot away, he cried: "I have lost my arm and I will lose my brigade, which will hurt me most." As these words rang out Major Martin opened a bundle before him and drew out a faded military coat, one sleeve torn away, buttons off, and braids worn and tarnished. This was the coat that was worn by Hood at Gettysburg when the shot struck him that cut away his arm, and caused the heroic remark that has been given. The scene was a dramatic one. The old Confederate uniform, with its front splotched with blood stains and its missing sleeve giving mute evidence of the sacrifice that had been offered, caused the veterans to crowd around the platform. Tears fell from the eyes of gray-haired men, and they sacredly touched the garment, some even kissing it and clasping it to their breasts. It was a touching sight, bringing up, as it did, memories of a day that is sacred to them all.

Major Martin closed with an eloquent eulogy upon the brave soldiers everywhere, and after displaying a relic of second Manassas in the shape of a Zouave cup, picked up on the Federal side of the field, gave way for an announcement of—

"DINNER!"

The order to march to the table was then given, and the crowd was brigaded as follows: Ladies with the old soldiers; the old soldiers

next; then lady visitors and lastly the general crowd. Three long tables were spread and there were 2,500 plates upon them. These were twice filled or nearly so and everybody, even to the smallest urchin on the ground, was given all that was demanded, and still there was left over the traditional twelve baskets, full of fine barbecued meat. If there was a person on the ground who failed of getting all to eat of that provided, it was not the fault of the managers. The food was there—there in abundance, well cooked and well provided. The order maintained was excellent, thanks to the officers who attended to the matter.

AFTER DINNER.

Returning to the grand stand the band discoursed a number of airs for awhile, and Governor Ross was then introduced. He spoke just in the manner to please the old soldiers, interlarding his remarks with anecdotes and pleasant stories. The governor said:—

Ladies, Comrades and Friends:—It would have suited me much better to have played the part of a listener, rather than a speaker, upon this occasion. But I cannot refuse to express the gratification that it is my good fortune to be present at this grand annual reunion of these old veterans of Hood's Brigade, and join this vast multitude, coming from every section of our state, giving themselves up to the spirit of the occasion with such hearty pleasure and energy, which, together with the ample preparations made of everything which a large hearted hospitality and unstinted generosity could suggest, to accord to you a joyous reception, conspire to fill our hearts with the most pleasurable emotions, and furnish a presage and pledge of rich social enjoyments. It was not my fortune to be a member of your grand old brigade, but in the delightful fellowship of these old Confederates, bound together by the mystic ties which trials engender, passing through the same ordeal, inspired by the same hopes, and animated by the same sentiments, I felt sure of meeting a look and grasping a hand which would respond in sympathy with my own. I rejoice to meet the remnant of this old brigade under such different circumstances, and surrounded by such favorable auspices, illustrating so forcibly the contrasts between the horrors of war and the sweets of peace. When old comrades in arms have come up from their peaceful homes with buoyant feeling and pulse-stirring anticipations to recite to each other the vivid and heart-thrilling incidents of the struggle, while these people animated by the auspices of your fame, have gathered here to greet your presence and joy in it by extending you a fit and noble welcome, and thus refute an unjust imputation that republics are always ungrateful to their benefactors, it would be strange, indeed, if this gathering of the old Confederate clans did not send our thoughts trooping back along the vanished years, recalling a long series of brilliant exploits, wild adventures by day and by night, and a generous unwavering ardor that never found any peril too hazardous nor any suffering too unendurable in the toil and watch of that wonderful and memorable conflict in which giants were struggling for the mastery.

But few of you are here today. The great majority of your old comrades fill unknown graves, with naught to mark their silent resting places, but their names are embalmed in as many loving hearts as ever entwined around living or lingered around the graves of deceased patriots. And today, as our memory recalls face after face of this vast spectral army who have preceded us in the line of march to the silent shores, we shed the tear of affectionate remembrance as we echo praises to their memory and honor to their dust.

Throughout the broad area of the world there never was a field more rich in facts which constitute the fibre of an earnest active patriotism than that found in the Southern struggle.

And the lofty admiration in which the manhood, valor and endurance, as well as the sublime resignation with which you accepted disappointment after great hopes and greater efforts, is held all over the world, shows how much the world yet values true and brave men, who could shake off these troubles as great as they were, as easily as the strong man shakes the snowflakes from his locks, and by heroic efforts in time of peace, no less renowned than in war—make them to an impoverished country, but as flaxen withes bound around a slumbering giant. What wonder the world has stood amazed at the persistent vitality of our people, a persistency only equaled by the grand results. For, under your admirable conduct, every barrier to the flow of capital, or check to the development of our unbounded resources was removed.

And we see here today a free and independent mingling of men from every section of our broad domain, all prejudices of the past forgotten, and, while our state has been fortunate in acquiring thousands of those who fought against us, and who are an honor, both to the states which gave them birth, and ours, which they have made their home, it matters not whence they come, they can exult in the reflection that our country is the same, and they find floating here the same banner that waved above them

there, with its broad folds unrent and its bright stars unobscured, and in its defense, if needs be, the swords of those old Confederates so recently sheathed would leap forth with equal alacrity with those of the North.

No nobler emotion can fill the breast of any man than that which prompts him to utter honest praise of an adversary whose convictions and opinions are at war with his own, and where is there a Confederate soldier in our land who has not felt a thrill of generous admiration and applause for the pre-eminent heroism of the gallant Federal admiral, who lashed himself to the mainmast, while the tattered sails and frayed cordage of the vessel was being shot away by piecemeals above his head, and slowly but surely, picked his way through sunken reefs of torpedoes, whose destructive powers consigned many of his reckless comrades to a watery grave. The fame of such men as Farragut, Stanly, Hood, Lee, and the hundreds of private soldiers who were the true heroes of the war, belong to no time or section, but are the common property of mankind. They were all cast in the same grand mould of self-sacrificing patriotism, and I intend to teach my children to revere their names as long as the love of country is respected as a noble sentiment in the human breast. It is a remarkable fact that those who bore the brunt of the battles were the first to forget the old animosities, and relegate to oblivion obsolete issues. They saw that nothing but sorrow and shame, and the loss of the respect of the world was to be gained by perpetuating the bitterness of past strife, and, impelled by a spirit of patriotism, they were willing, by all possible methods, to create and give utterance to a public sentiment which would best conserve our common institutions and restore that fraternal concord in which the war of the revolution left us and the Federal constitution found us. And I emphasize the declaration that, in most instances, those whose hatred has remained implacable through all these years of peace, are men who held high carnival in the rear, and snored louder in bed at home than they shouted on the battlefield for their country, and after all danger had passed emerged from their hiding places in a chronic state of wolfishness, and, filled with ferocious zeal and courage, and blind to every principle of wise statesmanship, seek to make amends for their lack of deeds of valor by preaching a crusade of bitterness while pressing to their lips the sweet cup of revenge for whose intoxicating contents our country has already paid a price that would have purchased the goblet of the Egyptian queen.

In view of the efforts made by these ladies for your entertainment here today, and with a lively memory of their heroic devotion to the cause for which their loved ones contended, I cannot refrain from thanking them, in the name of these old soldiers for honoring this occasion with their presence. We all feel deeply grateful to them for their efforts to make this reunion one which will fill the surviving members of Hood's Brigade with a store of pleasant memories not soon to be forgotten.

It is not surprising that they should feel so patriotic, when we consider that ours was the first government on earth to bestow upon woman universal freedom, and to break down the bars of prejudice and widen her avenues of usefulness by opening up to her the privileges of honorable competition in every profession and avocation suited to her sex. Deep down in the core of the human heart is the love of home, and she is the very soul and life, and we hope never to see them elbowing a passage amid slang and slander, as common runners upon political fields for its honors and emoluments. The women of France tried it once, and brought eternal shame upon their sex. Unsexed and fierce they sprang out of absolute subjugation into riot, rapine and bloodthirstiness, shaming the coarsest men by their unbridled excesses, and while singing peans to liberty they trampled all human rights under foot, and scattered misery and woe with a lavish hand into peaceful homes, and all history shows that whenever they throw aside the beautiful endearments of home life and enter the arena of politics, they dig a gulf between themselves and the blessedness of womanhood which can never be repassed.

GOVERNOR O. M. ROBERTS.

Ex-Governor O. M. Roberts was next introduced by Major Burns and made a brief speech, purely complimentary, which he closed by inviting the members of the brigade to attend the reunion of the soldiers of Walker's division on the first of October next.

GOVERNOR F. R. LUBBOCK.

Hon. F. R. Lubbock was next introduced and made a handsome speech, in which he distributed compliments equally between the ladies and the old soldiers. General Wm. P. Hardeman and General John G. Walker were called for, and responded with brief remarks. This closed the speech making features of the day.

TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

BY JOHN B. SMITH.

(Among the killed was a beautiful Confederate boy, apparently not more than fifteen years of age.)

On the hard-fought field, where the battle storm
Had echoed its sullen thunder,
Lay a soldier-child, with the golden thread
Of his young life snapped asunder.

He had comrades stark, in the great death-sleep,
Lying cold in their bloody places;
But they were bearded men with stalwart frames,
And man's look on their faces.

But this soldier-child, with his silken locks
O'er his smooth, white forehead sweeping,
With a horrid wound in his brave young breast
Seemed too fair for Death's grim keeping.

For his beardless face, in its calm repose,
Bore the mark of Beauty's finger,
And his fine sweet mouth seemed the tempting spot
Where a woman's lips might linger.

Like slender shadows on fleecy snow,
O'er his cheek crept the fringing lashes
Of the white closed lids of his great dark eyes,
All veined with faint, azure flashes.

O'er the wounded breast, with a touching grace,
His delicate hands were folded,
With a meek soft clasp, as if for a prayer
Their dying shape was moulded.

I thought, as beside this warrior child
Mine own young head was bending,
That perhaps an angel mother's prayers
Were heavenward then ascending.

That the arm of the Father, who dwelleth where
Sweet peace is never-ending,
Might be found in the battle's dreaded hour
Her darling boy defending.

I thought how the voice of the false-faced world
Would waft her the mournful story,
With its pompous words for a healing balm,
And its mocking meed of glory.

But that mother's breast with its hopeless grief
And its mighty pain is aching;
The chaplet of fame is a withered wreath,
When a mother's heart is breaking.

GENERAL WM. R. HAMBY.

General Wm. Robert Hamby, Austin, Texas, the genial and able President of the Citizens' Bank and Trust Company, was born in Paris, Tennessee, July 24th, 1845. His parents were Robert J. and Louise V. Hamby—and he their only child.

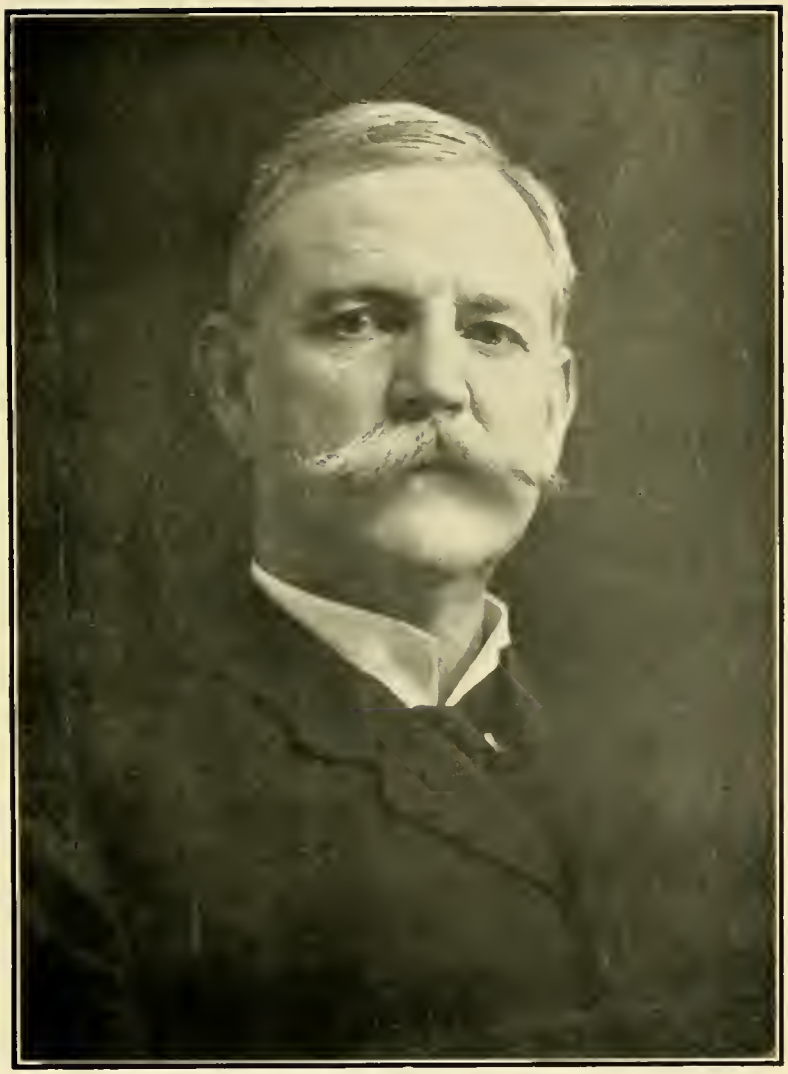
When eight years of age his father died, and himself and mother moved to Austin, Texas. When only sixteen years of age he left school and joined Company B, Fourth Regiment of Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, and became a soldier of the Confederate States. He made a good soldier, faithful to every duty; was badly wounded at second Manassas.

After Appomattox, Wm. R. Hamby entered Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tennessee. Finishing the university he embarked in journalism in Tennessee and was a charter member of the Tennessee Press Association.

He was a Democratic Presidential elector for the Eighth Congressional District. He also served two terms as Adjutant General of the State of Tennessee and originated the first competitive military drill held in the South after the war.

In 1882 General Hamby returned to Texas, and in 1888 was handsomely elected to the State Legislature, and was the originator of many wise and judicious laws. Recognizing his superior ability, the Speaker named General Hamby as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs.

General Hamby has just retired from the exalted position of President of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, which he filled with honor to himself and credit to his comrades. He was a member, as well as treasurer, of Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee, which has just ended its labors through erection of a magnificent monument to the brigade on capitol grounds at Austin. General Hamby rose to rank of Captain during the war and while Adjutant General of Tennessee the Khedive of Egypt offered him a colonelcy in the Egyptian army, which his desire to return to Texas caused him to refuse. General Hamby stands high among his comrades of Hood's Texas Brigade as a true comrade, and his position in State financial circles is an enviable one. He is hale and hearty and proves in step and mien that the living of an honored and exemplary life is the surest road to all the best gifts of an all-wise Creator.



GENERAL W. R. HAMBY

Company B., Fourth Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. President Citizens Bank and Trust Company, Austin, Texas. Treasurer Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee. Past President Hood's Texas Brigade Association

DR. J. C. JONES,

SURGEON HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

BY DR. S. O. YOUNG.

On January 25, in the midst of those whom he loved best, after a brief illness, Dr. J. C. Jones passed peacefully and quietly away at his home in Gonzales, Tex. He was born in Lawrence County, Ala., March 13, 1837; and came to Texas with his parents in 1856 and located at San Antonio. He received his literary education at La Grange College, Alabama, taking the degree of A. M. He began the study of medicine soon after settling in Texas, and after a preliminary course of reading went to Scotland and entered the University of Edinburgh. Here he remained four years, taking the degree of M. D. in 1860. The university was then in the zenith of its fame, and numbered among its officers Sir William Gladstone and Lord Brougham; in surgery, Sir James Syne and Sir James Simpson. From the latter he held a special diploma in obstetrics. He also took a special course in surgical pathology and operative surgery under Sir Joseph Lister.

After graduating at Edinburgh he went to Dublin, and was appointed resident student in the Rotunda Hospital, one of the most extensive and renowned maternity institutions in Europe. While there he attended the clinics of Stokes and Corrigan, and also the eye clinics of the talented Sir William Wilde—Oscar Wilde's father. From Dublin he went to London and took the surgical course of Ferguson, Erichson, and Paget; also attending the eye clinics of Bowman and Critchett at Moorfield Eye Hospital. From London he went to Paris and continued his studies in the hospital under Velpeau, Nilaton, Jobert, Trosseau, and Cassaignac.

At the beginning of hostilities in this country, in 1861, he returned to the United States, and was, on the personal recommendation of President Jefferson Davis, assigned to duty in the Army of Northern Virginia and served as surgeon of the Fourth Texas Regiment, in the famous Hood's Brigade, until the surrender at Appomattox. He attended the brigade in all its numerous battles and skirmishes without a day's absence.

At the close of the war he returned to Texas (1865), and located at Gonzales. Here he continuously resided and practiced medicine ever afterwards. He served on all the examining boards of the judicial district in which he resided. He was a member of the Texas State Board of Health, a member of the Texas State Medical Association, and was an ex-Vice-President of that body, of the American Medical Association, and of the Ninth International Medical Congress.

Dr. Jones was married in 1867 to Miss Mary Kennon Crisp, daughter of Dr. John H. Crisp, of Columbus, Tex. The five children—three sons and two daughters—are: S. P. Jones, Mrs. R. S. Dilworth, John C. Jones, Miss Kennon Jones, and Robert Elliott Jones. Dr. Jones contributed some valuable papers to the Texas State Medical Association. Dr. Jones had long been connected with the Church, and was one of the vestrymen in the Church of the Messiah at Gonzales.

As a member of Camp J. C. G. Key, Confederate Veterans, he never missed a meeting of the old veterans, unless prevented by professional duties. He attended a number of the general reunions, and always, on those occasions, wore a suit of Confederate gray.

The foregoing records that Texas lost one of her most eminent citizens, one of her most accomplished scholars, one of her most distinguished physicians, but that is all. It says nothing of what a loyal-hearted comrade he was, nothing of the true friend, nothing of his good works, nor of his self-sacrificing Christian charities. His life was a beautiful one, and it is hard to realize that God in His infinite wisdom has deemed it best to bring it to a close.

It has been said that he is blessed who maketh two blades of grass to grow where one blade grew before. This being true of him, who adds only to the physical good of mankind, how infinitely more blessed is he who goes through life with willing hand outstretched to raise and help his fellow-men, eager to guide the faltering footsteps of his weaker brothers from thorny paths to pleasant fields, from the tempest-tossed seas of life to the calms of peace and serenity. To attain such blessing one must possess qualities of heart, mind, and soul given to but few men. Yet we know that there are such lives, and when we come in contact with them we instinctively regard them as beacon lights to guide to higher and nobler things and realize in its completest sense the truth of the Biblical statement that "God created man after his own image," for truly there is much of the divine in the performance of one's whole duty to God and to one's fellow-man.

Such was the life of Dr. J. C. Jones. Few men were better equipped for the duties of life than he, and fewer still had it given them to extend so long a life of usefulness over so broad a field. As a physician, as a soldier, as a citizen, and as an earnest and faithful disciple of the lowly Jesus, his field was large, and yet

the most critical scrutiny of his life fails to reveal a flaw. He met all of life's duties, and when the final summons came it found him prepared—without fear and without reproach.

His life was so full of grandeur and beauty that one scarcely knows which of its phases most to admire—the quiet, earnest conversation of the polished scholar; the skill of the surgeon on the field of battle performing his duties amid the bursting shells and whistling Minie balls with as much delicacy and precision and as coolly as if he were in the operating room of a private hospital; the peaceful physician among his friends and neighbors, loved and respected by all; or the earnest, helpful Christian who so let his light shine that others might see and follow in his footsteps to nobler things. His life was full of opportunity. He had many widely diverging duties placed before him, and he met them willingly, uncomplainingly, and performed them all.

Had he possessed worldly ambition, had he been less pure-hearted, less earnest in his life-work, there are no exalted honors to which he might not have aspired. He was superbly equipped intellectually for aught he might have undertaken. Few physicians are so well qualified for their noble calling as was he, few scholars so deeply read, and few men have a deeper or keener knowledge of their fellow-men than he. He thought not of himself, however; selfish ambition had not a place in his composition.

He attained eminence in his profession with all its concurrent honors, but those honors came unsought, and he cared little for them. His great skill as a physician, his wonderful influence for good over his fellow-men he regarded in a light of sacred trusts placed in his hands for the benefit of others, and not as instruments to be used for his own aggrandizement.

The world is better from Dr. Jones having lived, for he belonged to that type of men from whose great hearts all fears and doubts have been driven by an overwhelming love for their fellow-men, leaving naught but exceeding peace behind. It was such a man Leigh Hunt had in mind when he wrote:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Bed Adhem's name led all the rest."

DR. J. C. JONES,

SURGEON HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

BY GEN. J. B. POLLEY.

"When he came to our camp, in October, 1861, we young fellows thought we had fallen on hard lines, to be commanded by a tyrannical martinet from the old army and to be doctored and sawed and carved by an old grandma like our surgeon or as callow and verdant a stripling as Dr. Jones then looked. It took but little time, though, for Hood to gain our love and admiration, and longer for Jones to do so. But when, at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, the Fourth Texas were making the charge which broke the enemy's lines and our men were dropping dead or wounded at every step of the way, those of us who cast a glance backward could always see the young assistant surgeon following close in the rear of the line, here and there halting to bind up a wound or administer a stimulant. Then we began to love and respect him; for, lacking the incentive of the private or officer, he yet risked every danger we encountered. As we came to know him better and to learn of his remarkable skill as a surgeon, our respect continued to grow.

"Dr. Jones was one surgeon of the Confederate army who was always at his post, never absent from a battle and never failing to follow close in the rear of the regiment and perform his duty. No danger appalled him, and in the deadliest heat of the conflict he would kneel as calmly and coolly by the side of a wounded man and administer to his needs as though he were a hundred miles from danger. Always good-humored, never sparing labor or time to funish relief where it was possible. I doubt if he had his equal in devotion to duty in the army. In my recollection he was never absent a single night from the command, and no matter what the temptation in the matter of grub or good company, stayed in camp or right on the line of march and took potluck with the boys without grumbling.

Modest, unassuming, and rather reserved, he was yet a very companionable comrade. Truckling to no officialism and never self-seeking, his

advancement was slower than, considering his abilities, it should have been. Yet, although he served for nearly two years as a sub to politically appointed surgeons, he made no complaint, feeling, doubtless, that he could accomplish more good down on the ground floor next to the private who did the real fighting than if placed in a higher position. His was not a gallantry inspired by the excitement of battle or the desire for distinction, but it was of that character which saved life and sent many a poor fellow home who might otherwise have filled a shallow grave. The best that can be said of any man is that he was true to his country, his friends, and his profession—all that and more may justly be said of Dr. J. C. Jones. Never ashamed of his Confederate record, he was generally on hand at all meetings of the Hood's Brigade Association to talk with his old comrades of the past. A zealous member of the United Confederate Veteran Association, he held the position of Division Surgeon of the Texas Division under three administrations. A master of his profession and a law-abiding citizen, he had a large practice, and was held in the highest esteem by all who met him. Peace to his ashes, and may we all meet him in the grand reunion of the hereafter!"

REUNION AT WACO, JUNE 27, 1889.

DECORATIONS AND MOTTOES.

The great chamber of the city hall kindly tendered by a vote of the city council was tastefully decorated with flowers and bunting. Confederate, national and battle flags were hanging all around the walls. A beautiful design, conspicuous on the rear wall, behind the platform, was a harp made of flowers indited to the memory of W. T. Ford of the Fourth Texas. Among the mottoes were the following:

Jefferson Davis; history will vindicate his integrity.

John B. Hood; peace to his ashes and glory to his name.

Hood's Brigade; ten thousand times welcome.

The cruel war is over!

Long live Beauregard and all our comrades!

Robert E. Lee; let his great name be honored, while time continues.

Stonewall Jackson, the Christian soldier; may he rest in peace as well as all our comrades, on the other shore, under the shade of those beautiful trees!

The old battle flag of Hood's Fifth Texas Regiment, brought forward by its gallant commanding officer, Colonel R. M. Powell, with its 147 bullet holes, received in thirty-two battles, was hanging beneath the Robert E. Lee legend quoted above.

The soldiers of all the states remember the old flag. It fluttered beneath the star of victory at Williamsburg. It twinkled in the tempest of death on the Rapidan; its folds were foremost at Fredericksburg; it waved on the James, and was the palladium in the valley of the Rappahannock; it hung the vraisemblance—a history of death and truth. When the old soldiers gazed upon it they recollected forgotten things. Smoke appeared to ascend from the faded and tattered banner, and the sound of musketry and cannon came faintly like the dream of an echo heard in a tomb.

In front of the platform were pictures of the heroes of the Confederate army, and over the room brooded the spirits of Lee, Jackson, Hood and the rest. Where such flags flutter Lee and Jackson and Hood will come, until the Eternal Trumpeter has marshaled their souls on the camping grounds in Paradise and they can count all their comrades—until all shall answer "here" to Death.

Gen. J. B. Robertson introduced ex-Governor Throckmorton, who spoke about an hour. The speaker said in view of the gravity of the task and solemnity of the duty and the dangers of misrepresentations he would briefly recapitulate the history of the soldiers whose deeds had made their own lives and their country sublime. He dwelt upon the newness of the government of the Southern Confederacy, its unrecognized loneliness, its length of seashore, its untold weaknesses and its giant strength derived from the naked, unsupported devotion, bravery and fortitude of its people—men and women. All the combined armies of the North perfectly equipped, supplied from factories and fields with all that was necessary for war found in Lee a matchless foe, audacious and skilled in war. Time and time again Lee hurled the armies of the North back across the Potomac. Lee had been stamped as one of the great captains of the age; the losses he inflicted

on the enemy were unparalleled in view of the disparity of the forces opposed, the preponderance so greatly favoring the Federals. He referred to the order of Geneal Lee to General D. H. Hill, which fell into the hands of General Mcclellan and totally and suddenly modified the Maryland campaign of 1862, precipitating the engagements at Antietam and at South Mountain. He reviewed Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the latter rendered a catastrophe by the death of Stonewall Jackson —changed from joy to sorrow by that awful calamity. Governor Throckmorton gave a cyclorama, so to speak, of the battles in Virginia, ending his exordial with an account of the last scenes between Petersburg and Appomattox. He then gave a brief account of Hood's Brigade, which began with Lee in the morning of the strife, and only halted when war had been rocked to sleep in the cradle of death. The trophies of the brigade won in battle would have made a Roman triumph. He eloquently told of a charge of Hood's Brigade where half of the Fourth Texas fell and the remark of Stonewall Jackson next day: "Here, indeed, were soldiers." He told of the second battle of Manassas, when Colonel Robertson was wounded and other distinguished officers wounded or killed. Hood's men did not confine their fighting to shooting, but used their bayonets and carried strong positions with the sharp points of those bayonets. Eloquently he told of the sufferings and terrible fighting of Hood's men which gave to Hood his commission as Major General and placed Colonel J. B. Robertson in command of the brigade, as brigadier—a gallant successor of a gallant predecessor. He told of the historical incident of Hood's Texans seizing the bridle of General Lee's horse and holding him back from the breach, when the commander-in-chief would have ridden into the jaws of death, at the awful Golgotha—the battle of the Wilderness. Painters have depicted the scene; poets have sung it, the historic muse has inscribed it on her brightest page and the sculptor had commemorated that magnificent incident of war. In his peroration Governor Throckmorton eulogized the Union soldiers whom the Confederates found to be foemen worthy of their steel. Memories that cluster around the dead teach the living to dwell in harmony, a single nation and a single flag. The speaker, tearfully and with a voice subdued by emotion, appealed for State aid for the surviving soldiers who followed Lee. Few, he said, of the Mexican war survive; few of those of 1812; none of the Revolutionary heroes; let then the State provide for its latest heroes, and their children. (Loud applause.) Unworthy would those people be who, succeeded to the honors Fannin and Crockett left if they shall neglect the Confederate veterans who returned from war to desolated homes. To this portion of the address attention was almost painful and tears fell plentifully. The speaker hoped that harmony and peace will bless a reunited people and that every mourning heart would receive the Comforter. Eternal devotion and loyalty to the common country, to the union of states.

Dr. Carroll's address was now announced and the famous pulpit orator, who had not been put down for a speech but was equal to the occasion, arose.

The speaker had recently stood upon the battlefield of Gaines' Mill, and had heard in fancy the crash and tumult of war and the groans of the dying mingled with the echoes of the shouting squadrons rushing to the charge. He had never before stood upon Virginia soil, but he felt he had a claim to Virginia sympathy in view of Texans' blood shed at Gaines' Mill. While the Chickahominy flows through the shadows of its cypress trees, while Gettysburg's heights stand, while the Rappahannock rolls to the Chesapeake, Texas will be remembered in all the valleys of Virginia. The present Virginians do not all distinctly remember the war. Some of the young Virginians only know of the war historically. But the veterans of Virginia know how Texans fought. Let the South write its own history. Let the South write its poetry. Of the 5,000 men who went into the war with Hood's Brigade, 278 are living—less than a hundred are here tonight; before all are gone; before the last man is called by the final tattoo and sinks to rest, let each hand to the Historic Muse a note of personal experience to hand down to posterity, by which the coming ages will remember the deeds their fathers did. Buy the books of Davis, Stephens, Cook, Beauregard, Johnson, and all those who wrote in the light of personal knowledge—who had faced the facts. South Carolinians, Georgians, men of Alabama—of all the states of the South—should teach their children the truth concerning the war. A day will come when the last man of Hood's Brigade will hold with himseld a reunion. Around him will be ghosts, about him the valley and the shadow of death. He will hear no music, no shouts, no speeches, no cheers. He will stand in a forest of monuments and read on every hand an epitaph. But in the solitary review the lone survivor will be cheered, for he will know that he is the only living soldier left of a matchless legion who once fought as sons of freedom fight, without fear.

Dr. Carroll was followed by Uncle Frank Lubbock, who delivered a stirring address. He wore the badge, he said, because it had been given him by those whose privilege it was to confer the honor and reflect the dignity. Ex-Governor Lubbock's administration took in the war period; in fact, he was the war Governor. He told of the hurrying forward to the mustering places by Texans, and said the old and the young men went to the war, and some of the girls. The Governor said all of the Texas soldiers were good, some were better and a few were best; some interfered with horse property and molested bee hives; some entered gardens through a gap in the palings, but all fought and very few ever got sick. They overcame green melons and the enemy the same day and rode forward to charge batteries and sabre gunners on horses that had in some instances been surreptitiously borrowed; where Mars raged, death reigned, Texans ranged, and wherever carnage was thickest Texans were most forward, dying with a joke on their lips, as ready to die as to live. The speaker referred feelingly and eloquently to Jefferson Davis, still living. He spoke of General Lee's remark: "If I had 20,000 Texans I need not retreat." Governor Lubbock is a prehistoric rose still blooming, fresh as the Dew of Hermon. He said he went into the war late hoping to find a sick Yankee on whom he might wreak the vengeance of his bosom, but they all were healthy enough to keep out of his way. He hunted Indians in 1830 in Texas, but the Indians heard he was coming and fled. He shot Buffalo on the site of Waco in antiquity after he had floated into Texas on a broad-horn raft down the Mississippi River. He gave a highly interesting picture of the past, a glorious review of its achievements and its future.

REUNION AT GALVESTON, JUNE 27, 1901.

Following Year After Great Storm, Galveston Entertains Brigade, Same as if Nothing had Happened.

Hood's Texas Brigade meets in Galveston today for the second time in the history of the organization. The previous meeting was held May 7, 1874, and was the third reunion in the history of the organization. The first and second reunions were held in Houston. It was not until 1877 that the brigade meeting was first held on June 27, the anniversary of the great battle of Gaines' Mill, which made the brigade famous. A glance at the roster of those who were present at the Galveston meeting in 1874 will show the reader how the old heroes are being gathered one by one to the silent hereafter. The *News* reproduces from its issue of May 8, 1874, said roster.

Roster of Those Who Attended the Third Annual Reunion at Galveston, May 7, 1874.

Hood's Texas Brigade held its third annual meeting at Galveston May 7, 1874. From the *News* of May 8, 1874, the following is taken:

The following survivors of the brigade belonging to the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas and the Third Arkansas Regiments were present and participated in the reunion. All the names may not be given of those who participated, but the list is as full as could be ascertained.

First Texas Regiment.

J. Mayrant Smith, Company L.
H. W. Waters, Surgeon, S.
Sam P. Corbett, Company H.
A. H. Brandt, Company L.
J. L. Sheridan, Captain, Company I.
Collin Alrich, Company I.
Albert W. Wood, Company L.
A. Wakelee, Company L.
John M. Dillon, Company L.
Zack Sabie, Company L.
Leslie Thompson, Company L.
William Schadt, Company L.
W. A. Shelton, Company L.
E. S. Jemison, Captain, Company G.
Smith D. Sims, Company L.
Joseph Wagle, Company L.
James E. Nagle, Company L.
W. N. Robinson, Company L.
A. C. McKeen, Captain, Company L.
J. B. Massey, Company K.
S. T. Blessing, Company I.
W. B. Wall, Captain, Company I.
Thomas Barnett, Company L.
L. F. Delesdernie, Company L.
J. M. Morphis, Commissary.
John M. Burroughs, Company I.
W. D. Prichard, Company I.
S. B. Smith, Company L.

Fourth Texas Regiment.

A. J. Stewart, Company G.
J. M. Pinkney, Company G.
H. F. Plaster, Company G.
R. H. Pinkney, Company G.
H. D. Boozer, Company G.
Val C. Giles, Company B.
W. C. Steele, Company C.
J. S. Spring, Company H.
T. A. Wynne, Company H.
J. E. Stuart, Company H.
R. R. Robertson, Company B.
J. P. Kindred, Company F.
Frank B. Chilton, Company H.
R. H. Skinner, Company F.
C. G. Mooring, Company G.
George L. Robinson, Company B.
Howard Finley, Company H.
J. Farley.
W. M. Hyman, Company G.
W. C. Walsh, Captain, Company B.
J. M. Brandon, Lieutenant, Company E.
John Haggerty, Company F.
W. W. Dunkin Company E.
C. M. Winkler, Lieutenant Colonel.
A. C. Brietz, O. S., Company G.
R. H. Wood, Company G.
William E. Barry, Lieutenant Company G.
Joseph H. Dunham, Lieutenant Company G.
J. S. Mooring Company G.

Fifth Texas Regiment.

B. C. Simpson Company A.
F. M. Poland, Company A.
J. M. Smithers, Company D.
E. E. Maxey, Company E.
S. V. Patrick, Company E.
C. P. Gardner, Company A.
B. Pugh Fuller, Company A.
J. E. Landes, Company A.
Samuel D. Williams, Company I .
R. K. Felder, Company E.
W. H. Gray.
John C. Cox, Company C.
J. J. McBride, Captain, Company C.
J. D. Roberdeau, Captain Company B.
Thomas Coogan, Company F.
Calhoun Kearse, Company D.
B. S. Fitzgerald, Company I.
F. Charles Hume, Company D.
S. D. Haws, Company A.
Edwin P. Settle, First Commissary.
F. J. Newman, Company I.
Robert Burns, Brigade Commissary.
C. F. Settle Company A.
J. H. Littlefield, Brigadier Quartermaster.
J. D. Rogers, Captain Company E.
James Slanger, Company A.

Third Arkansas Regiment.

E. P. Albritton, Company D.
T. S. Carroll, Company A.
J. D. Pickens, Lieutenant, Company E.

VETERANS REUNION.

The Last Day's Session of Hood's Texas Brigade—New Officers Chosen—Bryan, Texas, Selected as the Place of Next Reunion—Incidents of Gettysburg—Eighty of the Gallant Followers of Hood were in Attendance—Two Sponsors Elected.

The thirty-first annual gathering of the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade was brought to a close at noon yesterday after a two days' session and a grand old reunion. The business sessions are never long and never tedious, but always brief and full of life and fun. These heroes of that terrible conflict are the jolliest aggregation of gray-headed, bald-headed "boys" that ever struck Galveston, and they thoroughly enjoy themselves at these annual experience meetings and soldierly smokers. The followers of the impetuous Hood who braved the battles of that four years' struggle are fast passing away. One by one they are dropping from the ranks in that long, wearisome march to eternal rest. According to the records 26 of the gallant comrades were called from their earthly cares during the past year, and the noble band is growing smaller day by day.

The attendance this year was larger than usual, however, and 80 comrades registered present at yesterday morning's session. Of the three Texas regiments there are about 300 survivors, but many of them cannot get around to the reunions, and the usual attendance is between 60 and 70 members, so this year's meeting was one of the most largely attended of any for several years.

At the session yesterday morning Bryan was selected as the place for the reunion next year. New officers were elected and the brigade departed from its usual custom by electing two sponsors to represent the brigade for the ensuing year. A happy incident marked the retirement of Miss Minnie Hunter as sponsor. She became Mrs. Gorman at the adjournment of the reunion.

The veterans enjoyed a trip on the bay yesterday afternoon and many of them departed for home last night after a most enjoyable two days' sojourn in the city.

ROUTINE PROCEEDINGS.

It was about 10:30 o'clock when Commander J. T. Hunter called the meeting to order for the second and last day's session of the brigade.

a half hour having been consumed in registering the veterans in attendance. The members of the brigade occupied seats on the left of the commander, with the members of Camp Magruder forming a substantial background. On the right were the officers and members of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The hall was well filled and the proceedings were enjoyed by all those who attended. There were no long-winded speeches, no lengthy documents to be read and no knotty problems to solve. The Secretary had very little business to engage the meeting and the session was conducted in a very businesslike manner with just enough pleasantries to interest everybody. The harpers in an adjoining room dispensed sweet music and occasionally a few selections from Southern melodies which made the "boys" who wore the gray feel young again and brought back recollections of the long ago.

Comrade Barry asked for permission to address the meeting, and when he secured recognition he asked that Judge John C. West of Waco be requested to read a paper he had prepared on incidents at the battle of Gettysburg. The request was made, and Judge West came forward with his interesting story of incidents as he saw them on that memorable occasion while serving in Company E of the Fourth Texas. Before beginning the story he said he always considered it a distinguished honor to be privileged to address a Confederate soldier at any time and at any place, and he felt highly honored on this occasion. He said he had received a letter a few days ago from a Daughter of the Confederacy, who wrote him about how she had enjoyed the Confederate reunion at Memphis, which was the first large reunion she had ever attended. She said that she would rather attend such a reunion than a congress of kings, and Judge West said he felt the same about the reunion of Hood's Brigade in Galveston. He said he was with the brigade but one year in the Civil War, and when he hears the veterans talking about battles in which he did not participate it brings tears to his eyes and sadness to his heart. He said he would rather have died in the first platoon than to live and have to tell his boy that he did not share in the glory of fighting for the Confederacy. The recital of his story, printed elsewhere in this issue, elicited great applause from the old soldiers, who vividly pictured the scenes of those historical events.

Letters and telegrams of regret at not being able to attend the reunion were read from the following active and honorary members: E. G. Sessions, Rice, Tex.; James Williams, Coleman, Tex.; W. E. Copeland, Texarkana; T. L. McCarty, Mrs. Lee Farmer Johnston, wife of the late Captain D. C. Farmer, and author of Hood's Brigade March, copies of which were received by the brigade and distributed.

Incidents at Gettysburg—Recollections of a Soldier Who Fought With Hood in This Battle.

Judge John C. West of Waco, who served in Company E, Fourth Texas, is the author of this story, which he read by request at the closing session of Hood's Brigade yesterday:

This was my first experience in a general engagement, and though we had marched all night of July 1, reaching the battlefield about 10 o'clock a. m. on the 2d, the interest and excitement and novelty of the occasion kept me up with my eyes and ears wide open. Our brigade was on the extreme right of the Confederate line, with perhaps one other brigade on our right. We marched and countermarched and rested until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we came into line in the edge of timber opposite Little Round Top and Devil's Den. I could see the Federal batteries, or rather the location of them, by the smoke of discharge. They were about half a mile or more from us. This was the first actual contact and full view of our enemy. We stood in column of fours, with our faces towards our right, for some time, during which the batteries commenced to play on us, and the first shot—which I recognized—seemed to be a solid shot, which struck the ground about 50 or 60 feet from the line and passed by a bound over us, scattering dust and dirt over our company. The next shot passed about an equal distance beyond us, tearing up the earth. The third shot hit our line about eight feet in front of me, knocking off one soldier's head and cutting another in two, bespattering us with blood.

Just then we fronted to the left, facing the battery. There was a short pause. I saw General Hood on horseback about 300 or 400 yards obliquely to my left, just out of direct range of the battery fire, in the edge of the timber. He took his hat, held it above him in his right hand, rose to his full height in his stirrups, and shouted in a stentorian voice, "Forward! steady; forward!" We started across the open field. As we moved on I heard the word passing down the line, "Quick, but not double quick!" We went in pretty fair order across the field. As we entered the timber and brush our line was more broken. We soon struck a stone fence; then came a branch. Lieutenant Joe Smith, Company E, wet his handkerchief,

wrung it out and tied it around his head as he moved up the slope, which we had now reached. Bullets and grapeshot were coming thick and fast. A bullet passed through his head; examination afterwards showed 11 holes through the folded handkerchief. I think it made a white mark for a sharpshooter. As we advanced up the steep side of the mountain we encountered bowlders from the size of a hogshead to the size of a small house. Our line at times could hardly be called a line at all. The battery was taken. The First Texas suffered the brunt of the battle. After we were up on the first ridge the ground was so rough and broken that it was impossible to form a straight line, but it was quite evident to me from the sounds on our left that we were in advance of our center. From this position we made sallies to our front, over rocks and bowlders and timber. It was impossible to make a united charge. The enemy were pretty thick and well concealed. It was more like Indian fighting than anything that I experienced during the war. They had sharpshooters in trees and on high places that made it exceedingly dangerous to appear in any open place. One bullet passed through my beard and grazed my left ear. Another missed the top of my head about an inch. Both struck the rock against which I was sitting. I abandoned the position instanter. Just in front of us, perhaps 50 yards, was a comparatively open space on rising ground, very small in extent. It seemed almost certain death to attempt to pass it. Singly and in squads we made several experiments to test the presence of the enemy beyond, and every time, night or day, a shower of bullets greeted us. About 10 o'clock on the night of the 2d, Goldsticker of Company A ventured out. He was mortally wounded, and lay there many hours calling for help. I can hear his plaintive cry: "Water! water! Great God, bring me water!" but there was no truce. Death released him before the dawn. Poor Goldsticker! He was a gambler, a German and a Jew, but he died at the front!

We held our position among the rocks all night and until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d. Colonel Carter of the Fourth was severely wounded, afterwards captured, and died in the Federal hospital. Major Winkler was also wounded. Private Champ Fitzhugh of my company was captured, and I saw him no more, until by a strange coincidence I met him in May, 1864, at 12 o'clock at night in the swamp on the bank of the Mississippi River, each of us attempting to cross the river. We crossed together in a canoe (with Yankee gunboats above and below us.) This by way of parenthesis.

From 3 to 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d the battle raged in the center on the left of our brigade. We had received notice that the artillery on the whole line would open about 2 o'clock, and upon cessation of artillery fire the entire line would move forward. This order was carried out, and when our artillery opened the enemy answered as promptly as if a telephone message had said, "Shoot now."

This cannonade was the grandest and most sublime circumstance I ever saw or heard. I can conceive of nothing grander, more portentous, or awful. An earthquake, a cyclone, a thunderstorm, a hurricane all in one could not be more terrific. It sounded veritably as if hell had broken loose and the unchained demons and furies were shrieking in the air. It was grand, sublime and glorious. The anticipation of the assault which was impending at the close of this fearful storm inspired the hearts of men with the joy of battle, which so filled us that there was no room for fear. While the earth quivered the storm ceased, and the forward movement began. Our end of the line, crooked and curved by the broken condition of the ground, made no progress. We were already in advance of the troops on our left. When the contest seemed hot on our left and towards the center we moved to the front, hoping to find a weak place or an opening for flank movement, but the enemy evidently recognized the importance of that position, and we could gain no advantage there, but the fight grew fast and furious on our left. We could see nothing, but the Confederate yell and the Yankee huzzah alternated back and forth with such regularity for nearly an hour as to satisfy us that a critical moment was approaching at that point and that we were in danger of being flanked. Soon the "huzzah" advanced so far as to create uneasiness in our part of the line, and directly notice came from our left to "get out of here as quickly as you can." We did not consider the order of our going, but rushed down the slope with better speed than we had been able to make coming in. As we had obliqued to the right coming up the mountain, and now obliqued to the left coming out, we struck the open field several hundred yards to the right of the stone fence and branch which we had crossed, and looking to our right, saw the Yanks in full line in the open field. We went across the field under fire without regard to tactics. Bullets were pretty thick and hit about us with that peculiar searching "zip-zip" which suggests rapid locomotion.

Mr. H. Van Dusen of Company C, Fourth

Texas, was just in front of me about 10 feet. I heard a bullet hit him and saw him tumble over. I thought he was dead and I so reported when our regiment got together after dark. Some man said, "No; he is over there by a tree." I went to the place and found Van Dusen with head bound with a white cloth. The bullet had struck him in the head, but failed to penetrate. He went to the field hospital, was afterwards captured and got among Dutch kinsfolk in Pennsylvania. It was said that they offered him every inducement to abandon the Confederacy, which he declined, went to prison and was afterwards exchanged. He survived the war and returned to Texas. The heroism of Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons would furnish a splendid subject for the pen of a competent historian. The fearful and untold sufferings of these brave men, their faithful resistance of the blandishments and rewards offered in exchange for their fidelity to the Confederate cause, when hope had fled and certain death seemed imminent, have never been half revealed, and places them side by side with the noblest martyrs of the ages.

SPONSOR'S WEDDING.

Miss Minnie Hunter, of Huntsville, and W. C. Gorman Married.

One of the happiest incidents in connection with the gathering of veterans for their annual reunion was the marriage of the brigade's sponsor, Miss Minnie Hunter of Huntsville, daughter of Capt. J. T. Hunter, the retiring president of Hood's Brigade Association. The ceremony was performed yesterday shortly after the adjournment of the morning session at the Tremont Hotel. Beneath the blue flag of the John B. Hood Fife and Drum Corps and the handsome silk Confederate flag, furnished by Veuve Jefferson Davis Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, Miss Hunter and Mr. William C. Gorman of Palestine were united as husband and wife. Rev. W. H. Harris, rector of the First Baptist Church, and Chaplain of Camp Magruder, United Confederate Veterans, officiated in tieing the nuptial knot.

It was an impressive scene in which joy and sorrow mingled while love pronounced the benediction. Miss Hunter is a most estimable young lady and was a great favorite with the veterans who gathered to witness the joyous ceremony which took her from them. They wished her joy and yet they were sad at her leaving. The ceremony was performed in the circular corridor just off from the parlors on the second floor. The members of Hood's Brigade, Camp Magruder, Daughters of the Confederacy and a number of friends were present. Miss Barrett of Huntsville presided at the piano and rendered Mendelssohn's march as the bridal party entered the corridor. The bride was given away by her father, Captain Hunter. She wore a lovely white dress and carried a bridal bouquet of white flowers. The bridesmaids were Miss Roberta Lambkin, of Huntsville, Miss Brantley of Calvert and Miss Lucy Barry of Navasota.

CHAMPION OYSTER EATER.

June 27, 1901. Medal was Awarded to Captain J. T. Hunter, Who Ate 1189 Oysters by Actual Count.

There were oysters, raw, oysters fried, oysters stewed, in fact oysters cooked in every style, fried fish and fish chowder and the usual accessories that go to make up a successful fish and oyster feast.

There were liquid refreshments in abundance, and while the veterans ate, the members of the Daughters of the Confederacy were in constant attendance to see that they lacked for nothing. There was nothing done or said to disturb the feast, but after the veterans had dined to their heart's content Mr. George P. Finlay mounted the stand and assembly was sounded. Colonel Finlay said in effect that the city of Galveston and its people were glad to have the honor of entertaining the veterans of Hood's Brigade; that no braver band of men were ever assembled and that their names would go down in history, a credit to themselves and the people of the Lone Star State. He referred to the fact of the numerous campaigns in the State of Virginia and how the members of Hood's Texas Brigade had upon every occasion covered themselves with glory. He said that it was not his purpose upon this occasion to speak of the glories won upon the battlefield by the veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade. He said that there was another matter that prompted his remarks, a matter that did not apply to battles, but to eating. He said that while the veterans were feasting upon oysters and fish to their heart's content a committee had been locating the man who had consumed the greatest number of oysters. "There have been spies out," said Colonel Finlay, "and they have brought in their report. I know," he said, "that all of the veterans can eat, and if I were looking for the man who had eaten the most oysters and should throw a brick, I have no doubt that every man would dodge." The committee he said, had reported upon a man who by actual count had consumed 1,189 oysters at a single sitting, and

in doing so had won the title of the champion oyster eater of the brigade. He said that the man who had distinguished himself in the oyster eating contest had been a noted scout on many battlefields, and when in action was always to the front. His beard, he said, was now white but then it was red and waved as a flag on many fields of battle. "I now present to Captain Hunter," said Colonel Finlay, "this medal emblematic of the champion oyster eater of Hood's Brigade." Coloney Finlay then placed about the neck of Captain Hunter the medal. It was carved from pine wood and upon the face was printed the number of oysters consumed by the Captain at the single sitting.

Captain Hunter was taken by surprise and in responding said that he did not suppose that he had succeeded in eating more oysters than some of his comrades of the brigade. However, he said that he would abide by the decision of the committee and desired to say that one of the pleasantest reunions in the history of the brigade was the present one at Galveston. The souvenir as the champion oyster eater of the brigade, he said, he would cherish and hand down to posterity. In concluding, he said that while he desired to enter no protest or find fault with the count of the committee, he believed that his friend Polley had eaten more oysters than he had.

At the conclusion of the remarks of Captain Hunter there were loud calls for Comrade Polley.

In responding, Mr. Polley stated that the committee had made an eminently wise selection when they picked Comrade Hunter as the champion oyster eater of the brigade. He said that besides being an eater, Captain Hunter was a fighter, and that in many a battle where Hood's Brigade fought, Captain Hunter could always be found in front. Mr. Polley thanked the people of Galveston for the courtesies shown the veterans and said that they had never been treated with greater consideration by any people. "The men," he said, "have treated us nobly and the ladies, God bless them, they speak for themselves." When Mr. Polley concluded he was liberally applauded.

Colonel X. B. Sanders of Belton was next called upon. Colonel Sanders said that he considered it a great honor to address the veterans of Hood's Brigade and was highly appreciative of the honor conferred upon him in selecting him as honorary member of the Association. He said that he knew of the fighting reputation of Hood's Brigade, but he felt doubly honored in being elected an honorary member of the Association when it was shown by actual count that a member of the band had eaten 5,000 oysters.

There were loud calls for Judge Stephens of Hill County. The remarks of Judge Stephens were humorous to a marked degree and had the effect of putting the veterans in excellent humor. He said that he at one time made an address of three hours' length and held his audience spellbound. The speech, he said, was made to a lady and there were no others present except himself and her. He said that he had been to a number of reunions of Hood's Brigade, but he had never experienced a more delightful time than at the Galveston meeting. He spoke of the glorious victories of Hood's Brigade and said that he hoped to meet at an oyster roast on the other side Generals Stonewall Jackson, R. E. Lee and Hood.

When Judge Stephens finished Captain Wm. Barry of Navasota was called upon. He said that he had anticipated that some one would call upon him to speak and that he had come prepared for it. He then spoke as follows:—

In the name of my comrades, living and dead, I thank you and the people of Galveston for this manifestation of your love and devotion to the memories that cluster around the "lost cause" like a halo of glory. I have looked forward to this occasion with much pleasure because I could again meet my dear old comrades, and rehearse incidents and scenes of the long ago, and the heroes of the glorious past who reside in the interior could meet with the generous people of this goodly city, and to know that this people, many of whom have grown up since the close of the unhappy struggle, are making such a splendid manifestation towards perpetuating the memory of their gallant fathers. I rejoice to know that it is through your love and devotion to the cause, and the men who fought the battles of the South that you have given this generous reception. It is worthy of you who gave to the South that noble band of heroes, the "Lone Star Rifles." It is worthy of a people who presented to the South that matchless spirit —the chivalric Harry Sellers. It is worthy of you, of our living comrades, who reside in your city—Rogers, Hume, Vidor, Young and others. When at our reunion at Palestine last year your city was selected as the place for our next reunion, but a few months afterwards this beautiful gem of the Gulf was visited by the greatest calamity that ever befell any city of the universe. Appalling the people in every land and country such a calamity made us all akin to you, and helping hands were reached out to you from every State and country. Out of all this desolation you bid fair to erect another city more beautiful than the first. God grant you may yet be the great commercial emporium your location entitles you to. We thought after this de-

struction of life and property the brigade would be compelled to meet elsewhere, that that spirit of enterprise which has ever animated this people would listen to no proposition of change and we are here with you, the remnants of a glorious band, scattered like mile stones connecting us who are left with these who followed the Southern Cross on so many battlefields. Our dead—

We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay,
Whether known or unknown to fame,
Their cause and country still the same;
They died and wore the gray.

No country or people in all Southland sent truer, braver or better men to battle and die for the right than Texas—men of devotion to duty under circumstances of the greatest peril and hardships and never faltered. We realized the solemn fact. War at best was most terrible to contemplate. We loved peace, but had a total abhorrence of cowardice. We did not want peace at the sacrifice of our honor and manhood; we preferred to breathe as the free spirits of our ancestors who reclaimed this vast domain from the Indian and equally savage Mexican. We came by inheritance in possession of a martial spirit; from the dawn of earliest childhood we listened to the oft-repeated story of our pioneer fathers, who made the name of Texan immortal at Goliad, the Alamo and San Jacinto, and on all the fields of Mexico; from this fountain we drank deep of the principles of Liberty. When the liberty of the citizen and his rights of property had been invaded, the Constitution dethroned, the decrees of the courts of the country not recognized, and the ballot box failed to preserve and protect our rights, we desired a peaceable settlement of our rights. This being denied us, the only alternative left was the arbitrament of arms, and we took them up in our defense. President Lincoln, calling for troops, then began the struggle. From a sense of duty we resisted; our consciences and hearts approved our course, and before God and all the historic scenes of that period we have no apology to offer for our course. We believed we were right then and we believe so now. We handed down to posterity a history in which is recorded some of the grandest scenes and characters ever witnessed on earth. We want the world to fully know and understand that history. We want every page illuminated by the light of truth. We want posterity to know truthfully how that history was made. By our own act and deed we took our lives and fortunes in our hands and wrote that history in letters of living light that will go ringing through the ages. Amid the smoke and carnage of many fields the sons of Texas wrote their names high up in the scroll of honor. We lived on short rations without complaint; we wore our rags in honor; we knew we had not a dollar on earth; surrounded by foes in countless numbers, overpowered but not dismayed, the heroes of '61 and '65 stood, a living wall keeping back the advance of our enemy until we reared around us a slaughter hecatomb of more men than ever fought under the folds of our flag, we made our record and have left it to fame and immortality. Let it stand in its spotless purity and majestic grandeur. Let no vandal hand be raised to pollute it. Let that flag we loved so well and followed to the bitter end be furled forever and let the gallant hands who upheld it so faithfully be cherished forever. As for myself, when the hour comes for me to bid a long, a last adieu to the scenes of earth, let my eyes as they close in death, with a last lingering gaze rest upon a grander, a more prosperous South, built up from the sacred dust of her gallant sons. Let my eyes behold the sons and grandsons of our dead elevated if possible to a nobler manhood, who will be as true to principle and as patriotic under scenes of awful peril as their fathers. And, O God, let my eyes rest upon a womanhood as lofty in purity, as faithful and self-sacrificing as their beloved mothers. I will then pass over that silent River of Death and rest under the eternal shades with all my dead comrades, satisfied and content. Let the flag I loved so well be placed upon my coffin, let this old battered casket with that beloved flag moulder in the dust, perhaps both sown in dishonor may be raised in glory.

When Captain Barry concluded the string band in attendance played "Dixie" and the festivities were at an end.

The veterans and invited guests then boarded the cars in waiting and returned to the city. The trip to town was made without incident.

Mrs. Mollie Macgill Rosenberg, who assisted in waiting upon the veterans at the oyster roast, brought out two Confederate flags, which occupied a conspicuous place at the oyster camp. Before the return to the city the members of Hood's Brigade, invited guests and the Daughters of the Confederacy had a group picture taken by a local photographer.

JOY AND SADNESS.

These Intermingled at Reunion of Veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade, Galveston, June 27, 1901. Bright Star of Valor. Major Hume and Judge Henderson Told of Brilliant Deeds of Texans in the War.

When Commander Hunter of Hood's Texas Brigade Association rapped for order yesterday in the hall of Camp Magruder, United Confederate Veterans, he faced a larger number of the old veterans of that famous organization than had been hoped would attend. The old veterans, gray and grizzled with the experiences of war and the weight of years, were arranged at his left, while at his right were the ladies of the Daughters of the Confederacy and other visitors. These completely filled the hall, and there were a number who stood about the doorway. And the visitors were apparently as much pleased as were the local committeemen. It has been a little over 27 years since the organization met in Galveston, and not a few of those present yesterday but remembered the delights of that previous visit. Therefore they have not to take the Galveston people on trust, but having tasted of the delights of the hospitality of this city, they were undoubtedly anxious to come again.

In that 27 years how have those ranks been thinned! Many have gone forward and others are but waiting for the summons. While there were pleasures and delightful incidents connected with their soldier life, yet the pain of having parted with comrades on the battlefield and the pain of having been separated from them by the grim destroyer are ever uppermost in their latter-day thoughts. They miss the men who sat by their sides at the last reunion or some other reunion; they miss the men by whom them fought the many terrific battles in which the valor and heroism of the Texan was riveted in history, for it had been established in the previous years.

Therefore there is sadness at parting, mixed with the joy of greeting the comrades of old. There is pleasure in knowing that this and that member, although absent, is doing well, and pain when he tells them that adversity has beset him. These reunions have their joyous side uppermost, but the constant tugging of Fate at the heartstrings of these brave men keep them in the recollection that Pain goes hand in hand with Pleasure.

Yesterday's proceedings were routine in character and short in duration. The veterans assembled before the appointed hour and chatted with one another and with the visitors. There were addresses of welcome and a response, following which a little business was done and a few announcements made, and the Association adjourned until 10 o'clock today.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Major Hume's Eloquent Reference to the City's Calamity.

Major F. Charles Hume delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the City of Galveston to Hood's Texas Brigade, speaking as follows:

Comrades, you are welcome!

The city that greets you has felt the heavy hand of fate since you were last her guests; but she is still fair to look upon, and brave of heart, and if there be suppressed tears behind her smiles, account them witnesses of gladness that you are come.

She has put away the habiliments of woe and lifted her face to the morning.

Henceforth she goes the Queen's way, as has been her wont.

She is rebuilding the homes of her people and restoring the agencies and symbols of her power.

She will not abdicate her crown, but, instead, will augment its splendor with newset jewels.

Although her throne is builded in the inconstant sea and about it war nature's elemental forces, she will not yield it, nor drop from her hand the familiar scepter.

It is true that she has suffered, and has endured, beyond the measure of imagination. But, for solace and alleviation, she has had the world's gracious and abundant sympathy. Nor does she lack the accustomed ministrations of the sweet South winds; nor the loveliness of perfect skies; nor the light of imperial stars; nor the songs of the immemorial ocean; nor the bloom and fragrance and gorgeous pageantry of June. And, more than all, her heart still warms to the gray survivors of the gray battalions whose youthful valor and devotion dared the impossible, and though losing, exacted of frowning fortune the guerdon of imperishable fame.

You are not now panoplied for war—albeit you gather on the anniversary of a day made memorable by your feats in arms. Thirty-nine years have passed since that day at Gaines' Mill, in the swamps of the Chickahominy. Brief extracts from the official report of General Whiting, the Division Commander, fix the crucial moment of the battle:

"The Texans had now come up and joined line on the left, led by General Hood, and the gallant Fourth at the double quick, when the word was given to charge, and the whole line * * * charged the ravine with a yell. General Hood and Colonel Law gallantly leading their men. At the bottom ran a deep and difficult branch with scarped sides, answering admirably as a ditch. Over against this was a strong log breastwork, supported by well served batteries and a heavy force of infantry, the steep slope, clad with an open growth of timber, concealing the enemy, but affording full view of our movements. Spite of these terrible obstacles, over ditch and breastwork, hill, batteries and infantry, the division swept, routing the enemy from their stronghold. * * * The battle was very severe, hotly contested, and gallantly won. I take pleasure in calling special attention to the Fourth Texas Regiment, which, led by Brigadier General Hood, was the first to break the enemy's line and enter his works. Its brave old Colonel (Marshall) fell early in the charge on the hither side of the ravine. The stubborn resistance maintained all day faltered from that moment and the day was gained."

Texas may rest content with that account, written by one of the most brilliant soldiers that ever drew sword.

The day of Gaines' Mill is but twin in glory to many other days immortalized by your constancy and conduct.

Far away now is that heroic time. It has taken its august place in the procession of the ages. Through the ever softening light of memory we look without the old bitterness upon the death grapples of its contending armies, and the strains of its martial music fall not now so harsh and fierce.

Nevertheless, it is due to truth and to ourselves to say that neither in intellectual nor in moral conviction are we changed. We are proud that we were a part of it all, and we would have our children so to the latest generation that bear our names; for if ever the path of duty and self-sacrifice was followed by man it was followed by the Confederate soldier.

And now, after all, we rejoice that the enmities of the past are dead; that we live in peace in our own land; that our old comrades are called to the duties of Government and to the command of armies; that our young men assist to maintain wherever it floats the flag which we once disowned and assailed; that our State is one of the greatest Union of Free States that was ever devised and administered by man; that we and our sons are Americans, ready and willing to meet all the obligations of citizenship, whether in peace or war; that our one time enemies manfully concede that we fought in our youth as we believed and prayed —and, more, that the President of all the States, himself our gallant antagonist in arms in those dark years, tenders services of reverence to the ashes of our dead.

JUDGE HENDERSON'S RESPONSE.

He Told of the Wonderful Exploits of the Texas Men.

Judge John N. Henderson of Bryan, a former member of Company E, Fifth Texas, Hood's Brigade, made the response to the address of welcome of Major Hume. He spoke as follows:

Ladies, Gentlemen and Comrades: The survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade at the behests of the citizens of Galveston have met in annual reunion to do honor to their dead comrades and to the memory of the Lost Cause. A year ago your city was selected for this reunion. Your condition at that time was far different from the present. Then you numbered a population of more than 40,000 souls. This was the beautiful "Oleander City"; the commercial emporium of Texas; industry stimulated trade and enterprise; faith in the future girdled your loins and hope smiled and waved her golden wand. Since that time your Island City has been devastated by the most disastrous storm in the annals of time. Your homes have been swept away, and nearly one-fourth of your population has been destroyed. It does not need to say that on receipt of the sad intelligence of your condition, we hesitated to accept your courtesy—not that we believed it would not be graciously extended, but the fear was least we should become a burden and trespass on your hospitality. But I beg to state that this hesitation was only momentary, for we reflected that this had been the home of many of our dead comrades who had gone forth with us to battle; that here lived, both before and after the war, the gallant Sellers, of whom General Hood said, "He was the bravest of the brave," and who, though only a Lieutenant Colonel and a staff officer, led the brigade to one of the most brilliant victories of the war; and when we remembered that this was still the residence of Rogers, Humes, the Settles, Goree, Vidor and others of our surviving comrades, we knew that you would take it ill should we change our resolution; and we are here today to accept of your hospitality and to mingle together in social reunion. We are glad to find your city not prostrate and despairing, but still strong and self-reliant. Like Neptune, you have taken your bath in the sea; and though your locks may be disheveled, you are full of hope and faith in

the future; and with such determination as is yours, you will yet scale the walls of adversity and like the Venice of old, the city of the Adriatic, Galveston, the metropolis of the new Mediterranean, will receive into her lap the riches of the Orient and rival in wealth and splendor the most renowned cities of ancient or modern times.

Forty years have passed since the three regiments of Texans who subsequently became known as "Hood's Brigade," left their native State and went forth to meet the invader and to do battle for the cause they believed to be just, on the historic fields of the Old Dominion. Years full of events; some of sorrow; some of joy, but all filled with hope as our country forged forward in the race of progress. So rapid has been the advance of the achievements of civilization, such the rush and hurry incident to a money-making age, while the old generation has been passing away, and new men, who knew not our fathers of 1861, have taken their places, it is to be feared that we are unmindful of much that added glory to our Commonwealth; we are forgetting much that contributed luster to the name and fame of the Texas soldier. But amid all this change, to us, the survivors of the Lost Cause, nothing has occurred to diminish our pride or dim our eyes to the prowess and splendor of the noble heroes who offered their lives a willing sacrifice upon the altar of their country. I trust I shall be pardoned if I recall on this occasion, at the risk of being considered prosaic and perhaps boastful, some of the events which made the name of the Texas soldier the synonym of heroism throughout the world. And today my theme shall be, How Hood's Brigade Won Its Spurs in Virginia. To tell all of its achievements would make a book, and would worry your patience. I shall therefore undertake a glimpse of the campaign of 1862—the first real campaign of the war, and one in which that band of heroes carved for themselves and their State immortal fame. Had I the gift of genius or the skill of the literary artist, I might weave a romance that would set at nought the march of Xenophon and his Grecian band into the heart of Asia, or that would pale into insignificance the deeds of chivalry and valor which characterized the days of knight errantry, when Richard the Lion Hearted led the chivalry of Europe against Saladin and his hordes of Moslems in the Holy Land. But as it is, I must content myself with cold facts, and let history speak for itself.

Some of you here remember the Texas of 1861. The Lone Star State was then a marvel of beauty, interspersed here and there with farms and hamlets, and towns and villages, the cheerful homes of men. The hand of civilization had as yet scarce marred the fair face of this Empire State. Only one or two short lines of railway were then in existence. Beyond these the stage coach was the public conveyance between places, while in all our borders we only had six or seven hundred thousand people, one-fourth of whom were negroes. But our white population constituted a robust and vigorous race—an honest yeomanry, the sons of pioneers, the progeny of the early settlers of this vast domain. But today how changed! The beauty of the wilderness has given place to the wonders of civilization. The whole country is dotted with farms and ranches, towns and cities have sprung up on every hand, and more than 10,000 miles of railway form a network of travel and communication between our most distant points, while an enterprising population of three and a half million souls indicate the material progress we have accomplished.

When the call to arms was sounded the authorities at Richmond were appealed to, and Texas was grudgingly allowed to send three regiments to Virginia, the anticipated arena of the contending armies. These were raised in an incredibly short space of time, the counties vieing with each other in an effort to get into the regiments. As fast as they were ready they were sent forward to the front. In the early fall of 1861 all three of the regiments, comprising about 3,000 troops, had arrived at Richmond, were organized and armed, and afterwards went into winter quarters along the Potomac in the neighborhood of Dumfries, some 30 miles below Washington. Shall I pause to describe to you this splendid body of men, as they stood for the first time on dress parade on the banks of the Potomac? Wigfall, McLeod and Rainey of the First; Hood, Marshall and Warwick of the Fourth, and Archer, Robertson and Botts of the Fifth, composed the field officers of the regiments, and 32 as gallant Captains as ever commission bore commanded the 32 companies. As far as the eye could reach was a long line of gray. Three thousand bright Texas boys, mostly from 18 to 25 years of age, with Enfield rifles and bayonets glittering in the sun, they presented a spectacle for the admiration of all beholders. The farm, the ranch, the storehouse, the schoolroom and the college, throughout the length and breadth of our Empire State, had all contributed their quota to swell the ranks of this remarkable body of men. Do you doubt for a moment that as they stood there, a solid phalanx, a thousand miles from home, surrounded by the troops from every State of the Confederacy, as the

sole representatives of the Lone Star State, they realized Texas had committed to their care and keeping her fair fame, and they were determined to bear aloft the sacred honor of their State upon the points of their bayonets to victory or to death? Their lips were yet warm with mother's, or wife's, or sweetheart's kiss, and with the parting benediction to come home with their shields or on them, they were inspired by the deeds of the illustrious heroes of the Alamo, Goliad and San Jacinto, and they pledged their faith to carve a name for themselves and for Texas equal to the Tenth Legion of Cæsar or the Old Guard of Napoleon.

But enough of this. The fearful drama of 1862 is about to begin. In the early spring the Federal army, some 200,000 men, under McClellan, changed its base from the Potomac to the Peninsula at Yorktown of historic memory. They were confronted by Magruder with some 10,000 or 15,000 troops, who held the vast horde of Federal troops at bay until the arrival of General Johnston, who rapidly marched from the line of the Rappahannock to reinforce Magruder. After confronting him for several days, our army began its retreat toward Richmond—Hood's Brigade, then belonging to Whiting's Division, covering the retreat to Williamsburg, passing through that town, while the battle of Williamsburg was in progress. The division was moved rapidly to Eltham's Landing, on York River in order to cover an anticipated movement calculated to intercept the retreat of the army. Here, for the first time in the campaign, the Texas troops engaged the enemy, in a densely wooded country along the York River. The Fourth and Fifth did but little fighting, but the First Texas encountered the enemy in strong force and a severe engagement ensued, in which that regiment drove at least double their number of Federal troops under cover of their gunboats. The entire brigade lost some 40 or 50 killed and wounded, while the enemy's loss was at least twice that number. Here it was that Captain Denny of the Fifth and Lieutenant Colonel Black of the First were killed, and Lieutenant Colonel Rainey of the First was severely wounded. I mentioned this battle, not so much on account of its importance as compared with others which ensued, but because it was the first contact the Texas troops as a brigade had with the enemy, and in that engagement it performed its part so well as to receive the encomium of General Gustavus W. Smith, the commanding officer. Hear what he says in his official report: "The brunt of the contest was borne by the Texans, and to them is due the largest share of the honors of the day at Eltham." And again he says: "Had I 40,000 such troops I would undertake a successful invasion of the North."

I pass by the battle of Seven Pines, as the Texas Brigade were merely passive spectators in that engagement. Shortly thereafter General Robert E. Lee took command of the Confederate forces in Virginia, and thenceforward that army ceased to retreat from the foe and began an aggressive campaign which crowned our cause with victory after victory until the name of the Confederate soldier became illustrious wherever heroism is admired. As soon as General Lee assumed command of the army he undertook a campaign for the relief of Richmond and for the purpose of driving the Federal invaders from the soil of Virginia. I shall not stop here to relate the splendid strategy which re-enforced Jackson, who was operating in the valley, with the division of Whiting, to which the Texas Brigade then belonged, and how all these troops were immediately transferred from the valley, to the rear of McClellan's right flank at Mechanicsville. Suffice it, the battle of the 26th of June at Mechanicsville ensued, in which the Federals were driven from their works, and the two wings of our army, that on the north bank of the Chickahominy under Jackson, and that on the south bank under Lee, were reunited.

On the morning of the 27th of June, today 39 years ago, at early dawn, the Confederates began seeking the enemy; Longstreet and A. P. Hill pursued the routes on our right nearest the Chickahominy, and came soonest on their lines, while the troops under Jackson, composed of the divisions of Whiting, Ewell and D. H. Hill, having to make a detour further to our left, came later upon the field, approaching the enemy in the neighborhood of Cold Harbor. Our lines on the right were formed about 12 o'clock and later on the left, and conformed to the enemy's in shape, but our position, aside from their fortifications, was far inferior to theirs. Our line of battle, as formed, extending from right to left, was as follows: Longstreet on the right. A. P. Hill to his left, then the divisions of Ewell and D. H. Hill to his left in the order stated. Whiting's Division, composed of Hood's and Law's Brigades, did not form in line, but were held in reserve near Cold Harbor. The battle began in earnest a little past 12 o'clock and soon raged with fury on our right where Longstreet was posted. About 3 o'clock our left became engaged, and in the still, hot evening air the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery was fearful all along our lines. We knew, from our position of safety that a terrible conflict was going on, in which

the blood of the best and bravest on both sides was being poured out like water. Still we were being held in the leash, and the Texas Brigade, like the bedridden knight in "Ivanhoe," felt that they were destined to stay where they were while the game was being played which should bring us victory or defeat. At this juncture the Texas Brigade was ordered to the front, and never did men obey such order with more alacrity.

At about 4:30 o'clock on that hot June afternoon, the Texas Brigade, under the eye of Lee, led by the gallant Hood, swept forward to storm the center of the enemy's position. The Fourth Texas on the right, to its left the Eighteenth Georgia (then forming a part of the brigade), then the First and Fifth Texas, and on the extreme left of the brigade Hampton's Legion, then also a part of the command. From the nature of the ground the Fourth Texas had far the more difficult task of any regiment in the brigade, for in addition to the fortified position of the enemy across the branch which they were to storm, they were to make the attack across an open field in front of the Federal position, while the balance of the command moved to the assault under cover of the thick woods in their front.

As we moved into the fight each soldier of the brigade felt that the crisis of the battle had come, that the hour of destiny had struck. We knew that assault after assault had been made all along our lines from 2 to 4 o'clock, only to be repulsed with terrible loss, and around and before us were evidences of a fearful struggle, for the dead and dying of the commands which had preceded us lay thick upon the ground, while the remnant of that advancing column, demoralized and beaten, was retiring through our ranks in disorder and confusion, telling the soldiers of the brigade, as we neared the enemy, "not to go in there; that it was death; that the enemy's position could not be taken." But this only added to our determination to break the lines of the enemy or perish in the attempt. And undismayed the citizen soldiery of Texas moved steadily forward with the majestic tread of trained veterans. The First and Fifth Regiments, with the Eighteenth Georgia and Hampton's Legion, as stated before, charged the enemy through the woods, and their task was not as severe as that of the Fourth, which charged across an open field under a murderous fire of the enemy's infantry and artillery for near half a mile. But led as they were, by the immortal Hood, they did it beautifully, grandly.

In the language of General Hood himself: "Onward we marched under a constantly increasing shower of shot and shell, whilst to our right could be seen some of our troops making their way to the rear, and others lying down beneath a galling fire. Our ranks were thinned at almost every step forward, and proportionately to the growing fury of the storm of projectiles. Soon we attained the crest of the bald ridge, within about 150 yards of the breastworks. Here was concentrated upon us from batteries in front and flank a fire of shell and canister, which plowed through our ranks with deadly effect. Already the gallant Colonel Marshall, together with many other brave men, had fallen victims in this bloody onset. At a quickened pace we continued to advance without firing a shot, down the slope over a body of our soldiers lying on the ground and across Powhite Creek, when amid the fearful roar of musketry and artillery I gave the order to fix bayonets and charge. With a ringing shout we dashed up the steep hill, through the abattis and over the breastworks upon the very heads of the enemy. The Federals, panic stricken, rushed precipitately to the rear upon the infantry in support of the artillery. Suddenly the whole joined in flight toward the valley beyond."

While the Fourth was making this glorious charge, equal to any in the annals of war, the First and Fifth, with the Eighteenth Georgia and Hampton's Legion, were nobly fighting and charging in their front, and simultaneously with the breach made by the Fourth, they swept the Federals from their front, and the enemy's center once pierced, they soon gave way all along their line, and as our victorious troops emerged upon the high plateau lately held by the enemy, as the shades of evening were gathering fast, we beheld the Federal army, broken in every part, in full retreat toward its bridges on the Chickahominy. The coming night alone saved that wing of McClellan's army from utter ruin. At is was, our victory was complete, and although our own losses were heavy, they were not heavier than the enemy's.

As stated before, night put an end to the battle and to our pursuit, and the remnant of Fitz John Porter's Corps, under cover of darkness, escaped across the bridges of the Chickahominy and joined McClellan's forces south of that stream, whence they retreated to the James. General McClellan calls this a meditated change of base. Be that as it may, the truth remains that if such was his previous intention, the result of the battle of Gaines' Mill greatly expedited that change.

The battle of Gaines' Mill was the battle of all others which inspired our troops with confidence in themselves and their great com-

mander, General Lee. It was the battle which taught the Confederate troops in Virginia how to win victory, and was the forerunner of the series of splendid achievements which henceforth attended Lee's army.

Others have claimed the credit of being the first to break the Federal lines at Gaines' Mill, notably Gen. D. H. Hill, who commanded the extreme left of the Confederate army. Fortunately the claim of the Texas Brigade to this honor does not depend solely on the testimony of themselves, for in addition we have as witnesses General Lee, who commanded the Confederate army, and General Jackson, who commanded on our part of the field, and besides we have the evidence of the Federal commander, General Porter. Here is what General Lee says: About 4:30 when General Hood was preparing to lead the Fourth Texas to storm the enemy's works, he met General Lee, who announced to him that our troops had been fighting gallantly, but had not succeeded in dislodglug the enemy. He added this must be done and asked General Hood if he could do it. To which General Hood replied he would try. General Jackson, with reference to this charge of the Fourth Texas, says officially: "In this charge, in which upward of 1,000 men fell killed and wounded before the fire of the enemy, in which 10 pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment was captured, the Fourth Texas, under the command of General Hood, was the first to pierce their strongholds and seize the guns. Although swept from their defenses by this rapid and almost matchless display of daring and desperate valor, the well disciplined Federals continued in retreat to fight with stubborn resistance." And he further remarked "that the men who carried this position were soldiers indeed."

General Fitz John Porter, the Federal commander, says: "As if for a final effort, as the shades of evening were coming upon us, and the woods were filled with smoke, limiting the view therein to a few yards, the enemy again massed his fresher and reformed regiments and turned them in rapid succession against our thinned and wearied battalions, now almost without ammunition, and with guns so foul that they could not be loaded rapidly. The attacks, though coming like a series of irresistible avalanches, had thus far made no inroads upon our firm and disciplined ranks. Even in this last attack we successfully resisted, driving back our assailants with immense loss, or holding them beyond our lines, except in one instance near the center of Morrell's line, where, by force of numbers and under cover of the smoke of battle, our line was penetrated and broken. Morrell's line of battle was opposite the position carried by the Texas Brigade.

I pass hurriedly to the second battle of Manassas, where the Texas Brigade was again destined to turn the tide of war. It is not necessary to recount how we arrived upon that field, further than to state that the seven days' battles around Richmond had driven McClellan to seek a new base, and he had taken boat and gone to the neighborhood of Washington, and Lee was merely seeking him out. Meantime McClellan had been superseded, and Pope was in command of the army. On the same battlefield which had witnessed the first great shock of arms between the Federal and Confederate forces in 1861 on the 29th of August, 1862, General Pope, with about 150,000 Federal troops confronted General Lee in command of about 75,000 Confederates. During the greater part of the 29th a fierce conflict raged between the forces of Jackson on the Confederate left and the Federal troops opposite him, but nothing appears to have been gained on either side except the loss of many lives. The morning of the 30th dawned bright and clear, the atmosphere was heavy, and every man felt that today the decisive battle would be fought, but somehow the morning passed and the real struggle had not begun. In the evening the fighting again began on the left of our line. At about 4 o'clock the battle was taken up along our center and right, and at 4:30 the Texas Brigade was ordered to charge. The troops moved at a rapid pace some 300 or 400 yards, before the enemy was encountered, and here a strange scene occurred. The Fifth and Tenth New York Zouaves, clad in their splendid red uniforms, opposed the advance of the Fifth Texas Regiment. They were posted in the edge of a wood, with an open country sloping to a creek some 200 yards in their rear. As the regiment neared the enemy in a rapid charge, they delivered one deadly volley and then before they could reload the Texans were upon them, and the Federals turned and fled, and it is no exaggeration to say that hillside was strewn thick with the flower of those two regiments. An observer said that it was possible to walk on corpses from the edge of the wood to the creek, so thickly were they strewn. Our troops did not pause, but swept forward like a cyclone. They passed the creek pursuing the Federals up the hillside beyond, and when they neared the crest, they found themselves confronted by a line of blue, standing in a declivity, and beyond them and over their heads played upon the Confederates shot and shell from a battery. There was no time to pause, for in such a crisis he who hesitates is lost, and the regiment pressed boldly forward. Time after time the flag of this regi-

ment went down, but as fast as one standard bearer fell another seized the colors, and the regiment pressed bravely on until this line of battle was broken and fled incontinently from the field, and the battle was ours. And still another line of battle of the enemy was broken, until this regiment, which, as General Hood says: "Slipped the bridle and pierced to the very heart of the enemy," found itself almost surrounded, when it had to make a flank movement in order to shelter itself in the timber. To show how severe and deadly was this conflict, the regiment lost seven standard-bearers killed; the flag-staff was shot in two, and the flag itself was pierced with 27 bullets and had three bomb scorches on it.

It is not claimed here that the Fifth Texas was the first to breach the enemy's lines, as is claimed for the Fourth at Gaines' Mill, as the movement on our part of the field seemed to have been general and the enemy gave way all along the line, though if any other regiment accomplished any greater results than the Fifth at the Second Manassas the annals of the war fail to show it.

At Antietam or Sharpsburg, 17 days later, the Texas Brigade materially aided Lee to repulse and hold the enemy at bay, thus winning another victory. At this time, by the long marches of the campaign and by the casualties of battles, the effective force of the three regiments, all told, was about 850. On our part of the field, which was the left, we constituted both support and reserve.

On this battle ground about 35,000 Confederate troops confronted about 140,000 Federals under General McClellan, who had again resumed command of the Army of the Potomac. The conflict on our part of the field began about sunrise, and soon raged fiercely in our immediate front. The word came that the Brigades of Lawton, Trimble and Hays were being hard pressed and Hood's Division, composed of an Alabama brigade under Law, and the Texas Brigade, under Colonel Wofford of the Eighteenth Georgia, were ordered forward. When the troops emerged from the timber and passed the old church and into the open corn field a herculean task lay before them. Down the slant of the hill stood the remnant of the division before mentioned. They still held their position, but were unable to advance. Beyond them in the open and in the timber stood a solid field of blue, at least three columns deep. To an observer it looked as if the whole of Hooker's Corps was there. As we occupied a position on the hill and above the Confederate line in front, the fire of the enemy played havoc in the ranks of the supporting column. In vain did the officers in charge of Hays' and Trimble's Brigade urge them to charge; and in vain did the Texas Brigade add its entreaties to theirs. The line would neither advance nor retreat; its ranks were decimated, and its fire was ineffective. Suddenly, as if moved by a single impulse, the Texans, unable to be restrained longer by their commanding officers, charged over the line of our own troops and swept upon the advancing foe like an irresistible avalanche. In the twinkling of an eye, the enemy wavered, turned and fled—still the Brigade pressed forward until two other lines of the enemy were broken and driven from the field and through the wood and were routed from behind a stone wall, where they sought shelter. Not receiving an expected support, it was beyond human endurance to advance further; but here the line rested, and was held through that bloody day, resisting assault after assault of the enemy. But for this terrific and successful assault on the part of Hood's Division our left center would have been broken, the left wing of the army turned, and the fords on the Potomac captured by the enemy and Lee's army shut in between the Antietam and the Potomac. By members of the brigade who were engaged in nearly every battle in Virginia and Maryland, Sharpsburg, on account of its sanguinary and protracted character, has been characterized as the hardest fought battle of the war.

General Hood, who won his rank of Major-General for gallantry on that day, speaks of this charge in the following language: "Here I witnessed the most terrible clash of arms by far that has occurred during the war. Two little giant brigades of my command wrestled with the mighty force, and although they lost hundreds of their officers and men, they drove them from their position, and forced them to abandon their guns on our left."

This battle completed the campaign of 1862, and established for the Texas Brigade a reputation for bravery and courage, which was not excelled by that of any troops in General Lee's army; and their noble example was an inspiration not only in Virginia, but throughout the West, and caused emotions of joy and pride to thrill the hearts of our countrymen throughout the entire South. The brigade had thus won its spurs, but at the cost of the best and bravest in its ranks; and the task henceforth devolved on the survivors to sustain the reputation which they had so heroically won. Though the task was difficult, I am proud to say they sustained the glory of their achievements on almost every battlefield in which the Army of Northern Virginia was engaged. At Gettysburg, at Chickamauga and the Wilderness they added new luster to their name, and they kept their fame un-

tarnished until the end of the struggle at Appomattox.

Hitherto I have told of their deeds; but I will here quote what some of the illustrious soldiers, under whose eye they fought, said of them, so that it may be seen in what estimation they were held in that army.

Here is what General Hood, who, if he does not stand so high as some others as a tactician or strategist, takes rank with the bravest of the brave as a soldier and a fighter. He says: "That so highly wrought were the pride and self-reliance of these troops that they believed they could carve their way through almost any number of the enemy's lines formed in an open field in their front." And again he says: "Long and constant service with this noble brigade must prove a sufficient apology for a brief reference at this juncture to its extraordinary military record. From the hour of its first encounter with the enemy at Eltham's Landing on York river in 1862, to the surrender of Appomattox Court House, in almost every battle in Virginia, it bore a conspicuous part. It acted as the advance guard of Jackson when he moved upon McClellan around Richmond, and almost without an exceptional instance, it was among the foremost of Longstreet's Corps in an attack or pursuit of the enemy. It was also, as a rule, with the rear guard of this corps, whenever falling back before the adversary. If a ditch was to be leaped, or fortified position to be carried, General Lee knew no better troops upon which to rely. In truth, its signal achievements in the war of secession have never been surpassed in the history of nations."

And hear what the greatest military chieftain of modern times, General Robert E. Lee, addressing General Wigfall, on the 21st of September, 1862, just after Sharpsburg, writes: "General, I have not heard from you with regard to the new Texas regiments which you promised to raise for the army. I need them very much. I rely upon those we have in *all* our tight places, and fear I have to call upon them too often. They have fought grandly and nobly, and we must have more of them. Please make every possible exertion to get them on for me. You must help us in this matter. With a few more regiments such as Hood now has, as an example of daring and bravery, I could feel more confident of the campaign."

I have thus dwelt on some of the events of the campaign of 1862 in which the Texas Brigade participated, not for the purpose of unduly boasting nor of drawing a comparison between the achievements of these troops and that of other Confederate troops or of other Texas troops who may have fought in Johnston's army or on this side of the Mississippi. They only did their duty as soldiers; and if this little band of Texans was more conspicuous or accomplished greater results than their brothers on other fields, it was doubtless because they were better disciplined and better led. In other words, they were afforded a better opportunity to display their courage, and simply demonstrated what, under the same conditions, other Texans would have done. All no doubt did their best in the great struggle which taxed the courage and energies of the people of the South. And how near we came to achieving success in the mighty struggle, none but the God of Battles, who shapes the destinies of nations, can ever know. No doubt it was He who, on Shiloh's bloody field, directed the unconscious aim of the Federal soldier who fired the shot which struck down the great commander of the Western Army, Albert Sidney Johnston, and thus turned victory for our arms into defeat. Evidently it was the guiding hand of the great unseen Architect of Nations who brought the Monitor into the waters of the Chesapeake to grapple in deadly conflict with the Merrimac for the supremacy of the seas. And we concede that it was He who delayed Ewell's coming until the heights of Gettysburg were crowned with the Federal army under General Meade, and thus pitted the impregnable mountains against the fierce assaults of the cohorts of Lee under the gallant and daring Pickett. It was never intended by the Divine Hand that this nation as a nation should perish from the earth; on the contrary, cemented by the blood of its bravest and best, it was foreordained that it should continue to live, to bless and guide the nations of the earth. And I have no doubt that the time will come when this great Republic as a nation will feel proud of the courage and achievements of the Southern soldier and will revere the names of Lee and Jackson as it now reveres the names of Grant and Sheridan.

I am not unmindful that there be those who would rob us of our title to courage and honor; all that remains to us as a result of the war. But of this rest assured, they are not of the soldiers who fought in that struggle. These, if they would, could not afford to disparage our courage or bravery, for on this pedestal rests their own prowess and fame. For, take notice of this fact, no nation will discredit its own deeds of heroism; all men love glory, and all men admire courage, and without courage and love of glory a nation is doomed.

While the harvest of death through four long years of terrible war enriched our soil with the blood of our purest and noblest, it was not

shed in vain, for in that martyrdom which tried men's souls our people coined a reputation for courage and duty, for patriotism and love of country, which glorified them, and of which nothing can ever rob or despoil us. That honor and courage henceforth is consecrated to the preservation of the nation, and we will transmit it as a precious legacy to our children. May they not forget the immortal dead; may they emulate their example.

HOOD'S BRIGADE REMINISCENCES.

Old Company B, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, and What Has Become of Them.

BY VAL C. GILES.

The Tom Green Rifles were organized at Austin, Texas, early in the spring of 1861.

They first went into camp of instructions near San Marcos and later on at Harrisburg, near Houston.

They were mustered into the Confederate service July 11, 1861, and when the Texas Brigade was formed at Richmond, Va., they were assigned to the Fourth Texas Regiment as Company B, and participated in nearly all the great battles fought by the army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered at Appomattox with General Robert E. Lee.

I have tried to keep track of my old company for the last 35 years, and in the main this roll is correct. VAL C. GILES.

Austin, Texas.

B. F. Carter, Captain: Promoted Lieutenant Colonel, July 10, 1862, and killed at the Battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, while in command of the Fourth Texas Regiment; an educated gentleman, a fine lawyer and thorough soldier.

W. C. Walsh, First Lieutenant: Promoted Captain, August 10, 1862, and permanently disabled at the Battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862. Served as Commissioner of the General Land Office for eight years. Resides at Barton Springs, near Austin.

James G. McLaurin, Second Lieutenant: Promoted to First Lieutenant, July 19, 1862. Never missed a battle in which the regiment was engaged and surrendered the fragments of Company B at Appomattox. A Christian soldier and one of God's noblemen. He died in Mississippi 30 years ago.

Robert J. Lambert, Third Lieutenant: A natural born soldier, a brother of the late Colonel Will Lambert of Houston. He was mortally wounded at the Battle of Gaines' Mill and died in Richmond, July 5, 1862.

F. L. Price, First Sergeant: Promoted Adjutant, July 24, 1862. He was a son of a British officer and was born in the West Indies. Was captured at Gettysburg. Died in Austin in 1882.

Oliver Flusser, Second Sergeant: Born in Kentucky, partly educated at Annapolis. Killed in the old cornfield at Sharpsburg.

M. C. McAnnelly, Third Sergeant: Rough mannered, kind hearted and brave. Killed at Second Manassas.

T. W. Masterson, Fourth Sergeant: Promoted Third Lieutenant, August 15, 1862. Died in Brazoria county in 1870.

John T. Price, Fifth Sergeant: Promoted Second Lieutenant, August 15, 1862. Killed in Williamson county, 1898.

Niles Fawcett, First Corporal: Killed at Second Manassas.

M. T. Norris, Second Corporal: Got a furlough in the winter of 1862. Came back to Austin and killed a man who had insulted his aunt. Returned to Virginia, was promoted to Third Sergeant and was killed at Gettysburg.

S. H. Burnham, Third Corporal: Killed at Second Manassas.

Robert H. Clements, Fourth Corporal: Was a Lieutenant in the Texas navy during the days of the Republic. Died at the Confederate Home in 1899.

Adams, A. M., was Justice of the Peace in San Antonio for several years and died in that city.

Adams, Lee, died in Richmond, 1861.

Black, L., died in Virginia, 1862.

Blakey, H. G., killed at Sharpsburg.

Bonner, "Bud," died in Richmond, November, 1861.

Bonner, Cal., lives near Austin.

Bonner, Wash, Richland Springs, San Saba county.

Barker, J. C., rough as a pine knot, loved his friends, hated his enemies and had his fun. Jim properly belonged to Company G, but Lieutenant McLaurin used to "borrow" him occasionally from Captain J. W. Hutcheson to have fun out of him.

As the regiment charged down the hill at Gaines' Mill, Captain W. H. Martin of "Old K" was in advance of his men with a dragoon six-shooter in each hand, making a Fourth of July speech as he went: "Your homes and your firseside (bang), your wives and children (bang), yonr—" Just then a shell burst about five feet above the gallant old fellow's head and the "snbsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Jim saw it and sang out above the infernal roar: "Thar, by G——, Martin's battery is silenced at last."

But "Old Howdy" was not killed, and led Old K in and out of many a hot place after that.

Old K. was the ugliest company in the regiment. They all looked alike.

Bill Calhoun used to say that "Old Howdy" would carry them through a long summer campaign, get two or three dozen of them killed, and next spring when the dog-fennel began to yellow the old red clay hills of Virginia, they would all come back again and answer to roll call—the same fellows. Glorious "Old Howdy;" he was faithful, kind and as true as steel. Peace to his memory.

Jim Barker came back to Texas and was killed in some sort of a row out at Eagle Pass in 1869. I never learned the particulars.

Burdet, Tom P., somewhere in Western Texas.

Burdett, Mike, died in Virginia in 1862.

Burdett, W. E., died near Austin in 1873.

Bernham, Frank, in Caldwell county, if living.

Burk, J., an Irishman, severely wonnded at the Wilderness. He never returned to Texas.

Buehner, C. A., printer, Austin.

Callahan, John. His father was a Brigadier-General in the Federal army. John was killed near Sergeant Flusser in the old cornfield at Sharpsburg.

W. C. Calhoun, the wit and wag of the regiment. Just after the close of the war I heard he was running a ferryboat on the Calcasieu river in Lonisiana, with a grocery on each bank, singing:—

"On the wings of love I fly
From groceree to grocerei."

A few years ago I heard that he was thrown from a wagon and killed by a runaway team.

Campbell, A. C., died in Austin in 1886.

Carpenter, W. G., killed by a runaway team 22 years ago.

Cater, Tom E., merchant near Anstin.

Caton, W. H., wounded and discharged in 1863. Have never heard of him since.

Colvin, Garland (Snooks), lives at Watters Station, 10 miles north of Austin. Has been County Commissioner of that precinct for many years. A hard fighter, a poor fiddler and a big eater.

Chandler, W. M., died at LaGrange in 1886.

Cooper, Sam, killed in Austin.

Cook, Pit, badly wounded at Gettysburg; died in Austin 25 years ago.

Cox, Louie B., died in Austin in 1897.

Crozier, Granville, the smallest man in the company and the first one shot at the battle of Gaines' Mill. Just as Crozier fell General Hood galloped up, dismounted from his horse and walked rapidly to the front of the regiment, about faced, and in a clear ringing voice said: "Soldiers, I have come to fulfill a promise I made you when Colonel of your regiment. I promised to personally lead yon in the first great battle. The time has come and I am here!" Raising his sword to the level of his eye, holding the hilt in his right hand and the point in his left, he gave the command: "Forward, guide right!" He never said "march," for the regiment anticipated him and were in motion by the time the word "forward" was out of his mouth. He went down the hill backwards, holding the sword at arms length, dressing the line as it advanced. Just as the men passed General Hood with a yell, Colonel John Marshall, who was riding a few yards in rear of the regiment, fell dead from his horse. A year ago Granville Crozier was living at Graham, Texas. He was postmaster of that little city during Mr. Cleveland's last administration.

Donohue, J., transferred to a Lonisiana regiment in 1862.

Davidge, R. A., captured in the first Maryland raid and wrote to Bill Calhoun by flag of truce that he was dead. He was an editor and poet.

Dearing, James H., was one of Longstreet's sharpshooters. He was killed through mistake by a North Carolina picket in June, 1864. He was 6 feet 4 inches in height, flashy in his dress, and as noble-hearted as he was tall.

Dohme, C. A., clerking in Austin.

Dunklin, died September 2, 1862, and was buried at Fredericksburg.

Dunson, J. K. P., discharged in 1862, came back to Texas and died on Walnut Creek in Travis county.

Durfee, A. A., died in Travis county in 1893.

Flanikin, W. J., died at Webberville, Travis county, in 1868.

Falls, G., died in Virginia in 1862.

Ford, W. F., promoted to Second Lieutenant in 1863; was full of romance, poetry and song. Died in Texas in 1875.

Foster, W. K., a printer; died in Georgetown in 1878.

Freeman, "Poney," died in Richmond in 1862.

Freeman, C. L., died in Georgia in 1895.

Fawcett, B. K., wounded at Sharpsburg and discharged; murdered by Mexicans on the Rio Grande in 1869.

Gregg, Alex., son of the late Bishop Gregg, died at Old Dumfries, on the Potomac, January, 1862.

Girand, F. W., lives at Graham; discharged in 1862.

Glasscock, Tom A., in Blanco or San Saba county, if living.

Gould, Uriah, lost in the fog in the mountains of East Tennessee, November, 1863.

George, M. A., lost an arm at the Wilderness; merchant in Albany, Texas.

Grumbles, Perry B., killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Giles, Val C., wounded at Gaines' Mill, scared to death lots of times, promoted Second Sergeant at Gettysburg, captured by the 136th Regiment (all Dutch but one) on the night of the 28th of Oct., 1863, in Raccoon Valley, East Tennessee; was sent to Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., and escaped from there in November, 1864, the day that Abraham Lincoln was elected President the second time; tramped through to Kentucky, crossing the Ohio river a few miles below Owensboro; joined Major Walker Taylor's command; Taylor was in that section of Kentucky at that time recruiting for General Buckner; was paroled in Louisville, April 28, 1865, by General Palmer, who commanded the Department of Kentucky at the close of the war; returned home in September, 1865, after an absence of four years and five months, and, thank the Lord, am here yet.

Griffith, John, fell in love with every pretty girl he met; as we went into Maryland the second time, he waded the Potomac at Williamsport, singing "Life on the Ocean Wave," and as we came out of that country at Falling Water, he crossed the old, rickety pontoon bridge repeating the lines from Moore, "O, ever thus from childhood's hour," etc.; somewhere in Mississippi, if living.

Hamilton, H., died in Virginia in July, 1862.

Hamby, Wm. R., handsomest man in the regiment; severely wounded at Second Manassas and before recovery went into battle of Sharpsburg—without shoes—but came out shod. After the war closed he went to Nashville, Tenn., and when Porter was elected governor of that state he appointed Hamby as Adjutant General; later on he returned to Texas, represented Travis county in the legislature, and is now President of the Citizens' Bank and Trust Company.

Hamilton, S. W., have lost his trail.

Haralson, C. L., graduated at Annapolis, was transferred to the Confederate Navy in 1863 and died of cholera at Galveston in 1866.

Hawthorn, A. J., a relative of the author of that name; discharged in 1862; have never heard from him since.

Horton, W. H., when he quit fighting he went to preaching; in Arkansas, if living; in Heaven, if dead.

Haynes, J. J., (litter bearer); the late General J. B. Robertson used to say that Haynes was the bravest man in Lee's army; at the battle of Gettysburg, as he was going in for "another load," a shell struck the soft earth about six feet in front of him and exploded almost under his feet; the old General said that he could see nothing but dust, pieces of litter, etc., flying through the air for a few seconds; then he saw Haynes rise, Phoenix-like, draw his sleeve across his dusty brow, pick up his old wool hat, wave it high over his head and shout at the top of his voice, "Hurrah for Hell—damn you, shoot again!" Have not heard from him since the close of the war.

Henderson, J. B., loved poker better than war.

Hill, L. D., company physician; prescribed "pinetop" whiskey at Escobar's Store, La., while on our way to Virginia as an antidote for mosquito bites; was a member of the Twenty-Fifth Legislature; is now surgeon in charge of the Confederate Home, Austin.

Hoffler, G. W., a North Carolinian; was killed at Sharpsburg.

Holden, D. W., don't know what has become of him.

Hopson, B. W., lives in Fayette county.

Howard, Bob, killed at Sharpsburg.

Howard, Jeff, in San Saba county, if living; he and Bob were brothers.

Hughes, J. J., died near Austin, 1867.

Horn, P. (one of the "Trombusky Mess"); has been on furlough for 37 years.

Herbert, Phillip, son of the Confederate Congressman Herbert from Texas; played the guitar and sang like a lark; died in Virginia in 1862.

Jones, A. C., discharged in August, 1862.

Jones, Elanial, pulled the boots off a wounded Yankee officer at the battle of Ethan's Landing, "so the fellow could rest," but kept the boots; died in Virginia in 1863.

Jones, Joe E.; died in East Tennessee about three years ago; the Confederate Veteran paid him a fine tribute and produced his picture at the time of his death; he was a noble little fellow.

Jones, J. K. P.; a gallant soldier; killed at the battle of Chickamauga.

Keller, W. H.; died in the Panhandle 20 years ago.

Keller, J. H.; discharged; died in Austin in 1870.

Lessing, W. H.; the youngest man in the regiment unless it was Dick Pinckney; practicing law in Waco.

Lightfoot, W. H.; is a preacher; do not know his address.

Luckett, Alf. T.; the only man in Company B that ever received a bayonet wound in battle. He had a quarrel with Lieutenant James T. McLaurin after the battle of Second Manassas and swore that he would never speak to the Lieutenant again, "except officially." At the battle of Sharpsburg there was considerable confusion in the old cornfield. Orders were misconstrued and at one time the command got badly mixed up. Alf was fighting away, loading and shooting as fast as he could, and had not noticed that part of the regiment had taken shelter behind a rock fence near by. Looking around, he saw Lieutenant McLaurin standing alone between two corn rows, fanning himself with his hat and dead men all around him. The idea struck Alf that all of Company B had been killed but himself and the Lieutenant; dusty, powder-stained and hatless, he rushed up to the Lieutenant, extended his right hand and said: "Lieutenant Jim, we are all that's left of old Company B; let's make friends and die together." They had a hearty shake right there, where the minie balls were flying thick and fast. It was in that fight that he received a bayonet wound in the cheek. He died in Williamson county in 1873.

Maier, H.; killed at Sharpsburg.

Marcham, R.; I heard years ago that he died of yellow fever in 1866; have heard since that he was not dead, but I have not been able to learn the truth about it.

Mayfield, Newton W. (Old Burnsides); died near Austin in 1892.

Mayfield, Eph.; resides near Austin.

Minor, Arthnr; a mere boy; came to us in 1862 as a recruit; died in Richmond, 1862.

McGhee, John F.; lives at San Marcos.

McMath, M. W.; died in Virginia in 1862.

McMullen, "Barney;" Barney was a dandy, a noble hearted Irishman; died in Corpus Christi.

McPhaul, C. M. (litter bearer); have not heard from him since the surrender.

Masterson, A. R., captured a red artillery cap and got all the crown shot out of it at Gettysburg; gave the scraps to a Dutch farmer as a souvenir and marched bareheaded to Hagerstown, Maryland; lives in Brazoria county.

Millican, Ed H.; lives in Lampassas.

Mosley, Sidney E.; lost a leg in battle; a good soldier and thorough gentleman; died in Austin in 1870.

Moss, W. C.; died six years ago in Missouri.

Mooris, C. L.; killed on the skirmish line near Knoxville, Tenn., on Longstreet's return to Virginia.

Huendoff, Max; died at San Antonio in 1885.

Nichols, A. W.; night watchman at the Capitol; lives in Austin.

Nichols, George W.; killed at the battle of Chickamauga.

Piper, W. L.; died near Austin in 1885.

Plagge, C., musician; died in San Antonio.

Puckett, Lem; had himself captured on our retreat from Suffolk.

Puryear, Wm. F.; lives somewhere in the Colorado mountains.

Railey, J. D.; died in Waco three years ago.

Rice, A. R. ("Old Pontoon"); Bill Calhoun said that in the stampede at Raccoon Valley on the night of October 28, 1863, the old man was one of the first to pull out when the order came to "fall back;" on attempting to cross a ditch the old fellow fell on his hands and knees and half the regiment made a pontoon out of him; I met him about 20 years ago and he told me he thought he had found a gold mine up in "Palapinty" county. I have not seen or heard of him since.

Roberts, A. S.; wounded at Second Manassas; courier for Hood; has been Major-General of the State Militia; is now connected in some

way with the United States Postoffice Department; travels most of the time.

Robertson, George L.; was left on the battlefield at Sharpsburg for dead; recovered, returned to Texas and died in Austin in 1898.

Robertson, R. R. (Radway's Ready Relief); promoted to First Sergeant; a fine soldier, a good business man and a walking encyclopedia of practical knowledge; died in Austin in 1891.

Rose, George W.; a fiddler of the way-back, rack-back Davy kind; celebrated his golden wedding three years ago and died in Travis county in 1898.

Rushton, Charles H.; lived in Brazoria; died two years ago.

Rust, R. S.; promoted to Orderly Sergeant; badly wounded at Sharpsburg; died in Austin in 1885.

Ripetoe, J.; killed, but I have forgotten where.

Stovis, F. K.; absent without leave; we picked him up on our way to Virginia; we finally lost him, but I don't remember where.

Strohmer, Frank; lives on the Perdinalis.

Summers, John S.; a Kentuckian; killed at Gaines' Mill.

Sims, James, died at the Confederate Home in 1896.

Tannerhill, Wm. J.; lives near Bertram in Burnet county.

Sheppard, J. L.; died at Dumfries, on the Potomac, in the winter of 1861.

Schuler, John; killed at Sharpsburg.

Simmons, E.; discharged in 1862; have never heard of him since.

Stanley, A. E.; lost since the war.

Stein, Isaac; lost an arm at Second Manassas; was a merchant in Austin for many years; died in 1898.

Stone, Dock; lives near Austin; in 1862 he was transferred to Terry's Rangers.

Tatum, J. M.; died in Virginia in 1862.

Taylor, S. C.; discharged August 16, 1862, and has been lost ever since.

Teague, S. P.; Henderson's poker partner.

Thomas, James H.; belonged to my mess; told us the night before the battle of Second Manassas that he had a presentiment he would be killed in the next battle; the next day he was shot dead on the field; if there was a Christian among us it was Jimmie Thomas.

Thomas, Mark; died near Austin 30 years ago.

Thornton, L. C.; died at Marshall, Texas, in 1868.

Todd, D. A.; a good soldier and a good citizen; died on his farm, eight miles south of Austin in 1899.

Walker, G. H.; died in Virginia.

Wheeler, John G.; was my bunk mate in 1863 and has never forgiven me for letting the Yankees capture me and all our blankets one cold night in East Tennessee; he lost an arm at the Wilderness; is now a merchant at Manor, Texas.

While, J. A.; a mysterious young doctor who joined us in Virginia; he was an Alabamian; messed by himself; said but little and was an enigma to all; he died in Richmond in 1863.

Wilson, Sam C.; thrown from a horse and killed near Georgetown in 1868.

Wright, J. A.; met him five years ago, but don't know where he is living.

Wright, P. A.; died in Delaware in July, 1862.

Woodward, Logan; died in hospital in Richmond in 1861.

Whitesides, H.; an Irishman, a brave soldier—wounded many times during the war; never returned to Texas.

Price, John (colored); the muster roll of old Company B would not be complete without Uncle John; his master, John T. Price, former sheriff of Travis county, took John with him as body servant and cook; he was faithful to the end, although he had many opportunities to go to his so-called friends, the Federals; he died at the Travis county poor farm two months ago.

Johnson, Henry (colored); company barber and Colonel Carter's body servant; buried his master at Gettysburg, and died in Baltimore in 1864.

"Candy," the little white dog, went with the company from Austin and became a great favorite with the regiment; when George L. Robertson lay wounded at the field hospital at Sharpsburg he saw a band wagon parading the camp with the little rebel a prisoner; engraved on his collar was "Candy, Co. B, 4th Texas Reg't." He got lost from his company and regiment in the old cornfield and was captured by the enemy. At the battle of Gaines' Mill he became separted from us and next morning when the burying detail was sent out from the regiment they found "Candy" cuddled up under the arm of poor John Summers, who was killed the evening before. There was not a man in the regiment who would not have divided the last piece of "hardtack" he had with "Candy." He never swam a river or waded through the mud unless he wanted to. There was always some soldier ready to pick him up and carry him. We never

saw our little mascotte after the Battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

Of the ten original Captains of the Fourth Texas Regiment that went out in the spring of 1861, Colonel Ed H. Cunningham of Sugarland is the only one now living.

Captain J. G. C. Key of Company E died many years ago at Gonzales.

Captain B. F. Carter of Company B was killed at Gettysburg.

Captain W. P. Townsend, Company C, lost a leg at Second Manassas, and died on the Brazos 20 years ago.

Captain J. P. Bane, Company D, was wounded several times during the war, and died at the Confederate Home at Richmond, Va., years ago.

Captain Ed D. Ryan of Company E was killed at the battle of Gaines' Mill.

Captain Ed Cunningham commanded Company F.

Captain J. W. Hutcheson of Company G was killed at Gaines' Mill.

Captain P. P. Porter of Company H was killed at Gaines' Mill.

Captain C. M. Winkler of Company I passed through it all, and died at Austin while a member of the Court of Appeals.

Captain William H. Martin (glorious old "Howdy") of Company K, like Captain Winkler, bore a charmed life in the army, and died at Hillsboro two years ago.

REUNION AT MARLIN, TEXAS, JUNE 26-27, 1903.

Hood's Brigade Reunion. Gathering at Marlin of the Famous Texas Regiments that Never Failed to Participate in a Fight When the Opportunity Offered. Sketch of the Dauntless Leader. Loss of an Arm and Then a Leg Could Not Keep Gen. Hood Off the Battlefield. What Lee Thought of the Texas Regiments. The Flag Made by Mrs. Young Returned to Her After Its Strenuous Duty Had Been Performed.

"For Dixie's Land they took their stand,
To live or die for Dixie."

Marlin feels today that a great honor has been bestowed upon her. The people of this city welcome the reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade with open doors, hospitable homes and warm hearts. To these old soldiers is given the key to the city, and they are invited to take the best that Marlin has. They are here from all sections of the State, and nothing is being left undone by the citizens of Marlin that will redound to the comfort and pleasure of our venerated guests. The United Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy and all citizens of Marlin are bending their energies with the various Confederate camps of the county to the end of entertaining this honored assembly with genuine Southern hospitality, and with that kind and generous liberality peculiar to Texas at large and to Falls County in particular. The sons and daughters of the South regard with the strongest sentiments of respect and esteem the soldiers of the Southern cause; hence, their efforts upon this occasion are inspired by the highest and noblest sensibilities that can spring from the hearts of worthy sons and daughters of noble sires.

But who can review the pages of true history without feeling a sharp thrill of admiration for these old warriors, now stooped with the weight of years and grizzled with the hoar of time? In the distinguished valor of the Southern soldiery the courage and heroism of Hood's Texas Brigade occupies a prominent position. We read of this famous brigade at the battle of Gaines' Mill, in that fearful struggle that lasted from early in the evening till after nightfall, when charge after charge was made by the Confederates, only to be repulsed, and when, just as the last golden rays of a setting sun were fading behind the hills to the west, and the shadows had stretched out to their greatest length in the swamps of Chickahominy, when many Southern hearts had grown faint in anticipation of defeat, and Southern soldiers were groaning and bleeding and praying and dying on the crimson battlefield; when Richmond was trembling and the fate of the city hung on the result of this battle, it was just in that fearful moment that one grand and never to be forgotten charge was made by the Confederates, in which Whiting's Division, consisting of Hood's and Lane's brigades, made a mighty sweep down a slope to a ravine opposite the right of the Union line. The Union musketry roared, the Southern soldier saw comrade

after comrade fall by the leaden messengers of death. Great gaps were torn in the Confederate ranks. The work being done by the Union soldiers was of the most desperate nature. The Southerners were dauntless; they answered this awful roar of musketry and slaughter of their comrades with a wild yell and rushed for the Union works, sweeping out the Federal lines in that resistless charge, gained the Federal entrenchments and won a most signal victory after a hard fight against immense odds. Citizens of Marlin, doff your hats, do homage to Hood's Texas Brigade today.

Could Not Down Hood—Lost an Arm and a Leg, but He Still Fought On.

(*Special to the News.*)

Marlin, Tex., June 26.—"Thou bearest the highest name for valiant acts."

* * *

General Hood was certainly a most remarkable character. Perhaps no braver man or more stubborn fighter ever appeared on the battlefield. It is said of him that he was never known to yield territory without making a desperate fight to retain it. After being disabled in one arm at Gettysburg, he was not long in getting back to service. His was an illustrious part in the battle of Chickamauga, and it was there he lost a leg close up to the hip joint; but he was again in the field when the campaign of 1864 opened. One writer says of General Hood: "An army consisting of men filled with his heroic spirit could never have been defeated except by annihilation."

When Mr. Davis became disappointed at the "Fabian policy" of General Joseph E. Johnston, and believing that General Johnston could not hold Atlanta any better than other strong positions he had abandoned, he immediately decided that General Hood was the man for Johnston's place, and appointed him in Johnston's stead. Soon after General Hood's appointment some of the movements planned by him were not properly executed by minor officers and brought on the severest battles of the Georgia campaign (July 20 and 22). The Southern troops were not as successful as Hood expected, and the loss on the Southern side was heavy. General Hood has perhaps been censured for making a blunder, but the best authorities assert that his plans were skillfully laid, and, if properly carried out, the result of these two battles would have been far different, and the South would have gained signal victories both those days. During the remainder of the war General Hood demonstrated wonderful skill in maneuvering his army, and all his operations were conducted in a masterly manner.

The following sketch of the life of General Hood has been furnished the *News* correspondent by Secretary Branard of Hood's Brigade:

Of the many names around which cluster thrilling memories, none stand sublimer in the military history of the Confederate war than that of John Bell Hood. Born in Bath County, Kentucky, on the 29th of June, 1831, at a period when brave men were pushing the civilization of older parts of the Union into a frontier State, he soon acquired those sturdy, self-reliant traits that so distinguished him as a soldier in that fierce conflict for States' rights.

General Hood was brought up at Mount Sterling, in Montgomery County, Kentucky, the home of his father, who was a physician of marked ability. Many professional inducements were brought to bear upon the son to put him in the profession of his father. While the example of his father and the promise of being educated in the highest medical universities of America, and a finish given by a course in Europe, were well calculated to sway him in his choice of a business avocation, he evinced no inclination to follow the healing profession.

Every incident connected with the "dark and bloody ground" of his adopted State was suggestive of war, and to make himself master of all the aids which go to make up the character of a soldier became the all-absorbing thought of his soul. It so happened at this crisis in the life of young Hood that his uncle, Judge French, was Representative in Congress from the Boonesboro district of Kentucky, and through him John B. Hood received an appointment to West Point, into which he entered as a cadet in 1849, being then 17 years of age. In 1853 he graduated in a class with Sheridan, McPherson and Schofield.

Brevetted as Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, then serving in California, Hood took voyage from New York via Panama and reached San Francisco, where at Benecia Barracks, he was stationed for a short time. In a few months he was ordered to report at Fort Jones, Scott's Valley, in the northern part of California, where, upon his arrival, he found Colonel Buchanan in command with U. S. Grant as his Quartermaster. Finding but little active service in this remote garrison Lieutenant Hood found both exercise and amusement in killing game in which the country abounded. The vent for letting out the untamed energies of the young soldier were found in agricultural pursuits in his hours of rest from the routine of camp duty. A prairie opening was plowed by Hood and some of his com-

rades, wheat sowed and a promising harvest almost in sight when he was again detached and ordered to report to Lieutenant Williams of the United States Topographical Engineers to assist in the survey of the Salt Lake country.

The next step in the changing life of young Hood was an appointment in the Second United States Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, with R. E. Lee as Lieutenant Colonel and George Thomas and W. H. Hardee as Majors.

What a thrill of memories these names produce as we recall the parts each was to play in the coming drama of war, carnage and blood, and how strangely separated into hostile phalanxes these quondam friends were to drift. Again Hood was relieved and ordered to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., where he first met W. T. Sherman—the man who was afterwards to become infamous in the South by his vandalism in Georgia. In November Hood left Jefferson Barracks and marched with his regiment to Fort Belknap, Texas, which was to be in command of Robert E. Lee.

Here began that warm friendship which never waned as long as life lasted. There is much in the life of Lieutenant Hood, such as his experience in reaching Fort Mason over the Staked Plains without water and often without food; his fights with Tonkaways, who treacherously tried to deceive him with a flag of truce; his life at Camp Colorado and his command at Camp Wood of the Nueces and finally his appointment as chief of cavalry at West Point; but we hasten to the close of his career as a United States soldier.

As the clouds of war between the sections were already beginning to rise and the flashlights of the coming struggle were showing their forked tongues along the horizon, Hood asked to be relieved and so place himself as to act with freedom and do whatever an enlightened judgment and his sense of duty should dictate. Returning immediately to Texas he repaired to his old command at Indianola and bidding his comrades an affectionate farewell proceeded to Montgomery, Ala., where he offered his sword and his services to the cause for which he was willing to perish. His first services in the Confederate army were at Yorktown and then about Fortress Monroe.

His general activity and fitness to command brought him at this time a commission as Lieutenant Colonel with an order to raise and organize a regiment of Texans, several companies of which had already reached Richmond. The history of this regiment, known as the Fourth Texas, is too intimately interwoven with the brilliant achievements of the Confederate soldier to need farther amplification. There is needed no defense of Hood's campaign as commander of the armies of the West. Defeat, want of war and overwhelming odds against the Western army and constant retreat had disorganized the Confederate army and made it powerless to meet the overwhelming hordes of Federals pitted against it. Nothing is more pathetic than the history of the period in the Army of Tennessee. All that could have been done to avert the calamities that befell this army was done by Hood, but no strategy could be practiced by the most skillful soldier, no maneuvers effected, no combinations made to thwart the purposes of a relentless foe—overwhelming in numbers, measureless in resources and inflated with continuous successes.

When General Hood laid down his sword at the conclusion of the war he must have felt he had discharged his duty to the South—had done his best for the land he loved and was the hero of an immortal fame, that neither disaster nor defeat could take from him. After the war General Hood married Miss Hennen of New Orleans, daughter of a distinguished jurist, and began to build for himself a home where peace instead of war should sit upon his altar. How the purposes of man are often thwarted by the decree of the Deity! Death came and blasted all the beautiful ambitions of mother and father, and to the Hood's Brigade was left the melancholy pleasure of assisting in providing for and educating the orphan children of the distinguished soldier, the spotless gentleman, the courageous citizen. Thus ended the life of a noble patriot, a loving father and a generous husband. As death can not quench the ardor of admiration we turn with mournful pleasure to the spot where he lies and bid the hero sleep in the conscious love of a grateful nation.

Where Hood's Brigade Shone—Some Important Engagements in Which They Participated.

(Special to the News.)

Marlin, Tex., June 28.—To Hood's Brigade, as much as to any others, is due the credit of the brilliant Southern victory at the second battle of Manassas, where twenty-eight cannon, ten battle flags, 9,000 muskets, 20,000 cartridges and 1,500 prisoners were the rich spoils captured by the victorious Southerners. In this battle some writer has said that "Hood's Texas Brigade electrified world." No greater battle was ever fought on the American continent. The confidence of their ability in the battlefield that was given the Southern troops

at this great battle never forsook them even down to the closing scene at Appomattox. Union offensive was broken up in Virginia for the balance of the year 1861 by the first battle of Manassas. During this great battle it was Bee that rode up to Jackson and exclaimed: "General, they are beating us back." Jackson's reply was cool and deliberate: "Sir, we will give them the bayonet."

When Bee rode back to his men he shouted: "Look, there stands Jackson like a stone wall! Let us determine to die here and we will conquer." What could be a more daring or a grander charge than when the Southern troops swept the enemy from the plateau and down the slope, and securing full possession of the Henry and Robinson houses, with the Union batteries, the thing in this impetuous charge that caused a sad pang to pierce the Southern heart was that two gallant spirits, Bee and Bartow, lost their lives upon the altar of their country.

At Sharpsburg Hood's Brigade again distinguished itself. This was a hard fought battle and the Confederates repulsed the Federals at every point.

Hood's Brigade breasted the withering, pitiless storm of shot and shell at Gettysburg during some of the hard fought battles, but was not near enough to lend aid just at the critical moment, when the gallant Virginians under Pickett rushed forward and broke through the Federal lines, and with shouts of victory planted their banners on the captured guns, but who were compelled to retire as the Federals with overwhelming numbers, rushed upon the Pickett men from every side. This battle caused Union General Hunt to form a high regard for the Southern soldier, and he wrote: "Right gallantly did they act their part, and their failure carried no discredit with it. Their military honor was not diminished by their defeat, nor their spirit lowered."

Hood's Brigade figured with telling effect in the battle of Chickamauga, where the Southern troops rushed into a gap that was left in the Federal line of battle and completely swept from the field Sheridan's entire division and several brigades of other Federal divisions, capturing batteries, wagon trains and provisions. The Confederates won a splendid victory.

After the fight at Chickamauga, Hood's old brigade moved to Chattanooga, with Bragg's army in Longstreet's Corps, and took part first in an important night engagement in Raccoon Mountain, then moved back to Lookout Mountain and rested a few days. The old brigade was then sent with Longstreet to drive Burnside out of East Tennessee.

Longstreet's forces defeated Burnside at two or three points and drove him into Knoxville, which place he proceeded to invest. Burnside was held close at Knoxville until Bragg's army lost Missionary Ridge and uncovered the rear, when Longstreet's Corps was forced to evacuate and return to Virginia and there engaged in the fierce struggle up to the Wilderness, May 6, where the Union army was splendidly equipped and well supplied with everything needed in modern warfare. The supplies of the Confederates consisted of an immense supply of courage and heroism and little else; barefooted, half-starved, but privations and hardships had never caused them to desert their colors. Longstreet's Corps (with Hood's old brigade) reached the Wilderness at a most critical moment, things were beginning to look bad for the Confederates. Desperate was the close-quartered fighting in these tangled thickets. Just at this juncture Longstreet's splendid corps was observed in double column and with ranks well closed coming down the orange plank road in a fast trot. Urged by Longstreet, the division made a desperate charge and captured the Federal works. Gregg's Brigade (Hood's old brigade) of Texas and Arkansas, also figured mightily in this great battle. General Law writes as follows: "As the Texans in the front line swept past the batteries where General Lee was standing, they gave a rousing cheer for 'Mars' Robert, who spurred his horse forward and followed them on. When the men became aware that he was going in with them they called loudly to him to go back. 'We won't go on unless you go back,' was the general cry. One of the men dropped to the rear and taking the bridle turned the General's horse around, while General Gregg came up and urged him to do as the men wished. At that moment a member of the staff (Colonel Venable) directed his attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been looking for. With evident disappointment General Lee turned off and joined General Longstreet." When night closed the battle of the Wilderness, General Webb of the Union army says of the result: "Grant had been thoroughly defeated in his attempt to walk past General Lee on the way to Richmond. Ewell had most effectually stopped the forward movement of the right wing of Meade's army, and Hill and Longstreet defeated our left under Hancock." In this battle Longstreet with his men was mistaken for enemies by some of the Southerners and fired on. Longstreet was badly wounded and General Jenkins, commander of a South Carolina brig-

ade, was killed. The old brigade of Hood continued to do great service in the series of battles in the Virginia campaign that followed till the close of the war.

Brave Men — The Times Brought Them Out—Many Showed Total Absence of Anything Like Fear.

"I was glad to see that little sketch of George Branard in the *News* this morning," said a survivor of the Fifth Texas Regiment. "George belonged to the First, but all the Texans in Virginia were like one family, and of course I saw a great deal of him, and I will say that not a word in the English language is too strong to use in describing his coolness and bravery. We had lots of the same kind in our brigade. George occupied a prominent and dangerous position as color sergeant and was lucky in not being killed or entirely disabled, so that he had a long and brilliant career. I see he has our old flag, the battle flag of the Fifth Texas, at Marlin. The flag was sent to us in 1862 by Mrs. M. J. Young of Houston and in 1864 was returned to her by the Fifth Texas. She prized it above all things and it has been sacredly guarded. Just contrast George Branard's luck with the luck our color sergeants had. I don't know how many men were killed or disabled carrying our flag, but I can count fourteen who were killed under it. In one battle alone, the Wilderness, we lost seven color bearers in less than an hour. The only man living now who ever held that flag in battle is J. C. Cox of Tyler, and he is shot all to pieces.

"George Branard was in just as much danger a hundred times probably as any of our flag bearers, and yet his luck pulled him through. He is a gallant little fellow and every survivor of the brigade knows that.

"Of course, every one of us has some particular man picked out as the bravest man we ever saw. My ideal of a soldier was Colonel Harvey Sellers. There was the bravest man I ever saw or expect ever to see. I have seen him on a score of battlefields and I never saw him the least rattled or excited. He loved danger and would lead a charge with the same coolness and sang froid that a dude leads the german or cotillon. I'll never forget him at Manassas. He rode up to the Fifth Texas on a white horse that had so many wounds it looked red. He came to our right and called out: 'I want Company A to deploy as skirmishers and draw the fire of the enemy.' Then coming closer he said: 'Boys, this is a dangerous service and I hate to call on you, but you are my old company and I want you to have this honor. Come on, I am going with you.' And he did, too. He rode that bloodstained white horse right ahead of us, the most conspicuous mark on the field, and came through safely. Of course, we followed. Who could hold back with such an example?

But before I forget it, I want to say that just as brave and gallant a soldier as Colonel Harvey Sellers, George Branard or any of the hundreds of others who were with us in Virginia, is now in Marlin at the reunion of Hood's Brigade in the person of Virge Patrick of Galveston, a member of the Fifth Texas. Virge is mighty quiet and no one ever hears him say a word about what he has gone through or done, but I am here to tell you a braver or better soldier never carried a musket than that same Virge Patrick. I have seen him in some mighty tight places and I never saw him flicker. He was a stayer and nothing on earth could rattle him. Like Colonel Harvey Sellers, he seemed to actually enjoy danger, and I have seen him in the most terrible charge with that same pleasant smile on his face that he has today when he approaches a friend on the street. When we cleaned up the Zouaves at Manassas and went up the hill after the Yankee batteries, Virge was not far from me, and I remember distinctly, for it made a lasting impression on me, the bored expression on his face. Bored expression describes it better than anything else. It was the acme of cool courage—the total absence of anything like fear.

"Talk about Ney, we had hundreds of them with us in Virginia—men who did every duty cheerfully, willingly and bravely, and I am here to tell you that Ney or no other soldier who ever lived had a better record for cool courage than Virge Patrick."

The Standard of Travis—Men of Hood's Brigade For Four Years Never Let It Be Lowered.

(*Special to the News.*)

Marlin, Tex., June 26.—The following is a paper written by Dr. S. O. Young of Galveston and read at this morning's session of the brigade:

To Hood's Texas Brigade Reunion: It is needless for me to say that Hood's Brigade did much to add to the renown of the Confederate soldier, and that it was a most potent factor in making those four years of glorious history. You of the Army of Northern Virginia faced and held at bay the best armies the world has ever produced, won for yourselves the love and admiration of your friends, and the admiration and respect of your foes. It was your proud and lofty privilege to represent in that army the

Lone Star State, the only one which had already a glorious record. Texas wrote the first pages at the Alamo and set the standard so high that it has never been surpassed, though to your credit and honor be it said, for four long, weary and bloody years you never allowed it to be lowered. The world recognizes and bows to the prowess of the Texas soldiers, who have never been found wanting, although subjected to the most crucial test. The history of the Hood's Brigade reads more like a romance than a record of facts. I know of no other body of men who were drawn so closely together as were its members, nor do I know of any where there was less jealousy between its component parts. The glory of one was the glory of all. Forty-one years ago today, when Hood, using the Fourth Texas as a wedge at Gaines' Farm, broke McClellan's line, the first page of that four years of imperishable glory was written. The Fourth Texas did it, but Hood's Brigade got the honor and glory. The Fifth Texas added the second page at Manassas, while the third was written at Sharpsburg by the First Texas, when that regiment held an army at bay at such frightful cost to themselves that their percentage of loss has never been surpassed in the history of the world's wars. Thus on three occasions each of the Texas regiments in the Army of Northern Virginia distinguished itself, but all the glory went to Hood's Brigade, and I doubt if there are a hundred people outside of the survivors of the brigade who know of these individual regimental achievements. This is all wrong and should be remedied before it is too late. There is glory enough for all and a division should be declared.

But it is not of Hood's Brigade as a whole that I desire to speak. It is an easy thing to give credit to the Fourth Texas for its work at Gaines' Farm, to the Fifth Texas for its gallantry at Manassas, and to the First for fearful self-sacrifice at Sharpsburg. All future historians will doubtless do that; but what of the heroic deeds of the individuals, the component parts of those regiments? Should not they receive their just dues, too? I know you will agree with me that this should be done, and I hope you will agree with me, also, when I say that you are the men to do it.

From Cold Harbor to Appomattox there was not a minute when you knew what Lee, Longstreet, Hill, Hood or the other commanders were doing, or intended to do, but there was not an hour, a day, or a year during that time that you did not know what your messmate and regimental officers were doing. You can not write a history of General Lee, but you can write a history, and a good one, too, of the poor fellows who stood guard with you in the sleet and snow, of the men who, on a hundred battlefields, closed up the gaps in your ranks made by the enemy's shell and grapeshot, and who, after so many months and years of sacrifice, either paid out their life's blood on the soil of Virginia or Pennsylvania, or returned to their homes physical wrecks. This is work that survivors can do, and in my opinion it is a duty which has been neglected too long and further delay may prove fatal. S. O. Young.

Little Girl's Address. Miss Lessie, Aged 13, Spoke to the Veterans Yesterday.

Marlin, Tex., June 27.—The following is an address delivered by Miss Lessie Furman [illegible], aged 13 years, at the Court House this morning.

My Fathers of the Confederacy—I hail you happy today, as you come together in your annual reunion. It is so hard for me to realize as I now behold your halting steps, your stooping forms, your wrinkled brows, your silvered heads, that just a few years ago you were brave and strong, your eyes were full of the fire of hope, and in your vigorous young manhood you buckled on your armor and with all the knightly bearing of a true Southerner, you went forth to meet the invaders of your homes.

As I read of your gallant deeds, your hard marches, the privations you suffered, the mighty conflicts which you survived, my very soul is thrilled with pride at the thought that I am the grandchild of two old Confederate soldiers—two men who wore the gray and followed the fortunes of the Confederacy.

In my imagination I sometimes fancy that I lived forty years ago; that I, too, was a Confederate soldier, riding with Forrest, or Wheeler, Stuart or Hampton, or that I was of the hosts of the gallant Lee, Jackson or Hood sweeping like a tornado through the valley of Virginia, across the rolling waters of the Shenandoah, or with majestic tread breasting the Potomac's sweeping current.

In my imagination I can see you as a mighty host of strong young manhood, the purest strain of Southern chivalry, ready to lay down life in defense of home and honor. Ah, yes, and methinks I can see you as you form in line on the plains of Manassas in [illegible] and under the eye of Johnston, Beauregard and the stalwart Jackson, you hurl back the invaders of our Southland, and send them back [illegible] and trembling to the shelter of their capital city. I can hear the beat of your drums, the notes of the fife, the [illegible] as McClellan beats his retreat from before Richmond, the [illegible] cheers of Lee

and his Lieutenants at the second Manassas, the hand-to-hand conflict of the Wilderness, the siege of Petersburg, the erstwhile "Grand Army of the South" living in the ditches in front of our beleaguered capital.

I look again and I see you in the last act of the great drama as you move with the proud march of the world's greatest heroes to the final close at Appomattox—the remainder of the world's grandest troops surrounded by a vast army of ten to one. And yet, gaudly and defiantly dictating your own terms of capitulation.

My fathers, the world will never look upon your like again. Soon you will cross over the river to rest under the shade of the trees with the sainted Jackson, the immortal Lee and the gallant hosts of your comrades, who have gone on before. Now, honored fathers of the gray, we, your children and children's children, to the latest generation, will ever hold in memory's most sacred casket your honored deeds and daring.

LINES ON MANASSAS FIELD.

The following lines, suggested upon a visit to the battlefield of Manassas, Va., by Miss Kate Daffan, were read this morning:

We knew the ground was holy,
For it was a battlefield,
Where Southern soldiers fought and died—
Their stout hearts would not yield.

At the gates of this field we entered in
Angels seemed to be standing there,
Who guarded the spot where our loved ones fought,
And my grateful heart breathed a prayer.

We sat 'neath the shade of the great old trees,
And remembered our blessed dead,
Who went from that field to their home with God,
And by Him their courses were led.

The old Henry house is standing there
In the shade of the apple trees,
And nothing is changed since our soldiers fought,
While their banners waved in the breeze.

It was here General Lee said of Jackson's men,
"They stand like a great 'Stone-wall.'"
Their brave true hearts had no fear of death—
They heard only their leader's call.

And then I thought of the soldier boy,
Who went into the battle that day,
Who fought his last fight and breathed his last hope,
Whose heart slept 'neath his jacket of gray.

Then I remembered the dear, dear soldiers,
Whose brave lives are spared to us yet—
Let us fill their last years with tenderest love
And never, O never, forget!

—Kate Daffan.

Ennis, Texas.

FIFTH TEXAS FLAG—IT WAS MADE BY MRS. YOUNG, AND AFTERWARDS RETURNED TO HER.

(*Special to the News.*)

Marlin, Tex., June 26.—The following account of the flag of the Fifth Texas is furnished the *News* correspondent by Major Geo. A. Branard of Houston. The account is an extract from a letter that Major Branard received from Dr. S. O. Young, Secretary Galveston Cotton Exchange:

"My mother made the flag—I think in '62—and sent it to the Fifth Texas by Bob Campbell of Company A, Fifth Texas, one of the recruits who went back with Lieutenant Clute. The flag was used until '64, when Lieutenant Clay, Captain Farmer and some other officers, whose names I forget, came back to Texas after recruits. The Fifth Texas held a meeting, wrote a magnificent letter and appointed these officers a committee to return the flag to my mother, it being so badly torn and tattered as to be of no use. During its use by the regiment, fourteen men were shot down and killed; two, I remember well, were badly wounded, one of whom was George Onderdonk of Company A, who was afterwards killed in a runaway accident in Houston after the war; the other is his dear old side-partner of J. C. Cox, whom you will see in Bryan, and who will show you the ball from a wound he received at Manassas, I believe, and carried for over thirty-five years."

LETTER FROM MR. W. E. COPELAND.

(*Special to the News.*)

Marlin, Tex., June 26.—Confederate soldiers are not only possessed of the characteristic of daring and bravery, but also of many other praiseworthy and noble attributes, and it is not uncommon that they are men of much modesty, as the following fully evidences:

Rockdale, Tex., June 24.—Mr. E. P. Hutchings, Marlin, Tex.—Dear Sir: Replying to your favor of June 22, asking for a sketch of my life for publication in the *News* in connection with the annual reunion of Hood's Brigade, would say if you have any regard for an old crippled Johnnie Reb, you will withhold his name from the public prints. Modesty is becoming in all men, but especially in those who undertook to do a thing and failed.

Philosophy says, "It is better to have struggled to reach the apex and failed than not to have made the effort." This kind of philosophy may be all right to the theorist, but those who have had the experience of almost reaching the pinnacle and then falling ignominiously to the foot of the hill and very much lower than from whence they started, are justified in saying, "Damn such philosophy."

I have never attended any of the great Confederate reunions, and only a few times have I attended the annual reunion of Hood's Brigade, and then for the sole purpose of meeting my old comrades and taking them by the hand. It is very doubtful whether I can be at Marlin on the 26th and 27th, but in any event I would court the least possible publicity.

Biographically, Jacob's reply to Pharaoh (Gen. xivii, 9) accurately portrays my past: "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." With kindest regards, I am, yours truly,

W. E. COPELAND.

LEE'S TRIBUTE TO HOOD'S BRIGADE.

(*Special to the News.*)

Marlin, Tex., June 26.—The following is a copy of a letter that appears in a book of biographies of Confederate generals, published in 1872. The letter shows the high regard in which the Texas Confederate soldier was held by General Robert E. Lee, especially those comprising Hood's Brigade:

"General Louis T. Wigfall, Headquarters Army of Virginia, Near Martinsburg, Sept. 21, 1862.—General: I have not heard from you with regard to the new Texas regiments, which you promised to endeavor to raise for the army. I need them much. I rely upon those we have in all tight places and fear I have to call upon them too often. They have fought grandly and nobly, and we must have more of them. Please make every possible exertion to get them in and send them unto me. You must help us in this matter. With a few more such regiments as Hood now has, as an example of daring and bravery, I could feel much more confident of the campaign. Very respectfully,

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

BIOGRAPHY OF PRESIDENT J. C. LOGGINS.

Marlin, Tex., June 26.—Dr. J. C. Loggins, President of Hood's Texas Brigade, was born December 7, 1845, at Anderson, in Grimes County. He enlisted in Company G, Fourth Texas, in the summer of 1861, and went direct to Virginia. The company was known as the Grimes County Grays. He served during the entire war. He was captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and was in prison one year, escaping from Fort Delaware July 1, 1864, by swimming Delaware Bay. He fought in nearly all battles: Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fort Gregg, and was wounded in the latter engagement. The only portion of the war he missed was during the one year he was in prison.

HOOD'S BRIGADE SURGEON.

Dr. J. C. Jones Went in a Youth, and Never Missed a Fight, Nor Was Absent a Day or Night from the Command.

(*Special to the News.*)

Marlin, Tex., June 26.—Dr. J. C. Jones was born in Lawrence County, Alabama, and received his academic education at La Grange College; began his medical education at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1856, where he graduated; also attended the medical schools of Dublin, London and Paris, returning home at the opening of the Civil War, when he was appointed as assistant surgeon of Hood's Brigade in Virginia, August, 1861. In consequence of his youthful appearance, some misgivings were felt lest he might not be equal to the stern emergencies of war, but after the command received its baptism of fire at Gaines' Mill all doubts on that score disappeared. He served continually with the command, never having missed a march, skirmish or battle, and surrendered at Appomattox as senior or brigade surgeon. He was the trusted surgeon of General Hood, and was chosen to take care of him when desperately wounded at Chicamauga. He has been appointed surgeon general Texas Division of Confederate Veterans by Generals Sayers, Merriweather and Polley in recognition of his war record in the Army of Northern Virginia. He has resided and practiced his profession continuously at Gonzales since 1865, and is now one of the State Board of Medical Examiners.

REUNION AT MARLIN CLOSED WITH A BARBECUE AND SPEECHES BY VETERANS AND PROMINENT VISITORS.

Marlin, Tex., June 27.—The Saturday morning session of Hood's Association was opened at 9 o'clock with prayer by Judge John W. Stevens of Hillsboro. The memorial committee submitted the following resolution:

To Joseph C. Loggins, President Hood's Texas Brigade Reunion Association.

WHEREAS, Since our last reunion the following comrades have departed this life: John

Patigon, Company B, Fifth Texas; Jack Smith, Company A, Fifth Texas; G. B. Huggins, Company D, Fourth Texas; David Arnett, Company G, Fourth Texas; D. A. Beal, Company G, Fifth Texas; and,

These comrades died as they had lived, loyal to their comrades, loyal to the cause they espoused in '61-65, and true to the principles and their tattered colors, for which they fought and bled;

We feel that these comrades departed with eyes secure and fearless as upon the bloody battlefields of Virginia, and that they entered upon the shoreless sea of eternity with their feet planted upon the "Rock of Eternal Ages." Be it, therefore,

Resolved, by the Hood's Brigade Reunion Association, That in the loss of these our beloved comrades, with humble hearts we bow our heads to the will of our heavenly Father. Their privation and patient endurance in the bloody drama of war, their upright, honorable lives in civic life has left to their comrades a splendid legacy which becomes to us a glorified memory.

Resolved, further, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting.

Resolved, in conclusion, That Comrade Copeland lead in prayer at the adoption of these resolutions.

W. E. Barry, Chairman;
John W. Stevens,
John N. Henderson,
S. P. Burroughs,
Committee.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted, after which the adopted song of the Confederacy, "Nearer My God to Thee," was sung. The following resolution was offered by John N. Henderson and J. T. Hunter and was adopted by the Association:

Be it resolved, That we hereby tender the thanks of this Association for the generous hospitality accorded us by the citizens of Marlin, and, further, that we tender to the local and daily State press and to the railroads our acknowledgments for courtesies extended on the occasion of this our annual reunion.

The date of the annual reunion was changed from June 26 and 27 to June 29 and 30 on motion of Hon. John N. Henderson.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Dr. S. P. Burroughs of Buffalo, President; W. H. Lessing of Waco, Vice-President; Dr. J. C. Jones of Gonzales, Surgeon; W. E. Copeland of Rockdale, Chaplain. The office of Treasurer was made perpetual and united with the Secretary.

President Burroughs was escorted to the chair by Capts. J. T. Hunter and W. E. Barry. He made an eloquent address of acceptance and thanked his comrades for the high honor conferred on him. Vice-President Lessing was escorted to his seat by Judge Stevens and E. G. Session. Mr. Lessing thanked the Association with appropriate remarks.

Ennis, placed in nomination by Miss Kate Daffan, was unanimously selected as the place of next meeting.

Barbecue and Speaking.

The last half of the last day of the reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade was spent at the barbecue grounds in the beautiful park on the estate of Colonel Baker, about one mile west of Marlin. By far the largest crowd assembled in Marlin for many years enjoyed the dinner, which was declared by the veterans to be the best any city has ever tendered them at a reunion.

Eloquent patriotic speeches were made by Confederate veterans and others. The address of Judge John N. Stevens of Hillsboro was particularly interesting. The crowd wouldn't let the venerable judge stop speaking until he declared that the honors that had been heaped upon him by his comrades and the citizens of Marlin had worn him out, and he could speak no longer.

Congressman R. L. Henry also delivered an interesting speech and received unbounded applause. Hon. C. F. Greenwood of Hillsboro also addressed the gathering in appropriate remarks. Mr. Greenwood reviewed in brief the history of the war with the States and eulogized Hood's Texas Brigade in particular. Mr. Greenwood is an orator of marked ability and his address was instructive as well as interesting. He was frequently interrupted by the enthusiasm he aroused in his hearers.

The veterans have been royally entertained by the citizens of Marlin and they declare that the people of the Hot Water City are not lacking in general old Southern hospitality, and all desire to visit this city again before they "pass over the river and rest in the shadow of trees."

U. D. C. Entertainment.

Marlin, Tex., June 27.—Last night the Falls County Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, gave an entertainment to the veterans and visitors to the reunion at the Bartlett Park pavilion. There were many Southern patriotic songs and recitations rendered, which was attended and enjoyed by far the largest crowd ever assembled at Bartlett Park. The recitation by Miss Lessie Saul was particularly enjoyed and

she has won the love and admiration of all that have heard her.

Mrs. B. J. Linthicum presented a silk Confederate flag to the Willis L. Lang Camp, Confederate Veterans. Hon. Tom Connally, on behalf of the camp, thanked Mrs. Linthicum in appropriate remarks. The affair at the pavilion ended with a selection on the piano by Miss Katie Daffan.

After the entertainment a grand ball was given at the Arlington in honor of the reunion.

A Prominent Visitor.

One of the prominent visitors to the reunion is Dr. D. C. Jones of Cameron. Prior to the war Dr. Jones was acting assistant surgeon in the United States Army. He resigned and enlisted in Captain W. P. Townsend's company, Fourth Texas, in 1861. He served for nine months as a private, until the battle of Gaines' Mill, Va. He was then made surgeon of his company, and served as such the balance of the war.

Flag Presentation—Willis L. Lang Camp Is Remebered by the Veterans.

(*Special to the News.*)

Marlin, Tex., June 27.—In presenting the flag to Willis L. Lang Camp, Mrs. B. J. Linthicum spoke as follows:

"In presenting this flag to you, brave warriors and loyal sons, I do it in remembrance of the noble soldier and esteemed man, Willis L. Lang, whose life is held dear by you, and whose memory is kept green by this valiant band. Long may this flag wave, emblematic of your patriotism, love of freedom and strength of union, and long may you live to preserve your interest in so noble institutions."

The old Fifth Texas flag, tattered and torn with the honorable scars received on hard-fought battlefields, where it was so nobly borne, was unfurled and held out to the view of the old soldiers by Capt. D. H. Boyles of Marlin. The old flag was greeted with wild and enthusiastic cheers by the veterans.

It was a late hour when the band played a good-night piece and the large assemblage commenced to disperse.

Hood's Brigade Ends—Judge Kittrell, of Houston, Orator On Last Day.

(*Special to the Galveston News.*)

When one hundred and twenty gray-haired veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade assembled upon the occasion of the reunion now in progress in this town, all records for attendance in a similar event were surpassed. Semi-political as was the meeting, that fact, with the consequent amount of advertising derived, served to bring from homes over the State a large proportion of the survivors among those who served in the great organization.

Approximately 5,000 men went forth from Texas with Hood and the allied regiments that afterward were joined under his command and eventually became a part of his brigade. Now there are few of them left. The ranks were sadly depleted by the ravages of war. The passing of years has marked the time of death for many heroes. Once before as many as a hundred of these veterans were assembled at Ennis, and that was several years ago. It was believed then than no such number could ever be brought together again.

Considerable difficulty was experienced in finding quarters for all who appeared. The hotels were filled and beds were in demand. Many slept in the same room and it was like an indoor bivouac.

The hospitality of these war-worn veterans of the Civil War was lavish. To them the freedom of the town was given and the entertainment was sumptuous.

Arrangements were as near perfect as the accommodations permitted.

At the park all was arranged for their comfort. Vehicles were at their disposal. The restaurants were open and no cash register jingled where they were.

No serious accident marked the occasion and no hitch in the program as outlined was made. The parade was a credit to the town and the decorations were elaborate.

The barbecue was one of the greatest ever given in the State, and every one was served. Tables were spread beneath the spreading branches of the trees and groaned beneath the burden of the weight of food.

The crowd was large. As many as 4,000 people gathered upon the field and it was as if the veterans were the guests of all. Chairs were given up to them; they were served before any others. Every other man and woman on the ground was there, as it seemed for no other reason than to give service to those who had fought so gallantly in their support of the lost cause.

In the afternoon of the first day the real reunion opened and today the address to the veterans was delivered by Judge Norman G. Kittrell of Houston.

The organization was effected Thursday afternoon when President Goree of the association welcomed the survivors of the great fighting

organization and Major F. C. Hume of Houston responded. His speech was one of the events of the reunion. It was short and punctuated with eloquence.

GOVERNOR CULBERSON BECOMES A POET IN SENTIMENT—HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

Our illustrious Charles Culberson has paid this tribute to the men we honor today: Hood's Texas Brigade was to Lee's army what the Tenth Legion was to Caesar and the Old Guard to Napoleon. We know this to be a well deserved eulogy for was there ever another such band of fighters.

And—

Today as we gaze on their faces,
And the ranks which are fast growing thin;
We hark back to days when in gallant array,
They fought to die or to win.

Stalwart, vigorous and handsome,
In long columns they marched away;
In the chill of the mid-night hour,
In the dusty heat of the day.

When the cannon belched forth its terrible fire,
And grape-shot rained thicker than hail;
With saber and gun and the old rebel yell,
They made the enemy quail.

Where army met army and the fighting waged hot,
And the plains ran rivers of blood;
Right up in the front, in the thick of the fight,
Were the men who followed brave Hood.

There was Winkler, our own dauntless colonel,
There was Harding to depend on as aide;
There were Mills, Henderson and Stoddard,
All fighters in Hood's Texas Brigade.

For to fight was always Hood's motto,
And his men were the same kind of stuff;
And tho' they didn't win out always,
They still made things pretty rough.

There was Pinckney, our dear martyred hero,
Who fell by an assassin's hand;
Let us bow our heads in sorrow,
That this hero has left the brave band.

But we never could name all the heroes,
From private to officer brave,
And no words are needed to tell you,
The dead fill a true soldier's grave.

For wherever great deeds are recorded
And related as tales often told;
Of men who were fighters in battle,
They will tell of Hood, reckless and bold.

They will tell that in all of the legions,
There were none like Hood's Texas Brigade;
They will tell you no men in the army,
Another such record has made.

But the mantle of peace, with its shrouding folds,
Has fallen about the grim past,
And the mellowing years are drying the tears
Which for our dead soldiers fell fast.

Yet methinks if in heaven these comrades should meet,
And brave, reckless Hood should be there;
If a blue coated angel they'd happen to see,
There'd be a big fight then and there.

—Mamie Downard Peck.

June 27, 1905.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Adjournment was then taken for dinner.

FOURTH TEXAS FLAG.

Following are some features in connection with the Fourth Texas flag over which the spirited discussion was raised this morning.

The Fourth Texas Flag was brought in this morning by Comrade L. A. Daffan and placed on the rostrum. It was sent by Val. C. Giles with the request that it be delivered to headquarters of Hood's Texas Brigade Reunion.

The flag has ninety-six bullet holes in it and the metal spear which capped the flag staff, which also accompanied the flag, was also pierced by a bullet. To the flag is attached the following very suggestive and thrilling lines:

IN THE DAYS WHEN WAR WAS HELL

This faded relic here today,
So torn by shot and shell,
Waved proudly o'er Virginia's hills
In the days when war was hell.

No foeman's hand e'er touched the flag,
And oft the rebel yell
Has rang beneath these thirteen stars,
In the days when war was hell.

'Tis old and faded now by time,
And torn by shot and shell;
'Twas never furled on any field,
In the days when war was hell.

This grand old flag, so silent now,
A story sad can tell,
Of those who died beneath its folds
In the days when war was hell.

—V. C. G., Co. B, Fourth Texas.

Hood's Texas Brigade at Gaines' Mills.
June 27, 1862.

There's Jackson, from the valley, with dust brown ranks has come,
Where Pickett, Hill and Anderson rush on, the woods yet dumb;
But Fitz John Porter's stern Fifth Corps has sworn to hold the lines;
Behind the ridge of Gaines' Mill the Yankee bayonet shines.
Before the set of sun that day, 'twas Boatswain's Creek ran red,
And stars and stripes and stars and bars shone o'er the deathless dead,
And Fame's star rose upon the field, amid that battle's roar,
Which pinned in glory's firmament the badge of the Fifth Corps.
For Sykes, Morell and grim McCall their blue divisions showed.
And faced their double numbers, Fitz John Porter blocked our road.
The man who rashly fancied that a Yankee wouldn't fight
Was sharply taught conviction ere fell the shades of night.
For Stonewall's men no firmer were than foes who would not yield:
And four long hours the tempest broke on dauntless Butterfield.
In vain Gregg's Carolinians faced Sykes' regulars—hero led.
Old North Carolina's legions failed with bold Hill at their head.
Eight standard bearers 'neath the silken stars and bars went down.
Four charges withered in the fires, that hell's uproar would drown.
Pickett and Cobb were beaten back from off the bloody hill,
Where, now at bay, the Fifth Corps bled in silence, fighting still.
The "thundering hurrahs" we loved at last had died away,
For Weed and Tidball scourged our lines with deathly hail that day.
Without a cartridge, on the left the victor Yankees stood.
In the last reeling battle hour, 'twas Whiting called for Hood.

From out the swamps of Gaines' Mill, the Hampton Legion came,
With Law's Brigade and our own Hood, his eager eyes aflame.
And Texas gave the First and Fifth, who bore the single star,
The Eighteenth Georgia and our Fourth—"the Texas boys were thar,"
When Jackson urged and Longstreet called, Hood led himself his men.
Arms at the train, the Texans dashed into the devil's den,
With wolfish strides, their flag beside, and cold steel in their hands,
They burst the circling walls of fire. There Hood a victor stands!

Gods! What a foe! The Fifth Corps yielded, inch by inch, with fire.
A thousand fell, while Hood swept on. We had our heart's desire.
Pickett and Wilcox, rushing on in line with Texas' sons,
Poured, drunk with blood, across the ridge, where lay the fourteen guns.
No closer grapple—breast to breast—the war's dark record shows.
Today the ridge at Gaines' Mill is starred with prairie rose.
But, Fame's eternal watch is kept where once the Fifth Corps stood,
And Texas, love within her eyes, still proudly whispers, "Hood!"

—Richard Henry Savage.

A GLANCE BACKWARDS---"LEST WE FORGET."

Elsewhere in these pages, following allusion to the removal of Gov. J. W. Throckmorton and reign of that Texas Cromwell, E. J. Davis, the author ventured to say that forgetfulness should not be indulged in—at least by none that remembered that terrible period. The writer had not yet reached the age of manhood when the war closed, although he had served the whole four years as a soldier. After the war he had a mother and six brothers, besides a young wife, all of whom lived in a wild peach thicket in the middle of a farm in Fort Bend county. Flour was $20 a barrel and calico 50 cents a yard—yet with determination and bright hopes he set out to carve a new history under very new and most unfavorable circumstances. Very soon the Federal Government got its reconstruction machinery in order—and when it began to grind—what a revelation. Two negro companies were quartered at Richmond. Here-

tofore respectable negroes put aside their old wives and took new ones. All were declared *never legally married,* and were required to get a license, pay a fee to the carpet-bagger, and "get married right." "Forty acres and a mule" caused many a negro to pay for a deed to land —that never could be delivered. Elections were held their own way, and there was a negro senator, representative, sheriff, both county and district clerks, county commissioners and justices of the peace, and all other positions filled by negroes, some imported—and, with few exceptions, where any white man held office it was a miserable scalawag, a home product, that was ready to out-Judas Judas. Amid this hell we had to live for years —and why should we not still despise the name of Grant and E. J. Davis. Through first of *reconstruction* they were getting educated up to their dirty work, which later Grant could have quickly ended—but he did not do so in Texas until the people of the state had not only spoken in thunder tones at the ballot-box, but had congregated in numbers, with guns in their hands, to demand that Davis and his minions should go. Even then E. J. Davis and his negroes fortified themselves in the State Capital and refusing to yield to the duly elected officers of the state, appealed to President Grant for assistance to further override the people and the law. It was only upon Grant's refusal *to further assist* that Texas was freed from that *"league with Hell and covenant with the Devil"* as the Republican State Constitution was called.

During the height of *reconstruction* the good people of Limestone county had terrible experiences that they will never forget, and Brazos and other counties had their best men shot down by the mongrel "State Police" of Edmund J. Davis, and there are a few living yet that will never admit that we of the South should *ever forget the days of reconstruction or their infamous abettors.*

The writer made many speeches at various times during that period and he is proud to remember *that even then he never failed to speak plainly and to denounce in no measured tones the miserable home scalawag*—who from every view was far meaner and more to be blamed than any *carpet-bagger* or most depraved negro.

No one must think that the Federals who fought against us were mixed up in any of this. There was not a decent Northern man who would have been found among the ranks of such as had been sent to oppress the South. They were all non-combatants in time of war, foreigners, negroes, and our own unprincipled, God-forsaken product—the *scalawag.*

Quite soon after sweet peace had been restored and Governor Coke's administration fully launched, the writer received the following note:—

"We, the undersigned citizens of vicinity of Cleveland, Fort Bend county, Texas, hereby invite Capt. F. B. Chilton to address his old friends at an 'old-time barbecue,' to be given on grounds at Cleveland, July 4, 1878. In common with all we are proud that our distinguished fellow-citizen was selected from this Senatorial District to assist in making a new platform of principles for the Democratic party of Texas, to offset the nefarious Republican misrule we have just gotten rid of.

"J. A. GIBSON, Chairman."

In conference with committee of invitation the writer was told "it would be best to try and bury the past and not allude to *by-gones,* as many sensitive people and their families would be present, that all were trying to do better—*and some of the same old set were still running for office,* and all interests would be best served by not hurting anybody's feelings—too hard—as we are not strong enough in the county yet to do as we please, and we have to make objectionable compromises in order to get our men in any of the offices."

The writer told committee *he had not changed a bit*—that he would be as honest and outspoken as ever, that they knew it—and under their restrictions he would have to decline. Finally they waived their demands, and he accepted, made the speech to a grand old Fort Bend crowd and was glad he was left living to be with such a type of citizenship as that distinguished county has ever been able to boast of. To show how the writer felt *then* and to prove how he must *still* feel, following extract is made from closing remarks of speech made on that day, over thirty years ago. Occasion was just preceding the fall election, wherein O. M. Roberts was elected Governor to succeed R. B. Hubbard, who as Lieutenant-Governor had become Governor when Governor Coke became United States Senator.

EXTRACTS AS FOLLOWS:

"We have other officers to elect in November besides state officers, and it might be as well that we retrospect the past a little, and revive in our minds some of those events that though covered by time yet will live with us while life lasts.

"From this pleasant day, from this pleasant place, where we have met free and unrestrained to enjoy ourselves, where the sun shines as bright as though it had never been dimmed by a cloud, where the little birds sing so sweetly as though they would burst their throats in warbling their praise to an unknown God, and

where even the little flowers raise their heads in rejoicing, as though they did not spring from a soil that once was the scene of one of the greatest dramas ever enacted on this earth; where brother spilled the blood of brother, and ruin and war enveloped the whole country—we will go back to that reign of terror, never to be forgotten while life lasts. I need not picture to any of you the events that characterized those four long years of unnatural war, nor need I hardly tell you of what followed in days of *reconstruction*, for we were all here together, and well do *we* remember those dark and dreary days, those days when we knew not what was our own, and when really we knew not how long we had to live. Not only had we been conquered by a seeming implacable foe, but the heel of the conqueror had become the heel of the oppressor. Listen to these words from General W. T. Sherman:—

"'I will destroy your homes, desolate your country, starve your children, and, if necessary, hang your men and women.'

"Listen to this order from General U. S. Grant:—

"'Send to these Headquarters the names of men and papers who speak disrespectfully of the Government of the United States. The papers shall be suppressed and the men imprisoned.'

"Hear E. J. Davis—More troops—Martial law—State police—Negro rule—Abolish trial by jury—Establish military commission—Suppress free speech.

"Our sun that has so long been obscured seems now to be rising in all her grandeur and the hour has come for us to once more roll back the stone from the charnel house of our dead hopes and buried memories, and let them appear once more before us—aid us to correctly remember the events of those days. Those among us who had been the governed were freed of their bonds, and the negro rode rampant over the land. The bottom rail had gotten on top, and hard did they intend to ride. Epauleted satraps as heads of freedmen's bureaus lorded it over the land; the negroes were their companions, the whites their slaves—our whole country was one military despotism, and armed bands of *State Police, both white and black*, shot down, murdered and plundered at will. Our ladies were insulted and we knew not where to turn for redress; some who could stand it no longer, smote the smiter, and became outlaws and refugees from the country whose laws should have been their stronghold and protection; others, old men and families born and bred on the soil of America, sacrificed the last vestige of property they had in order to raise a pittance on which to leave the land of their birth and find some more peaceful clime where they might die in quiet, and today their bodies sleep the sleep that knows no waking all over Mexico, Tuxpan, Honduras and Brazil. Our old brass buttons on the only old threadbare grey clothes we had were placed in mourning else they were ruthlessly cut off by a Union soldier. From every part of the state comes daily news of killing here and there, of martial law being declared, the civil law set aside, and troops—both white and black—marching to and fro to murder and destroy. They imprison our friends for words and deeds which they would not notice in a Northern man, allow our first gentlemen to be summoned before petty officials and held answerable for any crime that a negro may choose to accuse them of. Even the officers of the Federal army cried shame; indeed they disclaimed any connection with, and refused to associate with the freedmen's bureau men, whose *ipse dixit* could condemn any Southern man to fine and imprisonment. Even in our religion we were not free, and churches were closed at the will of a petty tyrant, and our prayers dictated to us by military order. The bitter, intense hatred with which was urged the war of oppression by these liveried non-combatants against the disarmed and down-trodden South was worthy only of lowest barbarians. Could the women of the South by a simultaneous effort remove the curtain which veils the past and reveal in all its awful truth the picture of their sufferings during that period, human nature would shrink back appalled from a sight so terrible. Could they upon one immense canvas portray the desolated homes, the ruined hearthstones, the desecrating invasions of the most sacred retreats of womanly innocence and virgin purity by the vile despoiler; could the frightened children, crying in vain for bread, the starving mother as she holds to her bosom her famishing infant, the bleeding hearts which went up in a cry to heaven for release from agony in merciful death, and could the pale denizens of the tomb, who went down cut off by the bullet of the assassin, or with hearts broken by the accumulation of sorrows, step forth from their rude coffins and winding sheets, and with pencil made bold in the real freedom of the life beyond the grave, dipped in the blood of their martyred brothers, sisters and friends, add a touch here and there to the grim picture—what, yea, what would be the cry, and the epitaph they would write on the living tombs of such men as Butler, Sherman, Grant and E. J. Davis. This is no fancy picture, conjured up by a diseased imagination, no

fantasy of the brain, taking shape in horrid nightmare, no cunningly wrought fiction to awaken pity or excite imagination, nor is it the result of a morbid propensity to retail stories of the terrible and the forbidden—but it is only a faint shadowing forth of the real true sufferings we endured after the close of the war. Would to God it were a dream, that in the waking we might forget it. Had the United States, secure in its mighty strength, and the utter prostration and exhaustion of the South, passed a general amnesty and held the conquered states under military rule only until the state governments could be organized, the sea of blood and the ridges of graves which divided the people of the two sections would have filled up and leveled long, long ago.

"All of us realized to its fullest extent that the Southern Confederacy was dead, and all its mourning lovers asked was to remember their dead reverently. We did not seek to conceal our grief at the loss we had sustained, but wept such tears as only strong men can weep. We did not attempt to galvanize the corpse that we might bring about spasmodic action and cry, 'There is life in the old land yet.' Nor did we reverence our old flag as a standard around which to gather and fight desperately on. No, far from any of this—we were conquered and we were free to acknowledge it. But yet to us our sorrow was the winding sheet of our dead glory, over whose grave we had raised a monument of noble deeds, which will defy malice, oppression and time. We loved our old threadbare grey clothes, with their brass buttons in mourning, and our old battle flag, as the widow loves the memory and honorable distinction won by her dead husband in the battles of life. Had we been permitted to do so we would quietly and silently have turned from the grave of our dead hopes and buried joys, with tearful eyes and sad hearts, to take up the heavy cross which God had laid upon us and borne it manfully, trusting that He in His own appointed time would bring good out of our present evil, saying with true and heartfelt earnestness—

> " 'God bless us all, we pray;
> With aching hearts we've hid
> Under the coffin's lid
> Our dearest hopes away.'

"Yes, woeful indeed were those days, and bitter should be our remembrance of the authors of our suffering and misery. Not only were our enemies abroad and distant, but shame to say, in our midst here at home we had those who for place and position, coupled with filthy lucre, foreswore their allegiance to God and home, friends and family, and sold their birthrights for a mess of miserable pottage. Long, long, should we remember them for their infamy. Today they should crouch and cower beneath public indignation like the doomed at the blast of the trumpet of the Judgment Day. For their judgment day has come. The thunders are all in our hands now, if we will but throw them. And we should throw thunder and not doubtful echoes. The very men who sowed the seeds of hatred between the triumphant North and the conquered South are here in our midst. Here are the men who drew the pall of desolation over us. Let them be pointed at, let them be hissed at. Create a public opinion that shall exclaim wherever they appear on the streets—*'There goes an assassin of his country's liberty.'* "

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There was not only a tremendous home crowd at barbecue, but a rousing attendance from surrounding counties and from cities of Galveston and Houston. Galveston News had a correspondent on the platform and that paper thus describes the barbecue:—

THE FOURTH AT CLEVELAND.

That Well Known Hospitable Neighborhood Covered Itself With Added Glory. Capt. F. B. Chilton Orator of the Day.

The barbecue which was given by the citizens of Cleveland and vicinity on the 4th was a complete success. There was an extraordinary attendance from a distance of thirty miles around. Peace and plenty reigned supreme, an added feature to the occasion being free lemonade and ice-water by the barrel-full. The orator of the day, Capt. Frank Chilton, entertained the audience for two hours with his eloquence. It was a speech that will never be forgotten and which will some day find its way in history of *reconstruction days.*

(*Special Correspondence of the Galveston News.*)

Richmond, July 5.—The barbecue at Cleveland was one of the most enjoyable affairs it was ever my good fortune to attend. It was held on a beautiful high wooded hill, at the edge of the bottom and prairie. The grounds were tastefully laid off; the speaker's stand was arranged under an immense tent with an abundance of seats to accommodate at least one thousand people, while the dancing platform was large and capable of accommodating three double sets. The table was tremendous.

The opening remarks by Capt. F. B. Chilton were forcible and appropriate. Next in order came the opening song by the Cleveland choir, accompanied by soul-stirring music from their new organ, manipulated by Mrs. A. M. Silliman, which was followed by an eloquent prayer from Rev. G. D. Parker, after which Captain Chilton introduced Judge J. C. Williams, who ably entertained the audience for the space of an hour. Dr. Bowman followed with a short but eloquent address. Captain Chilton being loudly called for by the immense audience, took the stand and gracefully saluting his fellow citizens, entertained them with a series of very satisfactory and conclusive reasons why they should fast less and eat more and brace themselves for the coming programme, and closed by inviting them to a table one hundred and fifty feet long, loaded down with such a profusion of all the substantials and dainties that flesh is weak to. The tables spoke volumes for the taste and management of the ladies, of whom Mrs. T. M. Blakely was the chief.

There were over six hundred people bountifully fed and satisfied.

After dinner was finished the audience once more assembled under the canopy and vociferously cheered and called for Captain Chilton, who, in response, took the stand, and entertained the audience with an eloquent and impressive political address on topics of interest to the people. He went over his record, and, as he is a candidate for the legislature, he could not possibly have got up a better campaign document. His speech was received with cheers and applause.

At about 4 p. m. the dancing began and the cry was on with the music—let joy be unconfined. From then until supper was announced, where the abundance of all kinds of good cheer was undiminished, with hardly a hole visible from the terrific onslaught of the 600 hungry souls at dinner, with a little rest, the dancing once more commenced and continued until early dawn.

The whole affair throughout spoke in strongest terms of the efficient and able management of the ever-courteous superintendent, Capt. F. B. Chilton, who, with the assistance of his able committees, seemed never to tire of seeking to enhance and promote the enjoyment of all present. A splendid string band was in attendance and discoursed sweet music with indefatigable zeal. Second to nothing was the free concert of Messrs. Toddy and Eckmond, of Richmond. The boys covered themselves all over with well-merited plaudits.

The grounds were supplied with an abundance of cooling beverages, supplied by two ice cream and lemonade stands, and comfort was further assisted by a complete confectionery establishment.

In closing our report of the grand Democratic barbecue at Cleveland, we can not omit to pay a just praise to the citizens of Cleveland and vicinity. No more whole-souled and public-spirited people exist on the face of the globe, and all present will long remember the day with unbounded satisfaction. Your reporter is specially indebted for many courtesies, and shall anxiously look forward to the next 4th of July, when Cleveland promises to outrival her present success.

We heard many kind expressions in reference to the News.

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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

A Big Time at Cleveland—Richmond Was All There.

(*Four Counties.*)

On the 4th inst. our nation's natal day was celebrated by a grand barbecue given by the people of Cleveland to the country at large. The day broke fair, and promised pleasure to the expectant pleasure-seekers. At an early hour the *Four Counties* man reached the grounds and found everything prepared; a large tent pitched, a dancing platform free from any obstacle of embarrassment, a grand dining table over an hundred feet long, a croquet ground nicely cleared, and the barbecue pit that made one's mouth water. We were received by Capt. F. B. Chilton with his never-failing hospitable manner, wishing us a pleasant time and affording us "*lots of attention.*" The Captain was the happy manager of the affair and executed his trust in a fine manner. The company increased rapidly and at 11 o'clock the grounds were flooded with "fair women and brave men" from all sections of our county. At 11:30 a. m., the Cleveland Sunday School, under the superintendency of Capt. F. B. Chilton, opened the

duties of the day by singing "Pull for the Shore, Sailor," and acquitted themselves in style that would do credit to any Sunday School. Captain Chilton then opened the speaking with a modest address and was followed by G. D. Parker, who addressed the assembly and then led in prayer. The Hon. J. C. Williams was introduced and delivered a great 4th of July puff. Passing from the day of our nation's birth down to the present time, and that too in so admirable a manner as to receive applause and compliments from all sides. Judge Williams was followed by Dr. Downman who also expatiated on the anniversary of the day. Again the Sunday School organ was brought into requisition and the "Sweet By and By" was then sung to the general satisfaction. The party then dispersed, some here and others there, for most part could be seen paired off and discussing matters nearest their hearts. Ice cream, lemonade and fruits were liberally distributed. At 3 o'clock p. m. dinner was announced. At the head of the table we found three of the respected veterans of the army of Texas, Cols. Tom Smith, C. Fulshear and Ran. Foster. Bro. Parker then invoked the blessing of Providence on the repast and then all was again merriment. The table was bountifully supplied with all the luxuries the country could afford and the boards fairly groaned under the load, nor could the most fastidious taste have found cause to grumble, so well were they all cared for.

Mesdames Blakely, Hunter and others unknown to us, assisted by a number of young ladies and Messrs. Chilton, Gibbs, Stuart Bros., Gibson and others attended bravely and satisfactorily to the wants of all. The excursion from Houston was crowded. After dinner it was announced Capt. F. B. Chilton would discuss some political issues. (Our space is too limited this week to give his speech in full but will next week.) Captain Mitchell was then called, who spoke at some length.

At 4 o'clock the dancing commenced and from then until broad daylight the party enjoyed themselves with this pleasure. At 11 o'clock p. m. supper was had and about 5 a. m. all breakfasted.

The barbecue was certainly a success, no disagreement occurred to mar the general pleasure, and the lack of ardent spirits rather pleased the majority. During the night music was discoursed by the young ladies present and the "Sweet By and By" so often sung that men were found here and there whistling it in their dreams. To Captain Chilton is due the thanks of all present for his kindness and attention and we heartily extend ours and are requested to do so for many of our friends. He certainly displayed a vast amount of energy and go-aheadativeness on this occasion, and we glory with him that it was a success. To all of the many others who cared for us we return thanks.

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At the last meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society a unanimous vote of thanks to Capt. F. B. Chilton passed the house, for his indefatigable perseverence and the impartial manner in which he presided over the stock department at the fair.

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Capt. F. B. Chilton, of Cleveland, is one of the most go-ahead and affable gentlemen in the county.—Editor.

* * * * * * * * * * *

In all Texas no county excels Fort Bend in citizenship, in all that pertains to excellence in fertility of soil, proximity to markets, or anything else of genuine merit. When war closed her situation was most pitiable. Overwhelmed with a negro majority of 10 to 1, close to Federal headquarters at both Galveston and Houston, overrun by negro soldiers, carpet-baggers and abounding with *scalawags*—it did seem she must disappear forever—but she did not. Her position was so desperate that the remedy had to be doubly so—and it was. The few *white* people stood manfully together, they maintained organization—and never gave up an inch to the last. Eventually they not only redeemed the county, but cast an influence that spread over Matagorda, Brazoria and Wharton—and the white man's party, "the white man's Union" and "tax-payers' Union" forever became dominant and controlled the future destiny of the white man in all Southern Texas.

In 1878 there was published a fearless paper at Richmond known as "The Four Counties." Extract from its editorial page of August 15, 1878, will show that the county had not yet become thoroughly purified, but that the Democratic and *white man's* leaven was working to a certain finish:—

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE FOUR COUNTIES.

Published every Thursday.

BY J. E. KINCH.

Official Organ of Fort Bend, Matagorda, Wharton and Brazoria Counties.

DEMOCRATIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Precinct No. 1—Dr. G. A. Feris, A. Kerr.
Precinct No. 2—Sam N. Hodges, J. B. M. Gill.
Precinct No. 3—A. J. Adams, J. B. Hill.
Precinct No. 4—W. D. Fields, E. E. Ransom.
Precinct No. 5—J. A. Gibson, Mr. Edminson.
Precinct No. 6—R. P. Briscoe, R. L. Harris.

P. E. Pearson, *Chairman.*

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor—Hon. O. M. Roberts, of Smith County.
For Lieutenant-Governor—Hon. Joseph D. Sayers, of Bastrop county.
For Attorney General—Hon. Geo. McCormick, of Colorado county.
For Comptroller—Stephen A. Darden, of Caldwell county.
For Treasurer—F. A. Lubbock, of Galveston county.
For Land Commissioner—Wm. C. Walsh, of Travis county.

OUR TICKET.

For Representative—F. B. Chilton.

At the instance of our own views, strengthened by the magnificent endorsement of our whole people, we hoist to our mast-head the name of Capt. F. B. Chilton, of Cleveland, as our choice for Representative from this county, in the Nineteenth legislature.

* * * * * * * * * *

Capt. F. B. Chilton's name was hoisted for the Legislature at the instance of many friends. He authorizes us to say that he is in no wise a candidate.

We received the following letter from our esteemed fellow citizen, Capt. F. B. Chilton, dated Austin, July 22nd, and regret exceedingly that he has seen proper to withdraw his name as candidate for the House of Representatives, as he is eminently fitted for the position:

Austin, July 22, 1878.

Editor Four Counties: In your next issue please thank all my friends for their preference as exhibited towards me for the legislature. Please withdraw my name; I am not now, nor do I in future, expect to be a candidate for the position. * * * *

I have forwarded to Richmond 60 breech-loaders and acoutrements, together with 10,000 rounds of cartridges, for the Cleveland Rifles. Very hot here. Yours, etc.,

F. B. CHILTON.

* * * * * * * * * * *

FORT BEND COUNTY FAIR—REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON STOCK.

Captain F. B. Chilton, Superintendent. Judges: B. C. Stuart, Joel McCrary, J. W. Jones, Tom M. Blakely, J. E. Winston.

We are informed that a military company has been organized at Cleveland, 60 strong rank and file; company to be called Cleveland Rifles. On the 22nd the election of officers was as follows:

Captain, F. B. Chilton.
First Lieutenant, Wm. M. Briscoe.
Second Lieutenant, B. F. Stuart.

Immediate steps will be taken to build an armory 30x60 feet.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, TUESDAY, AUG. 15, 1878.

The approaching election for county officers is creating considerable stir among candidates, Republican party hacks and professional electioneers; prominent among the latter two classes we notice some who having failed in every other vocation undertaken by them, now claim to be ministers of the gospel, and hope by sandwiching religion with politics to realize an easy living, or at least one without manual labor. It is a remarkable fact that these pretended teachers of religion are the most violent agitators where the colored race has the majority as in this county. There are quite a number of candidates offering for the offices of county clerk, assessor, and cattle and hide inspector, some of them educated and capable white men and except for county clerk, some uneducated and utterly incapable negro men. We understand that at a meeting of the Republican Executive Committee this week, held for the purpose of determining upon the date for holding a nominating or county convention, a caucus was held at which it was fully determined, in the selection of candidates, to strictly adhere to party lines except in the office of sheriff; for which office they will select no candidate from their party for the reason that no member of their party can make the required official bond. This is what they understand by republicanism, party rule or ruin: a perfect disregard of public good, qualification or fitness of candidates for office, but a blind adherance to the shadow of a thing without substance, induced by a deep-seated hatred of Southern white men indelibly impressed upon their shallow brain by the carpet-bagger and scalawag of 1866, *et seq. Those of the white race who affiliate with them now, are responsible to the people for the misgovernment of affairs resulting from the election of corrupt, ignorant and incapable officials, and, by the Gods, who control the destinies of an impoverished and struggling people, endowed with superior intelligence, against physical superiority, they will at no distant day, be held to such an account, that the darkest spot in the past political history of this section will be a comfortable mask behind which they will be glad to hide their diminished heads.* We hope, however, that before the election, better counsel than is given by the unprincipled now among them, will prevail and that officers will be

chosen to the various county offices with a view alone to honesty and capability.

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This article has been indulged in by the writer to clearly prove that those who can so easily prate about *forgetfulness* never had anything to remember. It has also been with pride that he pens the foregoing as to grand old Fort Bend county. The first of his young manhood began there and its people and its interests will ever be dear to him. Like the old people of that county he has yet a vivid remembrance of *Reconstruction Days.*

HEROIC ACTS IN TEXAS HISTORY.

(By John O. Scott, Sherman, Texas.)

At the battle of Tulia, Miss., there were three Cook brothers who acted very gallantly in battle and were wounded with the flag of Whitfield's Legion in hand. The third brother, although painfully woundel in the arm, still heroically held to the colors with the other hand until the Lone Star banner was smiling in joyful victory on the captured guns.

At Chickamauga, Ed Francis, color bearer of the Fourth Texas, about the time General Hood was wounded, alvanced fearlessly to the charge in advance of his regiment and brigade. He bravely planted his flag on the breastworks of the enemy. He was heard by his comrades to say, as if rejoicing in so glorious a death: "Here I die for my country." He was instantly killed.

John Barry fearlessly rehoisted the colors, but he, too, was shot down.

William Daugherty, as brave as a Spartan hero, instantly raised aloft the weeping ensign of the Texans, meeting the same sad fate as the other two.

Sergeant Makeeg clung to the blood-stained ball rent standard until the heavens echoed victory, victory!

At Gettysburg Colonel P. A. Work, during the forenoon of July 2, as soon as he reached the battlefield, sent William H. Barbee and Charles Kingsley to reconnoiter Little Round Top. They soon returned with the valuable information that the mountain and the space to the rear was then unoccupied by the Federal troops. General Hood was heard to say to Major William H. Sellers: "Go to General Longstreet as fast as your horse can carry you and ask permission to move to the right flank so as to be able to envelop the knoll," referring to Little Round Top.

General Longstreet replied that General Lee had already given the order of battle and it could not be changed. Whereupon General Hood was heard to say: "Very well; when we get under fire I will have a digression." General Hood was severely wounded in the beginning of the charge and had no chance to go in rear of the enemy.

In the charge across the open plain to the mountain the First Texas Regiment was led by the gallant P. A. Work.

George Branard of the First Texas bravely carried the regimental colors. The flag was a very large and heavy silken sheet. He was a youth of small stature and light weight. He bore the flag across the plain and up the mountain through a hurricane of shot and shell. After the crest of the summit of Little Round Top was reached, he planted the Lone Star banner of the Texans on the topmost summit of the mountain, fluttering to the breeze like a thing of beauty rejoicing in the effulgence of its glory. We were presented with a picture of that mountain and the locality where the Texans fought. We sent it to one of the reunions some years ago. Willis J. Watts, Elias Newsome and David Bronaugh saw the picture and recognized the large granite rock or boulder on which the gay tinseled folds of the star flowing banner of the Texans floated in joyful victory.

At Chickamauga, September 19, Major K. M. Van Zandt led the Seventh Texas Regiment further than any other command into the enemy's line. That act of peerless valor is declared to world and posterity by a marble slab placed on the battlefield by a joint committee of officers of both armies. These words of Colonel W. L. Moody should be inscribed imperishably on the page of Texas history: "At Chickamauga the Seventh Texas Regiment, under the command of its gallant officer, Major K. M. VanZandt, went further into the enemy's lines on September 19 than any other engaged and was the first to break the enemy's lines—an achievement which has shed luster on the immortal Seventh Texas and its immortal commander."

The names of these illustrious Texas heroes will shine with perennial grandeur on the starlit archway of Texas' glorious history.

GRAND SENTIMENTS FROM A GRAND WOMAN.

Katie Daffan, "Daughter of Hood's Texas Brigade."

"GRATITUDE IS A MANLY VIRTUE."

From the time that man first inhabited the earth, long before the annals of human society began, long before a chapter of human history was written, because the heart of man is endowed with that most glorious of human qualities, "Gratitude," he has placed, in enduring form, the evidences of his appreciation of service rendered, of deeds well done, of his love for his fellowman.

It was the worthy custom of man in his savage or barbaric day, in his semi-civilized days, in his ancient, mediaeval and morn time, to commemorate virtue, daring, courage, constancy and sacrifice. Huge stones and pillars have been left where armies have trod, great rocks have been blown from the mountain sides and placed, one upon the other, in solemn height, and left that other men, seeing, might know the appreciation that these men felt, one for the other; for true men have always loved their fellowmen and gratitude is a manly virtue.

In the early Christian era crosses were placed where the Christian soldiers perished, where a martyr died or upon the scene of tremendous service for God. Later chapels, cloisters, monasteries and universities were established to commemorate heroic service and to mark heroic ground.

Many of the world's works of art, the glorious monuments and statutes in Europe, are our inheritance from the brilliant-hued Middle Ages, when men fought for religion, for love, for sentiment, as well as for kingdom. They believed in the inspiration and the superb lesson which comes from contact with a noble thought, a noble life; so they erected enduring monuments, entablatures and allegoric images that are today our historical index to the Middle Ages, the flower time of the world.

A later day has brought just as brave and courageous men and as daring deeds, and we, in our present golden era of history, would honor and greatly honor our own, our fathers, those to whom we owe all, and their contemporaries and their fellowmen.

The truest, noblest sentiment that has ever lived in man's heart is of this quality. It is the full appreciation and the ready understanding of a service rendered, whether civil, military or purely personal.

Let us prove ourselves worthy of those we represent, those whose lifework is ended and whose mantle has fallen upon us.

We can make of our state, glorious, superb Texas, home of heroes, her own Westminster Abbey, and her own Appian Way, for where sleep greater warriors than ours? Soldiers upon the battlefield and later soldier-citizens in the forum, the market place and in every highway of progress, builders of an empire, and our own empire, Texas! Our State itself is a monument, a vast and splendid one, of wisdom, peace and liberty, and the world looks on in admiration and wonder.

The work of our fathers is finished, but our duty is one of defense and preservation, of teaching and exemplifying.

It is the way with wise men to apply themselves to the purpose which is immediately presented to them, which is today brought before them, which is pressing, appropriate, important; it is time now for us to act!

Through the excellent management and strong initiative of Hood's Brigade Monument Committee, Captain F. B. Chilton of Angleton, president; General W. R. Hamby of Austin, treasurer; Captain W. H. Gaston of Dallas and Captain W. T. Hill of Maynard, all gallant members of the brigade, the contract for the monument to honor the immortal Hood's Texas Brigade has been signed by President Chilton, and the terms of contract provide that the monument shall be complete in January, 1910.

Efficient and valuable service has been rendered by the committee composed of honorary members of the brigade, one ever loyal and zealous Confederate soldier, a member of Terry's Texas Rangers, Major George W. Littlefield, and three sons of the Confederacy, who, in spite of many and varied duties to their State and its development, have shown by their lives, the genuine appreciation which they feel for the Confederate soldiers; Governor Thomas M. Campbell of Austin, Hon. John H. Kirby of Houston, Hon. John G. Willacy of Corpus Christi.

Unlike the record of many monument committees and associations, their work of raising a sufficient and a large amount, has been completed in a few years, and the sixth and seventh days of May, 1910, are the days set apart when, in the presence of a multitude, glorious and radiant with sympathetic appreciation, from the splendid impulse of a common and universal gratitude, the obelisk, forty-five feet high, surmounted by a statue of the private soldier in heroic size, will be uncovered and become an object lesson in history that all men seeing may know that we, Texas men and women, descend-

ants of men of blood and courage, know the value of constancy and sacrifice.

A beautiful and fitting thing it is that there are those beloved ones who still survive, who lead in this holy work, who live to see this monument placed in the impressive picturesque grounds which surround our superb granite State house—itself a monument to the energy and patriotism of Texas.

Hundreds of members of Hood's Texas Brigade perished upon American battlefields, and those who were spared to return to their beloved Texas, took up the arms of peace, hard work and that phase of patriotism that makes a man ready to live as well as to die for his country, and they remained at their post until called home by the great Commander of armies to answer to the last roll call.

And these, the soldiers in time of peace, loved Hood's Texas Brigade until their last waking moment, the last conscious thought, until they fell asleep 'neath the folds of the starry banner, loved, honored and sung.

OUR NOBLE DEAD.

(By John E. Hatcher.)

We will not wander to the gloomy years
Through whose dark scenes we have so lately passed,
Where no soft beam of golden light appears,
To gild the clouds of sorrow o'er them cast.

Those things are but a solitude of graves,
Where Love and Memory pour their tears like rain,
And where, in voiceless grief, the cypress waves,
Above the hearts, which for us die in vain.

The dead who died, as died that gallant throng,
To shield a cause which in their eyes was just,
Shall live enshrined in story and in song
While ages roll above their scattered dust.

What though for them no marble shaft shall rise?
Time shall not see their sacred memory wane;
Their scroll of Fame, expansive as the skies,
Years of oblivion shall corode in vain.

Heroic deeds are deathless, and they live
Unmarred while empires crumble into dust;
Thy master fame and life, and glory give
To storied urn, and animated dust.

There rose no sculptured monument to tell
Where Spartan valor broke the Persian sway,
And yet we know there nobly fought and fell
Heroic men in "Old Platea's day."

Peace to the ashes of our noble dead,
For distant eyes shall behold each name,
Brightening like morning when the night is fled,
And ever broadening on the disc of fame.

Farewell! Ye high heroic hearts, farewell!
Inspired lips shall teach the world, ere long,
Ye fought to hallow story, and ye fell
To give a new apocalypse to song!

THE BALTIMORE GREYS.

Ah! well I remember that long summer's day,
When round about Richmond our broken ranks lay;
Week in and week out, we had been at the front,
And borne without flinching, the battle's fierce brunt,
Till, shattered and weary, we needed repose
Ere we met, in death struggle, our numberless foes.
Our knapsacks were empty, our uniforms worn,
Our feet from long marching, were naked and torn;
But not a man grumbled in rank or in file,
Our hardships we bore with a joke and a smile,
For Stonewall was with us, and under his eye
Each soldier determined to do or to die.

That evening old Jack had us out on review,
When a glance down the line showed us all something new;
Eighty-seven young boys, from old Baltimore,
Who had run the blockade, and that day joined our corps.
Their clothes were resplendent, all new, spick and span,
'Twas plain that a tailor had measured each man.
When we learned who they were what a shout we did raise
How we cheered our new allies, "The Baltimore Greys."
There were Lightfoots and Carters and Howards and Kanes,
The grandsons of Carroll, the nephews of Gaines;
And as the brave boys dressed up in a row,
You could see the pure blood of Huguenot show.

But we were old vets of Stonewall's brigade;
We had been fighting so long that war seemed a trade,
And some of us laughed at the youngsters so gay,
Who had come to the battle as if coming to play,

And all through the camp you could hear the rough wits
Cry, "Hello, young roosters," and "dandified cits."
But the boys took it bravely and heartily laughed
At the hungry Confeds, by whom they were chaffed,
'Till one ragged soldier, more bold than the rest,
Fired off this rough joke, which we all thought the best:
"Boys, you had better run home, its getting quite late."
When the girlish-faced Captain spoke up and said, "Wait."

They didn't wait long, for the very next day
We were ordered right off to the thick of the fray.
For early that morning we heard the dull roar
Of the guns of our foemen on Rapidan's shore,
And all of us knew, with old Jack in command,
If fighting was near, he'd at once take a hand;
And sure enough, soon marching orders we got,
And we swung down the road in "foot cavalry trot."
The boys were behind us, I fell to the rear,
To see how the youngsters on march would appear.
Their files were close up, their marching was true.
I reported to Stonewall, "Yes, General, they'll do."

In a few minutes more the action began.
We met the first shock, for we were the van,
But we stood to our ranks like oaks of the field,
For Stonewall's brigade never knew how to yield;
Upon us, however, a battery played,
And huge gaps in our ranks were now and then made,
'Till Jackson commanded a charge up the hill.
We charged. In a moment the cannons were still.
Jackson said to the "Greys," "Such valor you've shown
You'll veterans be ere your beards are full grown;
In this, your first action, you've proved yourselves bold."

Then the girlish-faced Captain, so straight and so tall,
Saluted and said: "You'll here find us all,
For wherever stationed this company stays."
How we laughed, how we cheered the bold Baltimore Greys.
But the red tide of battle around us still flowed,
And we followed our leader as onward he rode;
Cried "good-bye" to the boys, "take care of your guns;
We'll relieve you as soon as the enemy runs."
Ah! Yes, indeed, soon the boys we relieved,
But not in the manner we all had believed.
Alas! the sisters who weep and the mothers who pine
For the loved and the lost of the Maryland Line.

By some fatal blunder, our left was exposed,
And, by thousands of Federals the boys were enclosed.
They asked for no quarter—their Maryland blood
Never dreamed of surrender—they fell where they stood.
We heard in the distance the firing and noise,
And double-quicked back to the help of the boys.
The guns were soon ours; but, oh, what a sight!
Every Baltimore boy had been killed in t' e fight,
Save the girlish-faced Captain, and he, scarce alive,
When he saw us around him, he seemed to revive,
And smiled when we told him the field had been won,
And the Baltimore Greys had saved every gun.

Then Stonewall rode up and endeavored to speak,
But utterance was choked, and down his bronzed cheek
The hot tears were flowing as he gazed on the dead.
"God pity their mothers and sisters," he said,
Then, dismounting, he knelt on the blood-sodden sand,
And prayed, while holding the dying boy's hand.
The gallant young hero said: "General, I knew
That the Greys to your orders would always be true.
You'll not miss a Grey from our final roll-call;
Look around you, my General, you'll here find us all."
Blood gushed from his mouth, his head sunk on his breast,
And the girlish-faced Captain lay dead with the rest.

PRESENTATION OF A BATTLE FLAG

To the Austin Chapter of Confederacy. A Fine Program. The Address Was Written by Val C. Giles and Delivered by Gen. W. R. Hamby.

(*Houston Post Special.*)

Austin, Texas, September 29, 1905.—1. Miss Mamie Wilson read a paper on the life and services of General John B. Hood, by that brave old veteran, Val C. Giles, of the Fourth Texas Regiment.

2. Presentation of battle flag of the Fourth Texas Regiment, Confederate States Army. This address was also written by Val C. Giles, but owing to his sickness and absence it was read by General W. R. Hamby, who for several years fought under that flag as a member of the Fourth Texas.

3. Reception of the flag by Mrs. Roberdeau, President of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in behalf of the chapter and the Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

4. Miss Mary Lee Horton read a poem by Mrs. Peck of Corsicana on Hood's Brigade.

The reading of the address of Captain Giles by General Hamby, presenting the old flag into the custody of the Daughters of the Confederacy to be deposited in their war relic room, brought tears to the eyes of the old veterans who had followed that flag through many a storm of shot and shell. The address was an able and interesting one. Let it speak for itself. Here it is. Respectfully, L. J. STOREY.

PRESENTATION ADDRESS.

Following is the presentation address written by Val C. Giles:

Mrs. J. D. Roberdeau, President and Members of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C.

Ladies: By a resolution unanimously passed by the surviving members of Hood's Brigade Association at their reunion, held at Corsicana, June 27, 1905, I am requested to present to you on behalf of the Association the old battle flag of the Fourth Texas Regiment, to be deposited by you, with the archives of your chapter, as the property of the Texas Division, U. D. C.

This faded old relic, so tattered and torn, has a history—a history fraught with heroism, blood and victory—but it never knew defeat. It is an emblem of honor and purity, and we, the survivors of the old Texas Brigade, intrust it to your keeping, knowing that piratical relic hunters will never pluck one silken thread from its folds.

Nearly forty-four years ago this old flag was unfurled for the first time on the historic banks of the Potomac, and as it flashed and gleamed, bright, defiant and glorious, in the soft sunlight of a November evening, it was greeted by the cheers of a thousand Texans. Before the sun of another November kissed the folds of the old flag, more than five hundred of the gallant men who cheered it on the Potomac were sleeping on the red clay hills of old Virginia or in the green valleys of Maryland.

In the fall of 1861 the Texas Brigade was camped near old Dumfries, on the Potomac, and commanded at that time by General Louis T. Wigfall. John B. Hood was Colonel of the Fourth Texas Regiment and Miss Lula Wigfall (now Mrs. Wright of Baltimore) made and presented him with this flag, with the request that he present it to the Fourth Regiment with her compliments. The thirteen stars and the white field of this flag were made from the wedding dress of her mother, who married General Louis T. Wigfall in South Carolina, twenty-five years before the war.

When the regiment was formed on the parade ground, Colonel Hood stepped to the front and in a few eloquent words presented the flag to the regiment, and in closing his remarks said: "I feel no hesitancy in predicting that you will discharge your duty, and when the struggle does come that this proud banner, placed by the hand of beauty in the keeping of the brave, will ever be found in the thickest of the fray. Texans, let us stand or fall together beneath this silken flag."

On March 8, 1862, the Confederate troops evacuated their winter quarters on the Potomac and started on that long, eventful campaign of 1862. At Yorktown, at Eltham's Landing, at Seven Pines, at Gaines' Mill, at Malvern Hill, at Freeman's Ford, at Second Manassas, at Boonesboro Gap, and at Sharpsburg this old flag waved proudly and victoriously over the old Fourth Texas Infantry. The spearhead you see here was pierced by a minie ball at the battle of Second Manassas, August 30, 1862, while in the hands of Ed Francis, the gallant color bearer of the Fourth Regiment.

As the whole brigade ascended the hill, at a double-quick, Francis was several yards in advance of his regiment, holding his flag high over his head and moving steadily on. Canister, grapeshot and rifle balls were decimating the old brigade, but they never faltered. A Federal battery stationed on the east bank of Young Branch was mowing down the men, cutting great swaths through their ranks as they advanced. Colonel Ben Carter, commanding the Fourth Regiment, seeing the importance of capturing the battery, shouted to the men above

the "infernal roar": "Dress to your colors, charge for the guns and don't look back."

"Don't look back!" our Colonel cried
As on the regiment sped,
Over the rough and broken ground,
Over the dying and dead;
Over the clover, parched and brown,
Scorched by sun and flame,
Through the wood the regiment went,
Onto "Manassas plain."

The old world shook and shivered then,
Like a giant with ague and chill,
Although 'twas in midsummer
When we charged that bristling hill.
The grape and shell and minie balls
In chorus rent the plain;
"Dress to your flag and don't look back!"
Our Colonel called again.

"Press right on and don't look back;
The dead can bury their dead;
See that crater of hell on the hill—
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Down the slope and over the stream,
Over the scarlet and blue,
Through the ranks of Porter and Sikes,
On that column flew.

Beyond that stream brave Curran stood,
A foeman true as steel;
He fought his guns till all was lost,
Then died beneath his wheel.
Ed Francis bore our flag that day,
He bore it proud and free;
We saw it flash like a beacon light
On a dark and stormy sea.

He waved his colors high in air,
And o'er the "Rebel yell."
We heard him shout, "I'll plant her there
In spite of Yanks and hell!"
He kept his word; he reached the guns,
Now smoking on the hills;
The flag went on in other hands;
That noble form was still.

And when the sable shadows fell
And hid our crimson track,
In feverish dreams that night we heard
That echo—"Don't look back!"
"Don't look back at hopes that died
On many a battlefield;
Turn your footsteps, comrades gray,
For the 'Beautiful Land o' the Leal.'"

After the battle of Sharpsburg, General Lee withdrew his army from Maryland and bivouacked in the Shenandoah Valley. The Texas Brigade camped near Winchester and while there it was agreed among the officers and men of the Fourth Regiment that the old flag, so mutilated by shot and shell, should be sent to Texas. This old battle flag of the Fourth Texas Regiment and the Lone Star flag of the Fifth Regiment, referred to by Chaplain Davis, were brought back by the late Colonel Stephen H. Darden and deposited with the archives of the State. The day before the Federal troops reached Austin in 1865 Captain W. C. Walsh and Sergeant R. R. Robertson, members of Company B, Fourth Texas, who were at home at the time, secured both flags from the old capitol and hid them away to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. The old flag was wrapped in a shroud of oil cloth and buried on the banks of Barton's Creek. It remained there until June 27, 1871, when it was quietly resurrected by a few survivors of old Company B, who met at Barton Springs to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Gaines' Mill, where nearly 300 members of the old Fourth Texas fell beneath its folds

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To His Excellency, F. R. Lubbock, Governor of Texas.

Headquarters Fourth Texas Infantry, Near Winchester, Va., October 7, 1862.—Sir: I have the honor to present to you, by the hand of Captain S. H. Darden, the battle flag of the Fourth Texas Regiment, borne by them in the battles of Eltham's Landing, Seven Pines, Gaines' Farm, Malvern Hill, Freeman's Ford, Manassas Plains, Boonesboro Gap and Sharpsburg. From its torn and tattered condition it can no longer be used and it is returned to you that it may be preserved among the archives of the State as a testimonial of the gallantry of her sons who have fought beneath its folds.

I need not dwell upon the services of my regiment. Its deeds in battle will go into the history of our country and speak for themselves, and this silent witness bears eloquent evidence that the men who followed it in action were where shot fell thick and death was in the air.

You will readily believe, Governor, that we part from our flag with painful feelings. More than 500 of our comrades in arms have fallen beneath its folds. And it is to us an emblem of constancy under multiplied hardships, gallant and dauntless courage in the storm of battle, and devotion unto death to our cause.

Let it be preserved sacredly, that the remnant of our little band may in future days gaze upon its battle stained colors, recall to mind the suffering they have endured in their country's cause, and their children incited to re-

newed vigilance in the preservation of those liberties for which we are contending.

Our General has presented us with another "battle flag," and we hope to be able to acquit ourselves as well with that as we have done with the old one. Respectfully, your servant,

B. F. CARTER.
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.

Colonel Carter was killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, while in command of the Fourth Texas Regiment.

THE FLAG OF OUR REGIMENT.

The old battle flag of our regiment,
How oft with weary feet
Have we followed its folds to victory,
And guarded it in retreat.
In the red hot glare of battle,
Where carnage and death were supreme,
We have seen the flag of our regiment
Like a star on the horizon gleam.

The flag of the old Fourth Texas,
Through many a conflict shown
O'er the red clay hills of Virginia,
As she swept through tempest and storm.
And when the battle was over
There was many a saddened brow,
When the boys would gather around it—
In memory I see them now.

But we'll gather no more around it,
The star of her glory has set,
Gone down in a cloud of oppression,
But we cherish the old flag yet.
We have seen the flag of our regiment
On many a gory plain
An emblem of victory, and pity
At half-mast o'er her slain.

Though the old flag's furled forever,
'Tis free from dishonor's stain;
That noble old regiment's disbanded,
Their hearts, thank God, are the same.
We love that dear old banner,
We love the cause we lost,
And though some deem it treason,
God bless Saint Andrew's cross.

VAL C. GILES,
Company B, Fourth Texas Regiment.

CAUSES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Hon. John H. Reagan Discusses Them from Standpoint of Personal Knowledge.

Following is the text of a paper prepared by Hon. John H. Reagan, only surviving member of the Confederate cabinet, which was read to the veterans at the National Confederate reunion:—

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen—The war between the States, 1861 to 1865—measured by the size of the armies, by the number of battles fought, by the number of soldiers killed, wounded and missing, and by the amount and value of the property destroyed, was much the greatest war of modern times. It grew out of great causes, and was not, as has been often alleged by those interested in perverting its history, a causeless war, brought about by ambitious political leaders of the Southern States.

In the vindication of the truth of history I propose to state the principal causes which led to that war.

At the conclusion of the war which separated the American colonies from the crown of Great Britain, these colonies formed a Federal government, to which they gave exclusive jurisdiction over all questions of foreign policy, and over questions involving interstate relations, reserving to the States exclusive jurisdiction over all questions relating to their local rights and duties.

While this is clearly implied in the plan and constitution of the new Federal government, it is distinctly asserted in the tenth amendment to the constitution, which was adopted soon after the ratification of the constitution, and reads as follows:—

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

In the formation of the constitution, and adoption of the Federal government, two very important and conflicting sets of opinions existed as to what the form and character of the government should be. And these conflicting opinions became the more serious because entertained, on each side, by men of known patriotism, and of great ability. One party to this conflict of opinions doubted the capacity of the people for self-government, and favored a strong government, to be modeled somewhat on the plan of the British constitution, omitting royalty and aristocracy, but to be made strong enough to control refractory States, to protect the lives,

persons and property of the people, and to preserve peace and good order in society. The other party to the conflict of opinion claimed that the American people had sufficient intelligence and virtue to enable them to organize and to so administer government as to successfully accomplish the same purposes. And those who took this view succeeded in getting it engrafted in the constitution, placing the necessary limitations on the powers of the Federal government, and preserving to the States and the people all the power not so delegated.

When the Federal government was put in operation under the constitution those representing the foregoing views classed themselves respectively as Federalists, led by Alexander Hamilton, and as Republicans (now Democrats) led by Thomas Jefferson. The Federalists, who distrusted the capacity of the people for self-government and favored a strong government, on the one side, and the Republicans, who believed in the capacity of the people for self-government, and who sought to preserve the rights of the States and the largest liberty of the people on the other side, continued the contest for the shaping and controlling of the character and policy of the government, the Federalists aiming by a latitudinous construction of the constitution to enlarge the powers of the government beyond what was prescribed by the letter of the constitution, and thereby to abridge the rights of the several States, and thus also to endanger the liberties of the people.

The contests of opinion on this vital question continued to divide the people continuously from the foundation of the government until 1861-1865, when, as a result of the war, the constitution was changed in important particulars, the doctrine of State rights was overthrown and the right of property in negro slaves was denied, and millions of dollars of what was then property was confiscated in plain and distinct violation of the constitution.

This was one of the great questions which endangered the perpetuity of the Union.

Another cause of danger to the Union was the revenue policy of the government. The constitution provided for a tariff for revenue, for the support of the government. The tariff policy was perverted into a policy of protection and fostering some industries at the expense of others, in plain violation of the constitution, by taking the property of some of the people from them without compensating them for it and giving to others who paid nothing for it, enriching some of the people and impoverishing others of them, by operation of unjust and unconstitutional legislation. This came near involving the country in a civil war about the year 1832 and gave rise to the nullification measure of South Carolina.

The acquisition of foreign territory was another cause which threatened the perpetuity of the Union. The acquisition of the Louisiana territory, the acquisition of Florida, the admission of Missouri as a State and the annexation of Texas and the acquisition of the Mexican Territory, caused much violent discussion and threats by the New England States to secede from the Union, they assuming that these acquisitions increased the power of the agricultural States to the disadvantage of the manufacturing States, and when the United States, in 1812-1814, became involved in the second war with Great Britain, the same New England States, in their opposition to it, threatened to secede from the Union.

All these conflicts of opinion were in a large measure sectional, as between the Northern and Southern States and produced in the minds of patriotic citizens more or less anxiety for the safety of the Union and the preservation of the peace of the country.

To these causes of disturbance was added the protracted agitation of the slavery question, which threatened most dangerous results. The question as to whether the States of the Union should be free or slave was a question for each State to decide for itself, and that had been the uniform practice.

I shall show that it was the purpose of the abolitionists of the free States, where slavery did not exist, States which had no jurisdiction or authority over the subject of African slavery in the States where it did exist, to secure its abolition through the agency of a popular majority of the people of the United States, in plain violation of the constitution, which left to the several States the sole jurisdiction and authority over all their local institutions and domestic affairs, and that, too, without compensation for them, though they were of the value of about three billions of dollars.

A review of this question is necessary to a proper understanding of what has been done in this country in relation to it.

A Northern sectional anti-slavery party was organized and in the year 1856 placed in nomination for the ofifce of President John C. Fremont of California and for the office of Vice-President William L. Dayton of New Jersey. These candidates received 114 electoral votes, all being from the free States of the North, though they were not elected, thus demonstrating its purely sectional character. Four years later, 1860, the anti-slavery party nominated Abraham Lincoln for president and Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President, and this ticket secured 180

electoral votes, exclusively from the Northern free States and was elected, demonstrating its sectional character, and showing that it commanded the support of a majority of the electoral college and of the people of the United States. This greatly alarmed the people of the Southern States.

During and before the American Revolution African slavery existed in all the American colonies, and the African slave trade was carried on by the consent and policy of those colonies.

Bancroft, in his history of the United States, volume 1, page 159, says, speaking of the colony of Virginia: "Slavery was not introduced by the corporation," meaning colony, "nor by the desire of the emigrants, but was introduced by the mercantile avarice of a foreign nation and was riveted by the policy of England without regard to the interests or the wishes of the colony." On the same page he says: "Slavery and the slave trade are older than the records of human society; they are found to have existed wherever the savage hunter began to assume the habits of pastoral or agricultural life," and with the exception of Australia, they have extended to every portion of the globe. On page 166 he says: "The traffic of Europe in negro slaves was fully established before the colonization of the United States, and had existed a half century before the discovery of America."

Later slavery and the slave trade became offensive to the most enlightened nations of modern times, and this view was embraced by many of our people. After the people of the Northern States had got rid of the slaves by selling them to the planters of the Southern States, the opposition to it in those States grew until it became a controlling element in their politics.

In addition to what was to be expected by the South from the two foregoing canvasses for President and Vice-President by the anti-slavery party, there were many other indications that its ultimate aim was to free the slaves of the South, break up the social and industrial conditions of that section, with the vast sacrifice in property interests which would necessarily follow its consummation.

Hon. William H. Seward, who was one of the prominent candidates for the presidency and who was the most influential member of that party and who became Secretary of State under President Lincoln, declared that the slavery question presented "an irrepressible conflict." That could only mean that the agitation must go on until the people of the non-slaveholding States could secure the abolition of slavery by unconstitutional means, for there was no other way to accomplish their purpose. Later, Abraham Lincoln, afterward President of the United States, declared "that this country could not remain half free and half slave." That could only mean that the agitation must go on until the people of the States where slavery did not exist could secure its abolition in States where it did exist.

In the meantime war occurred on this question in Kansas, which called out the most angry feelings on both sides. And the notorious John Brown organized in the Northern States an armed company with which he invaded the State of Virginia for the avowed purpose of inaugurating a war of races between the whites and blacks, carrying with it murder and arson. He and some of his associates were arrested, tried, condemned and hanged for this great crime. As an indication of the temper of the Northern people, instead of condemning the acts of these fellows, in many cases they draped their churches in mourning for John Brown and eulogized him as a saint and martyr.

As further evidence of the aggressive determination of the anti-slavery men to force a conflict with the South on this question, I call attention to the fact that many of the Northern State legislatures before the war passed acts making it a penal crime for any of their officers or citizens to aid in the enforcement of the provision of the constitution and the acts of Congress, which had the approval of the highest court, for the rendition of fugitive slaves, thus nullifying the constitution and laws on this question, the members of the legislatures violating their oaths to support the constitution.

When Southern members of Congress made appeals to the Northern members to aid them in sustaining the constitution and in the protection of their rights they were answered by the statement: "We have the majority and you have to submit." I make this statement on personal knowledge. We were thus notified that a popular majority of all the people of all the States was to be substituted for the provisions of the constitution which limit the powers of the Federal government and protect the rights of the several States.

It should be here stated that if African slavery was wrong it was a National wrong, inherited from the governments which preceded ours and was supported by the constitution and laws and by the decision of the courts, and if it was to be abolished it should have been at the expense of the whole people. To this suggestion anti-slavery men gave no heed.

The people of the South were thus compelled to face the question of submitting to the destruction of their property rights under a violated constitution or of trying to secure the relief and protection they were entitled to by

withdrawing from a union hostile to them and seeking the protection of friendly governments.

The anti-slavery men had much to say about the sin and wickedness of slavery, and about the slaveholders' rebellion as a means of inflaming the Northern mind. In addition to what I have said about the universality of slavery, among the nations in the past, I may call attention to the fact of the existence of slaves and the slave trade among the ancient Israelites; a people under the immediate guidance of God; and to the repeated injunctions of the Christ, our Savior, to servants to obey their masters. And to the fact that General Washington, who commanded our armies during the Revolution, who was president of the convention which formed the constitution, and who was twice elected President of the United States, was the owner of a greater number of slaves than any other citizen at that time, being the owner of about 300. That Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, General Jackson, Mr. Polk and General Taylor were all slaveholders; and a great number of devout Christian men and women were the owners of slaves. Are all these to be branded as criminals, as wicked and to be despised and their names cast into oblivion along with our violated constitution and laws?

I am well aware of the sophistries, false statements and perversions of history employed by the victorious party for the purpose of ignoring these great facts, and upon which they base the charge that the ex-Confederates were rebels and traitors, and that through their ambitious leaders they brought about a causeless war. We must content ourselves with the consciousness that in the Union we sought only the enforcement of the constitution and laws, for the preservation of the rights of our States and for the protection of our people; that when we could not have these in the Union we attempted to withdraw our States from it, in order that we might enjoy our rights in peace under friendly governments. And we can safely appeal to the final arbitrament of history and it shall be written, when the passions and prejudices of the war shall have died out, for the vindication of our memories against the base and false charges of treason and rebellion.

While the cause for which we contended was lost we see the evidence, from year to year, that our people are as proud of the record they made for their rights and for liberty as was ever any conqueror in the history of the past. And they are as proud of their success in restoring good government and prosperity to the people since the end of that disastrous war as they are of the grandeur of the struggle they made for independence.

JOHN H. REAGAN.

SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF JUDGE JOHN H. REAGAN.

Judge John H. Reagan, at the age of eighty-six years, died on March 6, 1905, in Palestine, Tex., of pneumonia. Judge Reagan was the last surviving member of the Confederate Cabinet, having been Postmaster-General. After the Civil War he was elected District Judge in Texas and became a power in the counsels of the Democracy in that State. He was born in Sevier County, Tenn., in 1818. He soon enlisted in the force to expel the Cherokees from Texas, and was selected by General Albert Sidney Johnston as one of a picked escort for dangerous service, but declined the offer of a lieutenancy and became a surveyor. He penetrated into the Indian country about the Three Forks of Trinity, and was engaged in surveying that vicinity about three years. His was the first party that escaped massacre by the Indians. Judge Reagan was first elected to Congress in 1856 as a Democrat after a severe contest. He remained in Congress until 1861, when he returned home and was elected to the State Convention, in which he voted for secession. He was chosen by the convention to the provisional Confederate Congress. On May 6, 1861, he was appointed Postmaster-General under the provisional government and the next year he was reappointed to the same office under the permanent government. He was also acting Secretary of the Treasury for a short time near the close of the war. He was the only one of the Cabinet that was captured with Jefferson Davis and was confined for many months in Fort Warren. In 1874 he was elected to Congress by an overwhelming majority and was re-elected in 1876, and served continuously until he was elected to the Senate in 1887. He retired from the Senate some years ago to assume charge of the Railroad Commission of Texas—being chairman of the Commission when he died.

GENERALS JOHN B. GORDON AND STEPHEN D. LEE.

Beautiful Tributes to the Confederate Veterans from Those Who Stood the Test.

Many are the eloquent tributes that have been offered the Confederate Veterans, but few as beautiful and impressive have ever been paid as that of the late General John B. Gordon, at a time when he was Commander-in-Chief of the survivors of the Army of the South. In one of his memorable addresses he spoke as follows:

"Of all the public honors ever paid to the

world's heroes, none have been so unique in character as those heartfelt tributes offered by th Southern people. Were the recipients of these honors the ex-soldiers of victorious armies, bringing to a grateful people the trophies of their triumphs, the world would comprehend the meaning of a welcome such as is here extended; but they were not the victors in that titanic struggle. They are the shattered remnants of the long since disbanded armies, which leave to posterity no acquisitions of territory, no accretions of public wealth, or of political power. The legacy which these men leave to their children and people is a record of untarnished honor, and of the most heroic defenses struggle in human annals; and the sole compensation for their services and suffering is that reward which noble natures feel in such recognition by their grateful countrymen.

"On the other hand, no popular assemblies of intelligent and high-spirited citizens in the world's history, were ever freer from partisan zeal or self-seeking spirit, or ignoble jealousies or sinister intent, and the muse of history will yet embalm in one of her sweetest stories the absolutely unselfish character and exalted aims of these Confederate gatherings. The pathos of that recital will be deepened by its simplicity and its beauty heightened by the lesson it will teach to humanity. That story will record the simple but sublime truth that these reunions occurred year after year and left behind them at every stage of their proceedings the indisputable proofs that these broad-minded men were neither embittered by disappointments nor dwarfed by ignoble passions, nor warped by political ambitions, nor narrowed by sectional prejudices, nor blinded to the interests of the common country by selfish aims; but that made unselfish through suffering, broadened and ennobled by sacrifice, refined and purified in the fires of affliction, they embrace as a brother every true lover of their country and acknowledge no superiors in devotion to the Commonwealth, and in unfaltering support of the laws, the flag, the honor and the freedom of the American republic."

None the less beautiful was the tribute paid by General Stephen D. Lee in one of his eloquent addresses. At one of the Confederate veterans' reunions he spoke in part as follows:

"I behold before me here today the white heads of Confederate veterans, of the men who thirty-one years ago lost all save honor. They are falling now swifter than ever their comrades fell on the field of battle; they have lived, thank God, to restore their country to freedom, and prosperity again—dear land! for which they fought and sacrificed and suffered and lost! They who are about to die, salute you.

"There are those who confidently expect the time to come when Confederate graves will no longer be decorated with flowers—when monuments will cease to commemorate the splendid heroism of the devoted sacrifices of those who fell for their State. For one, I believe that the time will never come when the South will cease to love the Confederate soldier. He would have been dear to her if he had returned home amid the booming of cannon and the plaudits of victory. Mothers would have lifted their little children in their arms to behold the hero's face. Church bells would have rung a nation's joy and a grateful people would have showered honors upon his head.

"God did not will it so.

"The soldier came ragged, bleeding, penniless to his desolate home; with sad heart, but dauntless courage to restore the land he loved. He gave all for his country, and she, unhappy mother, had nothing left to give him but her love. Dearer, a thousand times dearer, to the South are her ragged heroes of 1865 than all her victorious sons of other years.

"She will never believe that the men who drew the sword in defense of her hearthstones in 1861 are worthy of reproach. Shame upon the Southern people if they shall ever defile the one page of their history which is glorious beyond compare—by writing over the records of immortal heroism, of love that counted not the cost, and patriotism that was faithful unto death, such words as these: 'They were all wrong; it was all a mistake.' Rather let their story be blotted out altogether; for their children will no longer be worthy to read or emulate their achievements. Until that hour, every nameless grave, every tattered flag, every worn jacket of gray, shall find hearts to love and hands to cherish them.

"The people of the South would not exchange the story of the Confederacy for the wealth of the world. At their mothers' knee, the coming generations shall learn from that story what deeds make men great and nations glorious.

"The people who do not cherish their past will never have a future worth recording. The time is even now that the whole people of the United States is proud of the unsurpassed heroism, sacrifice and faithfulness of the soldiers and people of the Confederacy.

* * * * The terrible past
Must be ours while life shall last.
Ours, with its memories, ours with its pains;
Ours with its best blood shed like rain;
The sacrifices all made in vain.
Forget? Never!

HOOD'S BRIGADE ON THE MARCH.

BY MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS.

'Twas midnight when we built our fires;
We marched at half past three;
We know not where our march will lead,
Nor care—we follow Lee!
The starlight gleams on many a crest,
And many a well tried blade;
This handful marching on the left—
This line is Our Brigade.

Our line is short, because its veins
So lavishly have bled;
The missing? Search the countless plains
Whose battles it has led.
There are those Georgians on our right,
Their ranks are thinning, too;
Ah, when our fields are won, I fear
The victors will be few;
There's not much talking down the lines,
Nor shouting through the gloom,
For when the night is deepest, then
We're thinking most of home.

I saw yon soldier startle, when
We passed an open glade,
Where yellow starlight, leaf and flower,
A fancy picture made.
Nor has he uttered word since then,
My heart can whisper why—
'Twas like the spot in Texas, where
He bade his love good-bye.

And when, beyond us, carelessly,
Some soldier sang "Adieu,"
My comrade here across his eyes
His coarse sleeve roughly drew.
So, scarcely sound, save trampling feet,
Is echoed through the gloom,
Because, when stars are brightest, then
We're thinking most of home.

Ha! What, an echo startles up,
Around this rocky hill!
Was't shell, half-buried, struck my foot?
Or stay—a human skull.
The ridge I surely seem to know,
By light of yon dim moon—
We halted here, three mortal hours,
One Sunday afternoon!

Hush! for in front I heard a shot,
And then a well known cry;
It is the foe! See where those flames
Mount up toward the sky!
It is the foe! Halt! rest we here,
And wait the coming sun,
And ere these stars may shine again
A field is lost, or won!

Is won! It is our Old Brigade,
This line of stalwart men;
The "long roll," how it thrills my soul
To hear that sound again!
God shield us, boys! here breaks the day,
The stars begin to fade;
Now, steady there, fall in! fall in!
Forward, the Old Brigade!

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

BY MRS. D. GIRAUD WRIGHT.

"The hands of our women made it,
Baptized in our mothers' tears
And drenched with the blood of our kindred
With hope for those four long years.
Across vail and plain we watched it
While the tide of battle rolled,
And with streaming eyes have we followed
The wave of each soft silken fold.

"As high o'er our host it floated,
Through dust and din of the fight,
We could catch the glint of spear head
And the flash of crimson light;
While the blood of men who bore it
Flowed fast on the reddened plain,
And our cry went up in anguish
To our God for our martyred slain.

"And we wept and watched and waited
By our lonely household fire,
For the mother gave her first born
And the daughter gave her sire;
And the wife sent forth her husband,
The maiden her lover sweet,
And hearts kept time in the silence
To the rhythmic tread of their feet.

"As they marched o'er vale and mountain
While our banner rose and fell,
Though victory often crowned it
As the Northern hosts can tell.
But the whole world was against us;
Our battle we fought alone,
Till the conquerors—want and famine—
Bade us lay our colors down.

"Cold are the loved hands that bore it,
Stilled are the brave hearts and true,
Watching nor waiting can bring them,
Weeping is all we can do.
Light from our banner has faded,
We, in its shadow forlorn,
Have only our mem'ries left us,
And our battle flag drooping and torn.

"No hand of vandal shall touch it,
'Tis shrined in our heart of hearts
With dearest, holiest mem'ries;
And the burning tear drop starts;
While laurel we weave and cypress
For the fair, the brave, the good;
The only stain on our banner
Is the stain of our heroes' blood."

THE SOUTH'S FLAG.

These verses were written some years ago at the suggestion of my friend, Miss Lida Lea, as together we viewed a stained and tattered Confederate flag and felt how sadly, sacredly dear it would ever be to a Southern heart.

Unfurl it to the breeze of heaven,
Fling wide its crimson folds,
For tho' in battle it waves no more,
It precious memories holds.

Fling wide its tattered, blood-stained folds!
Dyed deeply, doubly red
With the ruby tide that flowed from hearts
Of our noble Southern dead!

Proud emblem of the Southland's rights,
Aloft we'll bear thee still,
And cherish thee, tho' no nation's rights
Or mission thou canst fill.

Thou art sacred to each Southern heart,
For 'neath thy silken sheen
Intrepid marched the bravest band
That battle e'er has seen.

Dipped in the blood of heroes brave,
Bedewed with anguished tears
Of mothers, wives and sisters dear,
Who wept o'er soldiers' biers.

Oh, the tears! the tears, those anguished tears!
Are pearls of purest ray;
And in heaven above they'll deck the brows
Of those who wore the gray!

KATE DAFFAN.

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

Confederacy, we love thy name,
What tender memories 'round thee cling;
We meet and talk o'er all thy fame,
And thy sweet songs we love to sing.

We're proud of Jackson and of Lee,
Of Forrest, Johnston, Stuart, Hood,
And many others crowned by thee
In loyal, loving brotherhood.

Oh, many songs to thee are sung,
And many tributes paid thy name;
Inspiring theme, to breezes flung
Are banners of thy wondrous fame.

We keep thee in our memory yet,
We'll sing thy songs in coming years;
We would not if we could forget
Thy peerless deeds, thy burning tears.

For him who bore a burdened life
To thy great honor and renown,
We've set a day apart from strife,
To give our president a crown.

We do not mourn as once we might,
We do not grieve for vanished days,
But we rejoice that honors bright
Are ours, a heritage of praise.

Unconquered name, Confederacy,
As years proclaim thy matchless reign,
They add new laurel leaves to thee,
Thy fame will live and never wane.

Though all our veterans pass away,
And time to them repose will give,
The "soldier boys" who wore the gray
In Southern hearts will always live.

—EMMA B. SHINDLER.
Nocogdoches, Texas.

FATALITIES IN THE CIVIL WAR COMPARED WITH LOSSES SUSTAINED IN OTHER HISTORIC BATTLES.

Many persons will readily recall the address of General Joseph Wheeler at the conclave of the survivors of the Southern Confederacy in Charleston, S. C., in 1899. In that address General Wheeler presented facts and figures to show the losses sustained in battles in the Civil War, as compared with some of the most desperate and tragic struggles in history. The following extract from his address will be read with interest:

"At Waterloo, one of the most desperate and bloody fields recorded in European history, Wellington's casualties did not reach 12 per cent., his losses being 2,432 killed, and 9,328 wounded, in more than 100,000 men, while at Shiloh, the first great battle of the West, the casualties on one side were 9,740 out of 34,000, while on the other the number of killed and wounded reached 9,616, amounting to 30 per cent. Napoleon at Wagram lost 5 per cent. and yet the army gave up the field and retreated. At Racour Marshal Saxe lost 2 1-2 per cent.; at

Zurich, Massena, only 8 per cent.; at Lagriz, Frederick, 6 1-2 per cent.; at Marllaquet, Marlboro, but 10 per cent., and at Ramilliers, 6 per cent.

"Henry of Navarre's troops were reported 'cut to pieces' at Contras, and yet his loss was less than 10 per cent. At Lodi, Napoleon lost 1 1-4 per cent. At Valmy, Frederick William's carnage, cost Napoleon an average loss of less than 14 1-2 per cent. The average loss of both armies at Magenta and Solferino was less than 9 per cent. At Konigsrath in 1866 the loss was 6 per cent. At Werth Specheran, Tour, Gravelotte, and Sedan, in 1870, the combined loss was 6 per cent. While on the historic battlefield of Hohenlinden, General Moreau lost but 4 per cent, and the Archduke John lost but 7 per cent in killed and wounded, Americans would scarcely call this a lively skirmish.

"At Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Gettysburg, Missionary Ridge, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, the loss frequently reached, and sometimes exceeded, 40 per cent, and the average of killed and wounded on one side or the other was over 30 per cent.

"Of the young men who were at West Point during the short period of my cadetship, fifty-six were killed in battle, and estimating the ratio of killed and wounded at one to five, 280 were wounded.

"From the date of the discovery of America to 1861, in all wars with other nations, I find the record of deaths in battle of but ten American Generals, while from 1861 to 1865, both sides being opposed by Americans, more than 100 General officers fell while leading their triumphant columns.

"From 1492 to 1861 the killed and wounded upon American soil in all battles, combats and skirmishes added together, as shown by reports hardly exceeded the casualties of single battles of the great conflicts of the Civil war."

TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS

And to the Men Who Wore the Uniform of the Southern Confederacy.

The following tribute to Jefferson Davis and the soldiers who wore the gray is taken from the memorial address of Rev. Dr. S. A. Goodwin, the "Soldier-Preacher," before Pickett Camp, Confederate Veterans, in Richmond:

"We need not turn to Marathon or Thermopylae to find warriors who have wreathed their brow with unfading chaplets, nor search the storied archives of Spartan valor for names that were not born to die. We need not rifle the mausoleums of Athens, nor decipher the moss-grown cenotaphs of Rome to find the names of those who carved their way to glory through the fiery track of war, and went up from battle and burning to their place among the stars. In all the galaxy of fame there is no brighter constellation than that of the "Heroes of the Lost Cause."

"Poland was wiped from the list of nations by the iron hand of despotism; but freedom did not die with Kosciusko. Emmett died upon the scaffold; but his name is enshrined in the hearts and woven in the songs of all true Irishmen. When the last of the Gracchi expired he flung dust toward heaven, and from that dust Marius sprang—Marius less for having conquered the Cimbri than for having destroyed in Rome the despotism of the nobility.

"From the blood of those Southern braves, wherever shed, there shall spring the preservers of liberty and the avengers of wrong. No; these men were not traitors. That cannot be treason for which the mothers of the South starved and suffered, and sent forth their sons to sleep in nameless graves, or be brought home upon their shields. That cause can never be made odious for which Stewart, and Jackson, and Johnston died, and of which Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis were the exemplars and the exponents.

"When prejudice has spent its force, and impartial history has pronounced its verdict, the name of Jefferson Davis will shine in equal splendor with those of Madison, and Monroe, Calhoun and Clay. No stain obscures his crest, not a sprig has been torn from his chaplet, and his name will be wafted in every breeze that sighs through his native pines, and be heard in every slumbering echo that awakes to the call of freedom."

LEST WE FORGET—A RIGHT VINDICATED BY TRUTH OF HISTORY.

I ask the attention of the young men of the South, to a few historic incidents closely connected with the once famous political dogma of secession, forming, in fact, part of the res gesta of that heretofore popular political theory which was settled forever at Appomattox in 1865, and which show that if Jefferson Davis was in error in advocating secession he had many of the most illustrious statesmen and jurists of the North on his side of the question. Rev. Dr. Randolph Harrison McKim, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C., who in a recent and interesting work on "Secession," published by him, reminds us of the fact known to students of history that there were in 1860 two interpretations of the constitution, one affirming and the other denying

that instrument to be a "compact." No fair-minded person, says the reverend doctor, will dispute on a priori grounds the right of the South to follow the interpretation which it believed to be the true one, namely, that the constitution was a compact, a term which would inherently imply the right of secession. And in this it can be said without hesitation, the South held with Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Marshall. The famous Governeur Morris, in the constitutional convention of 1878, described the constitution as a "compact." Even Alexander Hamilton called the constitution a "compact," as did Washington himself, which proves that these distinguished statesmen and patriots all believed in the right of secession. In 1802-3, Colonel Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts, a friend of Washington and a member of his cabinet, advocated this States rights doctrine. We read that in 1811 Hon. Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, in the debate on the admission of Louisiana, declared, in the house of representatives, his "deliberate opinion that, if the bill passed, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that as it will be the right of all (the States), so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation—amicably if they can, violently if they must." Mr. Quincy was ruled out of order by the speaker, but an appeal taken to the house reversed the ruling of the chair. It is a well known fact that in 1812, the pulpit, the press and the rostrum of New England advocated secession. We find that in 1839 as distinguished a man as ex-President John Quincy Adams publicly argued that it would be better for the States to "part in friendship from each other than to be held together by restraint," and he declared that "the people of each State had the right to secede from the confederated Union." In 1842 Mr. Adams presented a petition in the house of representatives from a town in Massachusetts praying that Congress would "immediately adopt measures to peaceably dissolve the union of these States." And in 1844, and again in the following year, the legislature of Massachusetts, says Dr. McKim, affirmed the right of secession and threatened to secede if Texas was admitted to the Union!

Only fifty-six years ago, in February, 1850, John P. Hale of New Hampshire offered in the senate a petition that that body would devise "without delay, some plan for the immediate dissolution of the American Union." Senator Chase of Ohio and Senator William H. Seward of New York voted for the reception of this petition.

Dr. McKim pertinently adds that "it follows that the people of the Southern States have never deserved the opprobrium that has been heaped upon them for asserting the right of secession, which up to 1861 had not been authoritatively denied, but, on the contrary, had been asserted over and over again by eminent statesmen at the North as well as at the South." This is only part of the evidence in the case showing the North's frequent and serious purpose to secede from the Union.

And let the would-be defamers of the Confederate President also remember that Jefferson Davis in advocating secession simply gave expression to the unanimous voice of the people of the South. This is at last admitted by Mr. Rhodes, a recent Northern historian of our Civil war, but an honest and fearless man. Mr. Rhodes frankly acknowledges that the withdrawal of the cotton States from the Union had the support of an overwhelming majority of their inhabitants and that "instead of there being a conspiracy to mislead them the Southern community was in advance of its ostensible standard bearers," and, he declares, "that had not Davis, Toombs and Benjamin advocated secession the people would have chosen other leaders." All of which, being at the time a unit in the great army of secession, I can personally attest as true."

CHARACTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

His Life and Public Service Reviewed by Judge L. J. Storey at Ninety-Ninth Birthday Anniversary at Lockhart, Texas, June 13th.

Speech of Judge L. J. Storey on the ninety-ninth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, at Lockhart, Texas, June 13th:

Ladies and Gentlemen, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and You, My Comrades in Arms of the Confederacy, I greet you:

It is meet indeed that we assemble here today to celebrate the ninety-ninth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, the patriot, sage and spotless statesman; the first, last and only President of the Confederate States government.

It is impossible to think or speak of Jefferson Davis except in connection with a long and eventful life crowded with stirring events, inspiring the loftiest ambition, the purest patriotism and the grandest heroism, of the bravest and best of mankind.

First, let us briefly follow the path along which he trod from obscure boyhood to that lofty pinnacle of fame upon which his untarnished reputation securely stands as a beacon

light to guide the patriotic lovers of liberty for all time to come.

He was at all times an earnest and thoughtful man, and in his school boy days always stood head of his class.

His grandfather, Evan Davis, was a native of Wales, who came to this country early in the Eighteenth century and settled first in Philadelphia and then removed to and settled in Georgia, then a colony of Great Britain. Here Samuel Davis, the father of Jefferson Davis, was born, and when 16 years of age enlisted in the patriot army and served his country until the close of the Revolutionary war, rising to the rank of captain of infantry. The war over, he returned to the home of his childhood to find his parents dead and the home a perfect wreck. He then settled near Augusta, Ga., where he married Jane Cook of Scotch-Irish descent, and in the course of time moved to Southwestern Kentucky, where Jefferson Davis was born, June 3, A. D. 1808. There were ten children in the family, five girls and five boys, of whom Jefferson was the youngest.

At the early age of 16 he entered the military academy at West Point, appointed by John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, where he was graduated with distinction at the early age of 20 years, and was at once assigned to duty in the regular army of the United States, with the rank of second lieutenant.

He remained in the army in active service, fighting Indians along the upper Mississippi River and the Northern lakes and in that extensive region now known as the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, then inhabited alone by hostile and warlike tribes of savages. In A. D. 1835 he resigned his commission in the army and retired to private life, borrowed $10,000 from his brother Joseph and bought his Briefield plantation in the State of Mississippi, where he lived a quiet life for ten years.

* * *

While in the army he served with such distinguished soldiers as Colonel Zachary Taylor (old Rough and Ready), afterwards a major general in the regular army and president of the United States; General Winfield Scott, Colonel Joseph E. Johnston, Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, Colonel R. M. Johnson and General Dodge and other famous soldiers in the Black Hawk and other Indian wars, and was promoted for his gallantry.

In 1835 he married Miss Knox Taylor, a daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor. She only lived a few months. In 1843 he was presidential elector. On February 26, 1845, he married Miss Howell, who survived him. The next year he was elected to congress and at once became officially associated with John C. Calhoun, James Buchanan, Mr. Slidell, Mr. Sedden, Montgomery, Blaine, Henry Clay, Lewis Cass, Thomas H. Benton, ex-President J. Q. Adams and Andrew Johnson. Early in 1847 he resigned his seat in Congress to accept the election of Colonel of the First Mississippi Rifles of volunters and went to Mexico as its colonel, where he distinguished himself. Being severely wounded he returned to the United States and for two years was on crutches and suffered from his wounds for five years. Immediately upon his return to the United States the president tendered him the appointment as brigadier general of volunteers, which he declined, for the reason that he believed that such appointment in the volunteer militia should come from the governors of the States and not from the president of the United States, and this, in my judgment, is good, sound States right doctrine.

In December, A. D. 1847, he was returned to the senate of the United States and began his service in that body at the same time with Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois and John P. Hale of New Hampshire, beginning their service in the senate, where Lewis Cass, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, John Bell of Tennessee and other intellectual giants of that period were members.

Upon the election of Franklin Pierce as President of the United States, Mr. Davis was appointed secretary of war, which position he filled with distinction and marked ability. After the expiration of the Pierce administration he was again elected United States senator from Mississippi and served his State in that capacity until the beginning of the war between the States. And during that four years of bloody war he was President of the Confederate States government; was captured, ironed down in prison, remained in prison for more than two years, was indicted for treason in a Federal court, but never tried for the simple reason that the South had the legal right to secede and against the United States government he had committed no crime, and therefore the authorities never brought his case to trial. In no court of law, presided over by an honest judge, could he have been convicted. However, a petit jury venire of twenty-four men was summoned to try him and one-half of these men were negroes of old Virginia. When brought from Fortress Monroe under a writ of habeas corpus, the government was not ready for trial, and on a motion to quash the indictment Chief Justice Chase held that the prisoner was not guilty of

the offense charged, while Judge Underwood held that he was guilty. The case was therefore certified to the supreme court of the United States, but his case was never tried and he never, therefore, had an opportunity to show to the world by a judgment of the highest and most august judicial tribunal in the world that under the constitution and laws of the United States he had committed no crime against the government. Why, then, that long and cruel war in which 1,000,000 lives was sacrificed, and millions of money was spent and a whole section devastated and made bankrupt? This question must be answered; posterity will demand it. History must be vindicated and the truth must be told.

* * *

And the duty is upon you, Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, to know the true history of the causes leading up to that war and to transmit it, in its purity, to your children, to the end that they may not be taught to believe the lie that the men of the South were guilty of treason against their country and as being actuated by no higher purpose than to keep 3,000,000 of negroes in perpetual slavery.

It was an effort on the part of the South to peaceably secede to protect her people from oppression and in the enjoyment of a plain constitutional right of self-government, never delegated to the general government.

On the part of the North it was a war of coercion in defiance of the constitution and laws of the land and an unbroken chain of decisions of the supreme court of the United States.

At the very founding of this government there were two political parties arrayed against each other. Alexander Hamilton was at the head of one, contending for a monarchial form of government, declaring that he believed that a monarchy such as old England was the best form of government. As he expressed it: "The happiest device of human ingenuity."

Thomas Jefferson was at the head of the States' right party, and succeeded in writing his doctrine of States' right down in the constitution. Hamilton acknowledged his defeat on the floor of the convention, and thenceforward urged the people to vote for the adoption of the constitution, expressing, however, his "doubts as to the success of the experiment," as he called it. In 1791 he still had doubts and said "that it will probably be found expedient to go the British form" of government. And from that day down to the present hour there have always been in this government advocates of a centralized government, clothed with all political power, leaving the States as mere dependencies.

The North has always been a manufacturing country, while the South has always been an agricultural section. These lovers of a monarchial form of government were comparatively few at first, but have gradually grown in numbers until they are many. There were three questions upon which its advocates finally united and thereby finally secured control of the general government. One was the advocates of a high protective tariff, not for revenue only; not alone for the purpose of securing sufficient funds to administer the general government, but for the purpose of protecting manufacturing interests in the North and to enable them to sell the products of their factories at a much higher price than they could have done in competition with the factories of other countries.

This protective tariff was in the interest of a favored few located then in the North and against the interests of the masses and by the masses to be paid. Every dollar of which, beyond what was necessary to administer an economical government, was but a legalized robbery of the masses for the benefit of the classes, always opposed by the States' rights democracy, so gallantly defended by Jefferson Davis and the political party to which he belonged during his day and time.

The protective tariff system is and always has been a crime against people of the South. It is a hotbed in which every trust and monopoly forbidden by the constitution and laws of our country has been hatched out, fostered and nursed into colossal form and strength, until they have become the mighty controlling power in this government.

For many years the lovers of a democratic form of government stood like the rock of Gibraltar between the people and this aggressive thieving greed. This love of money, denounced by Holy Writ, ever ready to stoop to conquer, began to form combinations with all other opponents of the State's right democracy, and thus was combined the forces of the advocates of a monarchial form of government, the advocates of the protective tariff system and the abolition party.

There was nothing in the cold advocacy of a monarchy to arouse the masses. There was nothing in the greed of the protectionists to arouse a sentiment in the mass of the people who owned no interest in the factory.

The shibboleth, therefore, of the black republican party, "freedom to the down-trodden slaves of the South," was adopted. A higher law than the constitution of the United States

and laws of congress was advocated. The fanaticism of the Northern churches was appealed to and enlisted in their cause, and thus the combination was formed: reason was finally dethroned, the constitution and laws ignored and the decisions of the courts defied, the Union torn asunder by fanaticism. And thus the greatest crime of the age, in the name of liberty, was perpetuated on the people, not only of the South, but of the whole country. That true liberty for which our patriot fathers shed their blood in the formation of this government was exchanged for a mess of pottage.

It is true that African slavery was abolished, and we of the South do not regret that simple fact, but we know the legal right did not exist in the government of the United States or in any other people on earth to abolish the institution except the sovereign people of each slave-holding State, acting for itself; and whatever influence or coercion was exercised by the Federal government to secure that end was but an usurpation of power, contrary to the constitution and laws of the land, and the decisions of the supreme court of the United States.

It is also true that the demands of the protective tariff advocates have been granted far beyond their most sanguine expectations —if it were possible to measure the bounds of their selfish greed. This high protective tariff made it possible for its advocates and beneficiaries of the system to form the most gigantic trusts and monopolies that ever existed on earth to curse and enslave mankind. And today they have our Federal government by the throat and are dictating its laws and determining who shall administer the government.

Nor is it now an unusual thing to read in the public prints where some honored government official or trusted agent is declaring that "We must get back closer to the doctrine advocated by Alexander Hamilton" (the monarchist), and we read of no protest from the party in power. Will the implied contract to which we have just referred be the next successful step toward the final destruction of the republic? God forbid it.

* * *

But these were not the only questions involved. The right to interfere in these we have named, if surrendered by the South, yielded our right of self-government and the control of every other local right never delegated by the States to the general government. That our young people may not be misinformed upon this subject, let me here remind you that at the date of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, African slavery existed in each of the thirteen colonies. Even in Boston, Mass., negro babies were "bought and sold by the pound." And at the date of the adoption of the constitution of the United States every State in the Union except Massachusetts was a slave-holding State. It soon developed that negro labor, in the estimation of the Northern people, was suitable only for heavy farm labor in the South, so they gradually disposed of their slaves and then adopted anti-slave constitution and laws in their respective States. That school of statesmen to which Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis and the entire States' right democracy belonged, always contended for a strict construction of the constitution, and that, therefore, congress had no legal right to levy and collect taxes from the people for any purpose except for the economical administration of the general government and that the Federal government and its congress had no right to interfere or meddle with the local affairs and institutions of the several States.

On this subject let the constitution speak for itself. On the question of taxation, in Article 1, Section 8, power was delegated to congress as follows:

"Congress shall have power, first, to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States, but all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

* * *

Yes, To Tax.

Not for the benefit of a class, not to enrich one section and impoverish another, not for the general welfare of a particular section or class of people. But for the general welfare of all the States—"the United States." And every cent levied and collected by the general government for any other purpose has been denounced by the courts as a legalized robbery, and against this robbery the South protested and still protests.

As stated before, when the constitution was adopted, every State in the Union except Massachusetts was a slave-holding State, under and by virtue of the constitution and laws of each State. It was then provided by Article 4, Section 2, of the Constitution of the United States that "No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." And the record shows that that section of the constitution received the unanimous vote

of the members of the constitutional convention. Here the States' rights doctrine was emphatically declared, that neither congress nor any other State had any legal right to interfere with the domestic and property rights of the people of any other State in the Union.

But as if still anxious to settle the question of States' rights forever, two amendments were added to the constitution in Jefferson's time, known as the ninth and tenth amendments. They are as follows:

"Article 9. The enumeration in the constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage other rights retained by the people."

"Article 10. The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

* * *

In an effort to protect the rights of the States under these very plain and emphatic articles of the constitution, congress passed what is known as "The fugitive slave law," which simply required the return of slaves escaping from one State into another. It was then that the State of Pennslyvania, as did thirteen other Northern States, adopted solemn acts of their legislatures nullifying and forbidding the enforcement of this constitutional provision and law of congress in their respective States, and in the celebrated case of Prigg vs. the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, 16th Peters Reports, pages 611 and 612, the supreme court of the United States, by a unanimous opinion upholding the constitution and laws of congress on this subject, said: Listen—

"Historically it is well known that the object of this clause was to secure to the citizens of the slaveholding States the complete right and title of ownership in their slaves as property in every State of the Union into which they might escape from the State wherein they were held in servitude. * * * The full recognition of this right and title was indispensable to the security of this species of property in all the slaveholding States, and, indeed, was so vital to the preservation of their interest and institutions that it can not be doubted that it constituted a fundamental article without the adoption of which the Union would not have been formed. Its true design was to guard against the doctrines and principles prevalent in the nonslaveholding States by preventing them from interfering with or restricting or abolishing the rights of the owners of the slaves. * * * This clause was, therefore, of the last importance to the safety and security of the Southern States and could not be surrendered by them without endangering their whole property in slaves. The clause was therefore adopted in the convention by the unanimous consent of the framers of it, a proof at once of its intrinsic and practical necessity. * * * The clause manifestly contemplates the existence of a positive, unqualified right on the part of the owner of the slave which no State law or regulation can in any manner regulate, control, qualify or restrain."

Thus spake the supreme court of the United States. This and numerous other cases human language could not have more emphatically declared the true intent and meaning of the constitution. Daniel Webster, the greatest lawyer and statesman that Massachusetts or New England ever produced, is quoted as saying:

"I do no hesitate to say and repeat that if the Northern States refuse willfully and deliberately, to carry into effect that part of the constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and congress provides no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact—a bargain broken on one side is broken on all sides."

Again in 1851 he said: "In the North the purpose of overturning the government shows itself more clearly in resolutions agreed to in voluntary assemblies of individuals, denouncing the laws of the land and declaring a fixed intent to disobey them. I notice in one of these meetings, holden lately in the very heart of New England, and said to have been numerously attended, the members unanimously resolved, 'That as God is our helper we will not suffer any person charged with being a fugitive from labor to be taken from among us, and to this resolution we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.'"

And Mr. Webster proceeds: "These persons do not seem to have been aware that the purpose thus avowed by them is distinctly treasonable. If any law of the land be resisted by force of arms or force of numbers, with a declared intention to resist the application of that law, in all cases this is levying war against the government within the meaning of the constitution, and is an act of treason, drawing after it all the consequences of that offense."

* * *

From the foundation of the government down to 1861 the States right doctrine was recognized by the party in power, by the supreme court of the United States; in fact, by statesmen of all parties, as constitutional. The difficulty was not in the construction of the constitution, but whether or not it was binding and should be obeyed or held for naught. It was perfectly natural that every federalist and

every protective tariff advocate being opposed to the States' right doctrine and favoring a strong centralized government, should gradually fall into line with the abolition party that claimed the right in congress and in other States to nullify the constitution and laws that sustained the doctrine, and as that party grew in numbers it became fanatical and more defiant of the constitution and laws of the land. Listen to what their trusted leader said:

Mr. Edward Quincy said: "For our part we have no particular desire to see the present law repealed or modified. What we preach is not repeal, not modification, but disobedience." Thus he preached defiance to the constitution and laws—treason, pure and simple.

Another said: "The citizens of a government tainted with slave institutions may combine with foreigners to put down the government." He appealed to foreigners to aid traitors in destroying the government.

The constitution and laws to which we have referred were denounced by such leaders as Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison as "a covenant with death, an agreement with hell." And as early as 1848 Mr. Seward declared that there was an "irrepressible conflict" between the sections on the question of slavery, and that the government could not exist in peace—"half slave and half free," an expression so often used by Mr. Lincoln in his memorable canvass with Mr. Douglass in the State of Illinois in 1858. And when it became apparent that no honest judge of the supreme court could ever be found to declare that the constitution of the United States did not protect the rights of the people of the States in their local and property rights, many of them became so fanatical as to appeal to the higher law doctrine, and Mr. Seward himself is quoted as saying: "There is a higher law than the constitution which regulates our authority over the domain—slavery must be abolished and we must do it." Here was one of their political idols, who afterward became secretary of State under Mr. Lincoln. He advocated the abolition of slavery, not by the States where slavery existed, the only constitutional way it could be done and the way it was finally done, but in obedience to the higher law, that is, in spite of the constitution and the rights of the States thereunder. And then follows the demands of one of those "more holy than thou" creatures who was not satisfied with Almighty God. He said: "The times demand and we must have an anti-slavery constitution, an anti-slavery Bible, and an anti-slavery God." They had neither then, and wanted a change. Such language if used today in denunciation of the government, the constitution and laws would be justly and vehemently denounced as the utterances of a crazy anarchists, and yet at the time used they were the utterances of beloved and honored leaders in social, political and religious circles of the North, and whose memory is still cherished throughout that section of the country. As one of the many evil fruits of such teachings, the sovereign State of Virginia was invaded in October, 1859, by an armed band of cut-throats, murderers and conspirators, led by John Brown, a Northern fanatic, against the government of Virginia and the constitutional rights of her people. Such an open and deliberate act of treason, rapine and murder ought to have received the emphatic and unanimous condemnation of the people of the North as it did in the South. But not so. Appeals were made for the remission of the punishment prescribed by the laws of Virginia, and at the North this ungodly traitor, this foul murderer, has been canonized (declared a saint) and Mr. Curry said that "Hughes in his 'Manliness of Christ' places John Brown almost on a level with the Son of God."

* * *

Well, the time did come when this nullifying sectional party secured an anti-slavery candidate for president, who had himself declared that "this government could not endure half slave and half free," because, he said, in substance, that there was an irrepressible conflict between the sections, upon this question of slavery; that both slavery and the Union must be preserved. And it was too true. There was an irrepressible conflict waged by that sectional party against the constitution and laws of the land and the rights guaranteed by the constitution to the people of the South.

I have thus quoted from speeches, letters, utterances, laws, the constitution and decisions of the court of last resort, not for the purpose of reviving prejudices or sectional bitterness—far be it from me—this government is still our government—but for the purpose of recalling to the minds of my hearers the signs of the times immediately preceding the war, showing the provocation to the South, the purity of her motives and to justify her in the efforts she made to peaceably secede from the Union and form a government that would protect her in her constitutional rights.

And now, my comrades, since more than forty-six years have passed away since the clash of arms in that cruel war begun, when the smoke of battle has cleared away, and when the mental vision is no longer obscured by prejudice, and when reason is once again en-

throned, let me say: That when we remember the long years of struggle in and out of congress to uphold the rights of the States, guaranteed under plain and unmistakable provisions of the constitution, and when we remember that many of the State legislatures of the North denounced the decisions of the supreme court of the United States sustaining the States' rights doctrine as an arbitrary power, and therefore null and void; and when we remember that honored leaders of that rapidly growing sectional party, ever opposing State's rights, were denouncing the constitution thus upheld by the supreme court, as a "covenant with death and league with hell," and when we remember that "the voice of the law was no longer in the land," but that the Federal government, which was prior to 1861 administered in accordance with the requirements of the constitution and laws, was now "browbeaten and defeated," and then when this sectional party, thus pledged to the destruction of the rights of the South and the centralization of the government, was about to seize the reigns of government, what, I ask, was the South to do? She was thoroughly convinced that the constitution and laws of the United States were so despised and denounced by the leaders of the party coming into power that they would no longer be enforced, and knowing that she had the legal and constitutional right to withdraw from the Union when necessary to preserve her rights, no alternative was left her as free and sovereign States, but to withdraw from the Union or to submit to what she believed would be an utter destruction of her rights and to do so without a struggle was impossible for a brave and noble people through whose veins the blood of patriots flowed. She therefore seceded and the war of coercion followed. And for four long and weary years the battle raged with increasing fury. The very earth trembeled under the tread of mighty armies, while the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry reverberated from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, until some portion of every Southern State was bathed in blood.

The last battle of the war was fought at Palmetto Ranch, Texas, May 13, A. D. 1865, where the last Confederate soldier who fell in battle gave up his life in defense of States' rights, and his name was J. J. Oliver, from Lockhart, Caldwell County, Texas. Many of you knew him.

Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, let me remind you that in the capitol grounds in the city of Austin is a splendid monument erected to the memory of the Confederate dead; on its principal front is chiseled a recital of the cause for which they fought and the results of the war. Young men and young women, boys and girls, go with me there and with uncovered heads read the record as chiseled upon that granite rock. The truth is recorded there, and it reads:

"Died for States' rights guaranteed under the constitution. The people of the South, animated by the spirit of 1776 to preserve their rights, withdrew from the Federal compact in 1861. The North resorted to coercion. The South against overwhelming numbers and resources fought until exhausted. During the war there were 2257 engagements, in 1882 of these at least one regiment took part.

NUMBER OF MEN ENLISTED.

In Confederate armies	600,000
In Federal armies	2,859,132

LOSSES FROM ALL CAUSES.

Confederates	437,000
Federals	485,215

* * *

On each of the four corners of the pedestal stands erect a bronze figure of a Confederate soldier, as the very personification of the true chivalry of the Old South. These represent the four arms of the service—the infantry, the cavalry, the artillery and the navy. While in the center and high up upon the capstone the bronze figure—a true likeness of Jefferson Davis, the patriot, sage and statesman, the first, last and only president of the Confederate States of America, stands erect, as in the senate of the United States he stood boldly defending the constitution and rights of his country in his farewell address to that august body. His whole life was a sacrifice to duty and to the defense of the constitutional rights of the people. It mattered not with him where duty called, whether as an officer in the regular army of the United States defending the frontier against a savage foe or at the head of his regiment upon the bloody fields of Mexico, where by reason of his valor victory perched upon the banner of his country; or whether in the senate of the United States or as president of the Confederate States government, he was ever foremost in defense of the constitutional rights of his countrymen.

But, my comrades,—sons and daughters of Confederate soldiers—who were these people of the old South whom he loved and served so well, and who today honor and revere his memory? Were he and they patriots, tried and true, or were they traitors to their country? Read and ponder well the true history of the past which no man can deny.

We can but be proud of our ancestry—proud of the government they aided to establish, and proud of the principles of government they left for us to defend.

I would not attempt to pluck a single laurel from the brow of a Northern patriot, whether he fought in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the numerous Indian wars, or the war with Mexico, in all of which the Stars and Stripes, the flag of a united people and an emblem of justice and truth, were borne aloft by patriots and heroes from every section of the country, the last of these being defense of Texas soil and which secured a permanent peace for Texas and the addition to the territory of the United States of New Mexico, Arizona and the golden sands of California. But if the student of history desires to review the history of those times, he will feel no blush of shame burning his cheek by reason of any failure on the part of the Old South to do its whole duty in defense of the honor and flag of his country.

It was in old Virginia that the first public meeting was held and the first resolutions adopted calling for a congress of colonists looking to final independence, and it was the legislature of Virginia that passed the first resolution instructing the delegates in that congress to declare for independence, and when the tug of war came to defend that declaration, the South, with an alacrity and unanimity unparalleled in the history of wars, rushed to the defense of the country. While their brothers of the North did nobly by sending to the patriot army 100 men out of every 227 within military age, the South sent 100 out of every 209. The white male population of Pennsylvania was then 110,788, while that of Virginia was 110,934, a difference of only 146. Pennsylvania sent to the army 34,965 men, while grand old Virginia, the home of Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, the Lees, Madison and Monroe, sent 56,721 men, or 21,756 more men than did Pennsylvania.

* * *

New Hampshire had a military population of 513 more than South Carolina and sent to the patriot army 14,906, while South Carolina sent 31,131, or 16,125 more men than did New Hampshire.

Pennsylvania had a military population of nearly three times as many as South Carolina, yet she sent only 3834 more men than did South Carolina.

New York had more than double the military population that South Carolina had, yet South Carolina sent to the patriot army 29,836 more men than did New York.

South Carolina sent to the army thirty-seven out of every forty-two men able to bear arms; Massachusetts sent thirty-two. Connecticut thirty, and New Hampshire sent eighteen out of every forty-two. And for the seven long years the struggle went on, when victory crowned their efforts, liberty was won, and the stars and stripes were recognized by the nations of earth as the flag of a new-born nation.

And again in 1812-15 old England, still smarting under the humiliation she was compelled to submit to in the Revolutionary War, again disregarded our rights on the high seas, seized vessels in our ports, tore sailors from ships floating the American flag and forced them against their will to serve on English men of war, and then it was that James Madison of Virginia, then President of the United States, sent his message to congress advising a declaration of war. When such true Southern statesmen as John C. Calhoun from the committee on foreign affairs reported the declaration of war, supported by Henry Clay, W. H. Crawford, Langdon Cheves, William J. Lowndes, John Forsyth, Felix Grundy, Mr. Throup and R. M. Johnston of the old South who, by their earnest advocacy of the declaration, aroused the indignation of the country and secured its passage, and Mr. Clay says that "All of the senators and representatives from South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Louisiana and most of them from Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, supported the declaration, which had the concurrence of such cities as Baltimore, Charleston and New Orleans."

New England opposed the war and the governors of at least two of these States refused to send the quota of men called for by the president, declaring, as did the legislature of Massachusetts, that the war was a "wanton sacrifice of their best interests."

During that war a large portion of the country was overrun by the British army, the capital of the United States was captured and burned by the British invaders. The South rushed to the defense of the country, and under such true patriots as Andrew Jackson, at the head of the volunteer militia of the South, won imperishable fame for himself and for American arms. And when the war was over and the victory was won these illustrious soldiers were hailed by their countrymen everywhere as true men, patriots and heroes.

* * *

And when the Black Hawk and other Indian wars were over, such distinguished defenders of the country as Colonel R. M. Johnston, General Joseph E. Johnston, General Al-

bert Sidney Johnston, Colonel Jefferson Davis, General Andrew Jackson and Sam Houston, were revered by the grateful people of the United States as true men, patriots and heroes.

And again in 1846 when the despot of Mexico sought to extend his power east of the Rio Grande over a large portion of Texas, then a State of the American Union, the tocsin of war was again sounded and in response to the call to arms every Southern State quickly furnished her quota of men to defend the honor and flag of their country. And no brighter blades were ever drawn in defense of this government since the days of Washington than those wielded in that conflict by such soldiers of the old South as General Zachary Taylor, General J. Pinckney Henderson, Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, General Robert E Lee, Colonel Jefferson Davis, Colonel Joseph E. Johnston, Captain Braxton Bragg. Captain W. J. Hardee. Captain Ben McCullough and Lieutenant T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, every one of whom were graduates of West Point, except Ben McCullough, and every one of them distinguished himself upon the bloody fields of Mexico.

What man of the South can ever forget the heroism displayed by the Southern volunteer soldier in that conflict, and especially the gallantry of the illustrious Jefferson Davis, on the bloody fields of Monterey and Buena Vista, where he and his gallant regiment of Mississipians saved the day and won the thanks of the general in command.

At Buena Vista the Mexican army was nearly five times as large as the American army under General Taylor. Colonel Jefferson Davis, at the head of 300 men of his regiment, won immortal fame for American arms in a desperate charge, where one-third of his men fell with their faces to the foe, he himself severely wounded, yet he remained upon the field and in command of his shattered regiment until the battle was over and victory had perched upon the banner of his country.

And so it was with the troops of every Southern State; opportunities were sought and when found valor was not wanting. The rank and file were true men, the very flower of the young chivalry of the States from which they came, and as a rule to the manner born. And when the smoke of battle was cleared away and peace once again hovered over the country it was found that every State mourned the loss of her gallant sons who fell upon some bloody field of Mexico.

I shall never forget how my young heart throbbed when I heard the first news of the battle of Buena Vista. Colonel Jefferson Davis and one-third of his regiment had fallen, and from that part of the field where fought the gallant sons of Kentucky the dispatch that gave an account of that hand-to-hand conflict where fell their noble colonel read thus: "The last we saw of young Henry Clay he was lying on his back fighting them with his sword."

And when the war was over and the self-styled Napoleon of the West had been humbled and compelled to recognize the Rio Grande as the true boundary between the two governments, as claimed by the United States and Texas, and our patriotic army, flushed with victory, returned to our own soil, true men and true women everywhere sang the praise of such Southern heroes and their followers as General Zachary Taylor, General Pinckney Henderson, General Albert Sidney Johnston, General Joseph E. Johnston, General W. J. Hardee, General Ben McCulloch and General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson as true men, patriots and heroes.

And so it has ever been when danger threatened the peace, prosperity or liberty of the people of this country; the South with a patriotism unparalleled in the history of the world, whether the dangers have been within our own limits and on account of civil strife, or invasion by a foreign foe, the South has thrown herself in the breach to battle for the right.

And when internal troubles came her leading citizens and statesmen, whether in or out of congress, but reflected the views and will of the masses of her people when they plead, as they did for years upon the floor of Congress, through the press, in the forum and upon the hustings, for a strict construction of the constitution of the United States, a strict adherence to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and an uncompromising defense of the reserved rights of the States and people, holding in the very language of the constitution itself that the "powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, not prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

And when to them it seemed after many long and weary years of contention that the constitution and laws of congress passed in accordance therewith were openly defied by one section of the country to the detriment of the other, and to the utter destruction of the States' rights doctrine so dear to the South and so plainly written down in the constitution of the country. And seeing that a powerful and growing political party coming into power declaring that this government could not exist without the destruction of millions of property, which had in course of time become peculiar to the South, and also for the upbuilding by the

general government of certain industries then peculiar to the North, by the levy and collection of a protective tariff to be paid by the masses for the benefit of the classes, and which profound jurists have declared was but legalized robbery.

* * *

Against this proposed usurpation of power came the protest from every hamlet in the South. Is it any wonder then that to these true and tried men forbearance ceased to be a virtue; that they, knowing their rights under the constitution and laws of the United States, dared to maintain them, even when to do so it was necessary to turn their backs upon the old flag for which they had so gallantly fought and bled?

And knowing that no law and constitutional authority existed in the general government to coerce a sovereign State, they sought to peacefully secede and to form a government of their own. Were they conscientious in this belief? Listen! True womanhood is ever ready to defend its conscientious convictions of the right, and there can be no better proof of a man's convictions than the energy he displays and the sacrifices he makes in defense of them.

And if there is still alive on this continent a fanatic so blind as not to see and know that the South was conscientious in the steps she took in that great struggle, let him for once calmly review the record.

The first hostile gun was fired at the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, April 12, 1861, and the last battle fought at Palmetto Ranch, Texas, near the old battlefield of Palo Alto, May 13, 1865.

Thus ended that long and sanguinary struggle where rivers of blood and millions of money were spent and many more millions of dollars worth of property in the Southland was sacrificed and forever obliterated.

The men of the South were, as a rule, natives of the soil, through whose veins the best blood of the Anglo-Saxon race flowed. Without an army, without a navy, and our ports blockaded, our intercourse with the rest of the world cut off. For an army, new recruits, army supplies and munitions of war we had to look to our own territory, people and resources, while the Federal government, with her free and unrestricted intercourse with every nation on earth, in addition to her own vast resources, her standing army, her splendid navy, drew supplies, munitions of war and new recruits from the nations of the earth.

The policy of the South was to peaceably secede and stand on the defensive of her own soil, while the policy of the North was to invade and coerce the South. Thus the policy of both governments was to make of the South the battlegrounds where the tread of mighty contending armies and booming cannon shook the earth for four long years, and where devastation, rapine and murder, inevitably followed where such vast hostile armies marched, countermarched and fought.

To the people of the South the provocation was great and the cause just.

No sacrifice made by a patriotic people was ever so great.

No people ever sustained a cause so long against such overwhelming odds and resources.

No country so devastated, the resources of no country so completely exhausted, and no victor ever paid so dear for the victory he won.

The flag of no country or cause ever went down in defeat crowned with such a halo of glory.

No cause ever had a more devoted self-sacrificing people to sustain it, while the bravery, the devotion, the energy, the unselfish patriotism of the noble women of the South throughout the entire struggle is unparalleled in the history of the world.

* * *

No armies were ever led to battle by greater generals, and no generals commanded better, braver and more patriotic soldiers.

No brighter or purer statesmen with clearer conscience, purer heart or more lofty purpose ever wielded power or guided the ship of State than Jefferson Davis, the noble, gifted and illustrious president of the Confederate States.

They may point with pride to the soldierly bearing and military genius of such distinguished soldiers of the Northern army as Ulysses S. Grant, Meade, Thomas, Hancock and others, and to a large portion of those vast armies they commanded as soldiers who shed luster upon American arms. And to this eulogy the true Confederate soldier can, as I do now, say amen, amen.

And then we turn with the exultant pride of a true American soldier to the undying record made by the immortal Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston and a host of other such illustrious commanders of that 600,000 heroes who, though poorly clad, barefooted and illy fed, were enabled for four long years to keep at bay the best armed, the best equipped, the best fed and the best drilled army of over 2,800,000 soldiers that ever trod the earth. And when you have looked upon the record tell me, was it not the heroism and splendid achievements of this defeated army of the old South that has shed the bright-

est and most imperishable luster upon American arms?

* * *

These were true men, great, grand and peculiar even in defeat. And when their flag went down in gloom, this remnant of the best army the world has ever seen returned to the smoldering ruins of desolated homes, and with an energy equal to the dire necessity of the times, and supported as of old by that true manhood which had ever characterized and sustained them, proceeded to repair their lost fortunes. And in the course of time, by their upright conduct and force of character they were enabled to rid the country of carpetbag rule, the worst and most vulture-like government known to the civilized world.

And then the South, the New South, if you please to call it, began to bud and bloom as the rose.

The climate of the Old South is still the climate of the new.

Her recuperative powers are invigorating and strengthening the new.

Her patriotism is, as ever, ready to defend the right.

And her statesmen, true men and patriots, scions of the old stock whose veins are still warmed by the blood of the Southland, are as true as ever to the constitution and the laws of the land, and are still pointing to that hallowed instrument as the safeguard and only palladium of our liberties.

And so it is that the true principles of justice, the patriotism, the statesmanship and the true manhood of the Old South, thanks to Almighty God, still animate, direct and guard the new.

And it is well! It is well! for the time is coming, indeed is at hand, when this commercialism, this mad love of money, denounced by holy writ as the "root of all evil," is fast consuming the patriotism of the governing classes of this Union and is fast building up a money aristocracy, which is being fed and fattened upon the substance of the masses. They are already beginning, like kings, to claim the God-given right to rule and to collect and distribute His gifts to whom they will.

And history fails to record an instance where an aristocracy like this has surrendered the right to rule and to absorb the wealth of the country without a struggle. Nay, verily, they will attempt to throttle liberty itself before they surrender such a privilege.

Undoubtedly they now control the legislation of congress and are claiming much at the hands of the courts.

God forbid that this last fortress shall ever surrender. I have faith that it will not, but if its judgments are again ignored the time will and must come when the true men of this country will know no North, no South, no East, no West, but will unite for their country, the whole country, and nothing but their country. And for the restoration of the constitution and of equal and exact justice to all and exclusive privileges to none, will, like the patriots of old, pledge to each other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. And like the patriot fathers will proceed to redeem that pledge.

* * *

My comrades, our ranks are growing thin. We are fast approaching our last camping ground. The shades of the evening of life are fast gathering about us, and the last tatoo will soon bid us take our rest. The mantle you so worthily wore must henceforth rest upon shoulders of the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy.

Be of good cheer; I have an abiding faith in the blood that animates their being. They are Sons and Daughters of the Old South, and well know and understand why we can review our record of the past without a blush of shame or a regret to mar our declining years, for "we fought a good fight and we kept the faith."

My comrades, I am no poet, but let me in conclusion express my thoughts in a random shot in rhyme:—

CONFEDERATE COMRADES.

At evening tide, when our shadows grow long,
We welcome thoughts of the glorious past,
When buoyant with youth and the future looked bright,
We thought not of the past, in the future was light.

In the vigor of youth, athletic and strong,
Hope gilded the future, right could never be wrong;
Faithful to teachings of patriots true,
The bravest and best the world ever knew,
We took for our guide the constitution and laws,
Which blind justice held out to the faithful few.

While others, like Phillips, Lloyd Garrison and Seward,
Proclaimed a higher law doctrine, fanatical and new,
And others, like Quincy, boldly proclaimed it aloud
For a new constitution, new Bible, new God.

Pennsylvania's legislature and thirteen others
in line,
Resolved that the constitution and laws of the
land
Should never be enforced in that region and
clime;
In this they defied the court's decree,
Though the highest on earth they knew it to be,
And the constitution, they declared it to be,
A covenant with death and hell's decree.

Thus swept they from altars of patriots sub-
lime
Every vestige of right to give place for that
crime.
Could patriots submit, without striking a blow,
To such treason as this? No, never, no, no!

Like our patriot fathers of seventy-six,
We preferred to die than cowardly submit;
So to arms we flew, like patriots true,
And unfurled our banner of red, white and blue,
And for four long years bore it aloft
Over fields we won and over fields we lost;
But permitted it never to trail in the dust—
Yea, we bathed it in blood, for our cause was
just.

Against overwhelming odds and resources we
bore it,
Until half of our army lay dead on the field;
No sacrifice made by patriots true
Were ever so great as those we knew.

Our Six hundred thousand patriots true,
The bravest and best the world ever knew,
Fought twenty-eight hundred thousand men in
blue,
On gory fields two thousand or more,
We drenched the earth with the blood of our
foe;
Exhausted at last by overwhelming odds,
We grounded our arms, too weak to do more.

Grand Robert E. Lee, commander superb,
Knowing all was lost save honor, he cried:
"We'll stack our arms as we face the foe
And furl our flag never furled before."

A sacred memento of a glorious past,
Crowned with a halo never surpassed,
Upon the bier of our country we laid it at last,
With the heroes dead who bore it.

Our patriot president, great, grand and true;
They bound him in chains, at Fortress Monroe;
Indicted for treason, but never was tried,
Because, on the constitution and courts he re-
lied.

Chief Justice Chase boldly declared,
Not guilty of treason; that, Underwood denied,
So to the court supreme his case was sent,
But no trial there was ever meant.
To give him a trial he always knew
Was to vindicate the South as patriots true.

Many long and weary years he passed,
Praying for his trial and victory at last;
It came, not in a court's final decree,
But between the lines the world can see
That the constitution of our country sheltered
Davis and Lee.

THE SOUTH'S WONDERFUL PROGRESS SINCE THE WAR.

A glance at the history of the South since the end of the Civil War will show that it has made wonderful strides forward in its various industries. In the process of rebuilding, our people have been sustained by the same spirit that bore them up during that bitter struggle against enormous odds.

Save the spirit that sustained the South in a four years' war against enormous odds, there is nothing, perhaps, comparable with the spirit which has dominated the South in its task of rehabilitation during the past forty years. The progress it has made in that period has no parallel in history.

Survivors of the Confederacy may readily recall the details of the appalling wreck and ruin which they faced when they turned their backs forever upon the battlefields that they had made illustrious, the forcible confiscation of $2,000,000,000 in one form of property, the disappearance and destruction of about $1,500,000,000 in the shape of mills and factories, barns and granaries, railroads, insurance investments, banking capital and the plunder of personal possessions, a disorganized and demoralized labor system, lands laid waste or returned to wilderness; but, above all, the death or crippling for life of quite 200,000 of the flower of the productive and directive population. The memory of that awful plight is grievous, but against it and dispelling many of its shadows is the fact of subsequent achievement by the survivors and their worthy sons.

That achievement may well form the basis of an American epic. The story of its material side alone is enough to inspire deeply interesting volumes. While awaiting the appearance of those volumes, a few facts cannot be recalled too frequently.

Forty years have passed into history since the last gun was fired that ended one of the greatest conflicts recorded in history, leaving the South, one of the richest agricultural belts in the world, a veritable waste. Today is witnessed a progress in the achievement of brain and muscle, in the sciences, arts and industries unprecedented and absolutely unheard of in the history of nations. The old institutions which they cherished, but which had fallen by the sword, have gone forever. The South today blooms like a rose with its people nestled on their farms and in their hives of industry like busy bees. Magnificent cities have sprung forth as by enchantment from the ashes and ruins of those that went down under shot and shell and in the cruel flames of Civil War.

The South has long since thrown open its gates and invited the men of the North and all other sections to enter with their capital and enterprise and lend a helping hand to the great work of restoration. Reconciled and reunited, the men of this nation are today working out the great destiny of the South and the whole nation.

GRAND TRIBUTE TO GEN. R. E. LEE.

By a United States Military Critic.

Major Eben Swift of the general staff, United States Army, in discussing the Wilderness campaign, declared that the most important point derived from a study of the battles of the Civil war, compared with those of the present, is the question of generalship and strategy.

"Lee was the only general of Napoleonic type who ever lived," declared Major Swift, "and whether greater or not, who shall say? Of all great soldiers no one but Lee probably encountered as dangerous an adversary as Grant. Napoleon yielded at the last to smaller odds and his disaster was complete, but Lee's army at the end of the Wilderness campaign was aggressive and high-spirited as ever. Lee made five campaigns in a single year, no other man and no other army ever did so much. Napoleon's 'lucky star' often brought victory which his combinations had not prepared and saved him from disaster which he had not foreseen. It will be hard to find where luck and good fortune ever retrieved a mistake of Lee, or where the happy inspiration of a subordinate ever gave him a victory or saved him a defeat. Lee's opponent belonged to a different type. He was the modern embodiment of force in war. He cared not for ruse or strategy in its accepted form. Although he made nine flanking movements between the Rapidan and the James, he seems to have preferred the frontal attack. Strategy was reduced by him to a study of objectives, and objectives were reduced to one—the hostile army. Grant's campaign was hardly over when another great strategist came upon the field of war. Moltke conquered Austria and France. He introduced many new elements into the art of war, but in his strategy we will observe the counterpart of Grant. In his five days' battle around Metz his proportion of loss closely approached what I have given for other modern battles. In the great war in Eastern Asia we watch Oyama's battles, and we are tempted to believe that he is modeling himself upon the strategy of U. S. Grant."

"DIXIE."

The Song of the South Which Made Daniel Emmet Famous.

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon fires are lighted;
Let all hearts be now united.
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
To arms!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Fear no danger! shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike and saber!
To arms!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices!
To arms!
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insult spoken,
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
To arms!
Cut the unequal bond asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder!
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Swear upon our country's altar,
Never to submit or falter!
To arms!
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's powers its station!
To arms!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

If the loved one weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness.
To arms!
Exultant pride soon vanish sorrow;
Smiles chase tears away tomorrow.
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE AT GETTYSBURG.

(By Dr. John O. Scott of Sherman, Tex.)

Of all the battles fought on this continent none compares with Gettysburg.

Take it all in all, the historian must conclude that it was the grandest, greatest and most important battle in history.

Greatest, for during the three days' contest—July 1, 2, and 3, 1863—there were displayed more acts of daring, persistent, dauntless bravery, than in any battle yet chronicled, and most important, for the retreat of General Lee was the death knell of the Confederacy, forever settling the permanency of a free, united government of compact States, and abolishing slavery from this land.

For the failure at the battle of Gettysburg some writers unjustly criticise General Lee for permitting the corps of his army to be so far from each other when the battle commenced. Very many without just cause reproach General Ewell for not advancing on the evening of the first day's battle and taking possession of Cemetery Heights.

Not a few, without reflection, censure General J. E. B. Stuart, the great cavalry chief, for not being with General Lee in time of battle. Why he was not there no one has ever known. The secret died with General Lee.

Others have unkindly abused General Longstreet, partly through prejudice and partly through ignorance, for not making the charge on the morning of the second day's battle, instead of waiting until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy were reinforced and were in convenient distance to concentrate troops on the Round Tops.

If any one is culpable posterity must decide that question, for after this generation has passed off the stage of action this great pivotal battle of the war will be read and discussed as of Saratoga, Waterloo, Pharsalia and other memorable contests.

The daring, reckless bravery of the Cossacks placed the name of Peter the Great among the heroes of Christendom.

The Old Guard, that bore the eagles of Napoleon from Marengo to Waterloo, shed a halo of glory on the name of their adored leader which as yet charms the people, enthuses the historian to write and gives the orator subject matter to magnetize his audience.

For heroic acts collectively and individually there has been no collection of armed men, under any commander, that has surpassed Hood's Brigade of Texans.

Colonel Philip Alexander Work, in his narrative of this battle, has truly written that: "the success of the Texan regiments was not due to the training of Hood or any other commander, but that they were composed of the very pick and flower of an intelligent, educated, adventurous and high spirited people. Infused with the spirit of chivalry, the Texans on every battlefield displayed the sublime, fearless, exalted courage of the heroes of the Alamo and San Ja-

cinto, adoring their Lone Star flag and guarding its unsullied record as a dutiful son the name of an honored father. We believe that if General Hood had not been wounded at the commencement of the charge July 2, 1863, he would have led the Texans in rear of the Round Tops and gained a glorious victory. For Colonel Robert Michael Powell writes that "my regiment was on the extreme right, 400 yards from the left wing of the brigade, and in the very commmencement of the battle, before the firing of the great signal gun, General Hood rode up to me and pointed to Great Round Top as the direction for me to take with my regiment, whose flag should be the leader for the brigade. Before us stood in serried, rugged defiance Great Round Top, with Little Round Top leaning against it."

Colonel P. A. Work has given a little history of the glorious achievements of the heroic Texans in this battle, which as yet no historian has recorded, and has rendered the Texans that meed of praise which the patriotic people of this grand State will rejoice to hear of, remember and treasure forever.

Colonel Work writes: "I sent from my regiment Charles Kingsley and William H. Barbee to reconnoiter Little Round Top to ascertain and report the probable force and number of the guns of the Federals in possession of it, there being no other thought than that the enemy had taken possession of the vantage ground and the key of the whole field. The scouts reported in my hearing and presence that they had ascended Little Round Top and there was not a man or gun on it; that from the summit they saw a ridge all the way two and a half miles long to Gettysburg, and behind this ridge a line of Federal infantry, and battery after battery of artillery, whereupon General Hood said to one of his staff, Major W. H. Sellers: 'Go as fast as your horse can carry you and explain all this to General Longstreet, and ask him to permit me to move by the right flank, so as to be able to envelop that knob,' pointing to Little Round Top, 600 or 800 yards in the distance, a little southeast of where the Texans were in line of battle. In a few moments Major Sellers returned with the message from General Longstreet: 'You will execute the orders you have already received.' Thereupon General Hood remarked: 'Very well; when we get under fire I will have a digression."

Charles Vidor, A. Wakelee, Wm. Schadt, W. A. Bedell and Wm. von Hutton of the Galveston Company, First Texas, were witnesses to this scene on the eve of battle, saw the scouts return and heard their report. A few moments later, about 4 o'clock, the great signal gun was heard, when General Hood, rising in his stirrups, being about twenty feet in advance of the First Texas, said: "Forward, my Texans, and win this battle or die in the effort!" His thrilling words, like an electric shock, passed along the Texas regiments arrayed in line of battle impatiently waiting the shrill notes of the bugle for advance, their beloved general, Robertson, in command. Presently I saw a spherical case shot explode twenty feet over General Hood's head, saw him sway to and fro in his saddle and then start to fall from his horse, when he was caught by one of his aids. Seeing a battery 600 or 800 yards on the crest of Little Round Top, I directed my command to it, as it was always my rule when under fire in battle not to halt until I took the battery in front of me."

The distance from the Spring Branch (Plum Run), at the base, to the summit of Little Round Top is 75 to 100 yards, and is a mass of granite stones piled on each other, and must have been very difficult to climb, for Mr. James Williams of Coleman County writes that his company came to a large rock which they could not get over, when Mr. H. H. Henricks, a very tall man, placed his back to the stone and assisted his comrades to climb over him. When all were up they in turn assisted him over.

Captain W. E. Barry of Navasota, whose brother, John Barry, was severely wounded in this battle, afterward killed at Chickamauga, in a letter to us describing the charge up Little Round Top, narrates that while ascending he came across a deep crevice in the rocks and looking down he saw in the bottom a German soldier, so besmeared with white clay as to be scarcely recognizable. The German was so frightened that he begged piteously for mercy. He was so terrified from the deafening yells and threatening shouts of the advancing Texans that he chose the alternative of jumping in the deep hole and going to the devil rather than face the coming Texans. Privates Knox, J. and B. Milam, Woodhouse, E. Newsome, Thompson, Parker, Davis, Wren and others of that heroic band saw George A. Branard of Houston go in front of all. Finding the highest and largest rock on the crest of Little Round Top there he planted the adored standard of the Texans, adorned with the Lone Star, shining far off to friend and foe with the effulgence of its glory.

Pretty soon it attracted the attention of the enemy, who, firing a shell at the signal, broke the flagstaff and hurled the hero unconscious down the slope of the mountain. He was ten-

derly cared for by his brave color guard, Alex J. Watts and Ira Parker. The latter died of wounds received here. The flag was immediately replaced, and the advancing column of the Texans, by their steady aim killed and drove away to the other side of the ridge, some 600 or 800 yards distant, the infantry supporting the battery.

Colonel Work relates: "After the First Texas captured the battery the Third Arkansas, on my left, was being hard pressed. In this critical juncture I ordered Major Bass to face about with one-half the First Texas and flank the enemy, which maneuver he bravely and skillfully executed, thereby preventing the Third Arkansas from being routed and enabling it to get into line on the crest of the mountain under shelter of the rocks with the First Texas."

Willis James Watts of Palestine, in a history of the battle, writes that in assisting the Third Arkansas, which recoiled as far back as the stone fence, Lieutenant Ben Campbell and C. W. Butler were killed, and Captain Woodard, a physician from Palestine, who was afterward killed at Front Royal, was severely wounded.

J. E. Stinson and W. J. Watts were among the first to reach the captured battery, and rejoicing in the heroism of the Texans, Stinson, mounting a captured gun, exultantly "shook the fragment of his blade and shouted victory."

Captain George T. Todd of Jefferson and E. P. Derick, after fighting gallantly to almost the summit of Little Round Top, sheltered themselves behind a large boulder. While firing on the enemy a bullet from the foe struck E. P. Derick, scattering his brains in the face of Captain Todd. Andrew Dennis and W. A. Duvall were killed with hands on the captured guns. Immortal heroes!

T. L. McCarty of Corsicana, who was in that famous charge—which is an imperishable honor to him and his family—says that Sargeant William Porter was mortally wounded by a shell and his comrades buried him with the honors of war on the side of the mountain; that Jack Lewis, who was killed at Chickamauga, and Rich Curtis, took hold of the trail of one of the captured guns and turned it around with the muzzle pointing toward the enemy. For want of ammunition the gun could not be fired.

Privates C. L. Freeman and Beavers were witnesses, among others, of the heroism of Alf. M. George who was among the first to reach the captured cannon.

Alf M. George of Albany, Texas, informs us that he followed the retreating foe some distance on the top of the mountain, where he and his comrade, C. L. Freeman, were severely wounded.

J. E. Hickman of Bibb, Texas, relates that when the First Texas Regiment ascended nearly to the top of the mountain the regiment halted. It was a "hot situation, almost like the bad place." Here Colonel Work asked Lieutenant John T. Smith if with seventy men or more he could take the hill. The lieutenant replied: "I will try," at the same time shouting to his comrades. "Come on, boys!" leading them to death and glory.

The top of this mountain where this battery was captured by the First Texas is a level plateau 60 to 75 yards from east to west; and from this place to the opposite side of the ridge, northeast, where the enemy were firing at them, was a distance of 600 to 800 yards, and from where the battery was captured to the end of the ridge a distance of 75 yards.

During the night Captain Sam A. Wilson requested of Colonel Work permission to bring off the captured cannon. He, Colonel Richard J. Harding, Jeff Brady and others crawling to the cannon, picked out of the path over which the guns were to be drawn, all stones and large pebbles, not speaking above a whisper, wrapped the wheels with blankets and brought the guns off so carefully that the noise was not heard 100 yards away. Colonel Harding was one, with Major W. H. Martin and other Texans, who at the Battle of the Wilderness prevented General Lee from leading the charge in person. The guns were delivered to Major Riley, quartermaster of the division.

Col. Work writes: "After nightfall the Federals were as mute as mice, not sounding a bugle or gun. They were making a retreat or getting ready for one, but General Lee having no cavalry, had no means of ascertaining it, and after the firing ceased the Confederates were busy caring for the wounded."

The night was dark, still on the field of carnage, after the horrid strife, the stars were shining through the smoke of battle silent witnesses, dimly lighting the death scene. There weltering in their life blood cold and pale in the embrace of death, on the slope and the top of the mountain, lay the gray clad warrior from the banks of the Trinity, side by side with the blue trousered veteran from the heights of the Hudson.

At 2 o'clock in the morning of July 3, 1863, General Law ordered Colonel Work to withdraw the command from the top of the mountain.

Colonel Work left Lieutenant J. J. Quarles with his company as a picket guard in Devil's Den, a dismal mausoleum of glory crowned

Texas heroes. This weird rocky glen, destitute of vegetation, appeared as the habitation of witches, hobgoblins, ghosts and devils to the Texans passing through it in the night to join the Fourth and Fifth Texas, whom they found at the western base of Round Top, one-quarter of a mile distant.

During the afternoon of July 3, Colonel Work ordered Major Bass with the First Texas to intercept some Federal cavalry that were making their way to the rear. In the encounter General Farnsworth was wounded by Armand Taylor of the First Texas Cavalry. After being wounded General Farnsworth killed himself with his own pistol. The cavalry was put to flight and the baggage train of General Lee's army was saved by the bravery of the First Texas under Major Bass.

Having narrated how the brave Texans under the heroic Work charged through the open field and fearlessly ascended the rugged heights of Little Round Top, the mountain in front of them spouting destructive fire from batteries on its summit like the dreadful volcano, we rejoice and are proud to relate how the Fourth Texas, under the intrepid Colonel B. F. Carter, that eventful charge, diverging to the right from the First Texas, climbed the monster boulders and waded through the bloody chasms of Devil's Den, every inch of ground being stained with the best blood of Texas' noblest sons, and there joining the Fifth Texas, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder made the most daring, reckless and bravest assaults ever yet chronicled in prose or verse, driving the enemy to the crest of the mountain, killing two generals, many subordinate officers and privates.

William H. Martin, an honored son of Texas, who was a captain in the Fourth Texas, in answer to a letter, writes: "Most of the thrilling scenes of this battle have passed from my memory. When General Longstreet ordered the charge he galloped his horse in our front, leading the Fourth Texas."

Hon. John M. Pinckney of Hempstead, in answer to our request for his experience at Gettysburg, says: "I was a mere boy when I fought that battle under the colors of the Fourth Texas. I remembered the regiment charged over a plain through Devil's Den to a mountain covered with large rocks 400 or 500 yards away. Here we charged and recharged, every one striving to get to the summit."

The heroic Ed Francis, with measured step, like Mars himself, fearlessly upholding the Lone Star banner, "by angels hands to valor given," tattered and torn by balls and shell and sealed with the crimson blood of the brave Colonel Warwick, inscribed the name of Texas in imperishable characters on the escutcheon of fame. After gallantly fighting we were forced to the foot of the hill we charged so repeatedly.

Mr. Val C. Giles of Austin thinks Colonel Carter was wounded after passing Plum Run, the ravine at the foot of mountain, where the fighting was very severe. He remembered seeing him before he crossed the ravine and recollects a courier riding up to Major Rogers, who, having a shrill voice, said to the courier: "Present my compliments to General Law and ask him if he expects me to hold the world in check with the Fifth Texas."

Dr. J. C. Loggins of Ennis, Texas, was captured in this battle about one-half way up Great Round Top. He was taken further up the mountain side, where he saw Colonel Powell, a wounded prisoner, the Federals supposing him to be General Longstreet. He says it was a severe ordeal charging through Devil's Den, that rocky tabernacle of unsepulchered heroes, and that Colonel J. C. G. Keys was wounded in that disastrous place, where the precious blood of Texas sons stained every boulder.

Having spoken of the journey of the First Texas over chasm and boulder and precipice to the formidable summit of Little Round Top, of the Fourth Texas' trying ordeal through that calamitous Devil's Den, where death held high carnival, where huge destruction shook the earth beneath with its giant strides and with flaming sword felled with pitiless force the heroes from the Texan land, we will describe those memorable charges of the Fifth Texas at the slaughter pen in the gorge of the mountain. We will use Colonel Powell's language: "After crossing the pike we came to a small meadow, where we were greeted with a volley of grapeshot, which did but little damage. Then, hurrying on to the foot of Great Round Top, thence to the gorge of the two mountains, we met the Fourteenth United States regulars, whom we soon demolished. We then moved up the side of the mountain to a level plain, which reached across the slaughter pen, where I could see the enemy hurrying up, getting into line. Wishing to secure a position on the opposite side of the gorge I appealed to Law's brigade to support my right and give me protection in the flank. The Fifth Texas boldly rushed to the struggle, but Law's brigade made no effort to protect my flank, and for the first time in its history the Fifth Texas recoiled in the slaughter pen and yielded the field. Here the stubborn and aggressive Lieutenant Colonel King Bryan was wounded and the gallant Rogers permanently disabled. The valiant Cleveland, whose voice was like thunder in the roar of battle, called out: 'Fifty dollars to the first man who crosses

the work at Round Top!' Sergeant Ross sprang forward, when Cleveland spoke: 'Come back to your place, Sergeant Ross; color file not included!' I have always thought the Fourth Texas had the brunt of the battle at the Devil's Den and the Fifth Texas the tough end at the slaughter pen.

After being wounded and captured I was carried further up the mountain and laid beside Lieutenant White of the Second Minnesota, who was severely wounded with two bayonet wounds, one in the side and the other in the arm, besides several bullet wounds. During our stay together on that ever memorable night of suffering, grief and misery, Lieutenant White, who was the bitterest foe I ever met, said to me: 'If the charge had been made two hours sooner it would have been a complete victory for the Southerners.' He informed me that a Texas soldier made three efforts to get his colors, and in the last encounter he killed him. The flagstaff was lost, but the lieutenant still held in his clinched hand where he lay wounded the treasured flag of the Second Minnesota. He praised the Texans and said they were the best marksmen in the army. Every bullet from the Texans did its execution. When five pieces of artillery were rushed to the front all the horses were killed, and out of the regiment of 247 men of the Second Minnesota 200 were wounded and slain. On the mountain side, facing this death carnival, while the bright stars shining in the firmament were weeping bitter tears over this ghastly sight and the winds were moaning for this agonizing scene, the two warriors of the blue and gray lay side by side, so horribly mutilated that their attendants supposed they must die. Colonel Powell and Lieutenant White spent most of that lonely and dismal night together on that gloomy mountain slope, consoling each other in their painful sufferings; beneath them the bloody chasm, the slaughter-pen, the crimson trench of destruction, this valley of death, where the grass has ceased to grow and the flowers refuse to bloom, there the sunburnt veteran from the verdure clad steppes of the Brazos and the pale faced boy from the frozen lakes of Minnesota make one common funeral pile."

Judge J. W. Stevens of Hillsboro, who was captured when Colonel Powell's flank was unprotected, says that the enemy came up the gorge in his rear, and while he was in the act of firing a lieutenant seized his musket, ordering him to quit shooting and surrender.

Col. Campbell Wood of San Saba County, who was adjutant of the Fifth Texas in this battle, gives some history of the battle. He says that after passing through Devil's Den and crossing the creek at the foot of Great Round Top the Fifth Texas struck a bluff that they could not climb. Behind this bluff under cover of a stone fence the infantry of the enemy were stationed. Here the Texan's met with a severe repulse and the mortality was very great.

Colonel Wood thinks Colonel Carter was mortally wounded at this bluff. Colonel Wood writes that he saw Colonel C. M. Winkler several times in command of the Fourth Texas. Once he called his attention to the crimson stain of blood on his pants. The Colonel was so enthused in his deeds of glory as to be unaware that he was wounded in the fleshy part of the thigh.

After a terrible ordeal the Fifth Texas reformed and fell back twice, making three charges in all in the slaughter pen. The last two charges were made without any order from a commander, the soldiers all, or some one, saying, "Let us charge them again."

Colonel Wood relates that in this last charge on the side of the mountain he was wounded in the foot; that Judge J. M. Smither, W. B. Campbell, and J. M. Green assisted him to mount General Law's wounded mare, which he rode down the mountain side to Dr. W. P. Powell's field hospital, where the mare fell. From thence he was conveyed by William A. George to the division hospital, where his foot was attended by Dr. Robert Breckinridge, the division surgeon.

Captain W. T. Hill, of Maynard, who was severely wounded in this last charge, says he saw Major Jeff Rogers waving his sword over his head, bravely leading the men to the battle, and Boss Campbell being exposed to heavy fire refused to take shelter behind a rock when ordered by his commanding officer.

General Law, in his article in the Century, speaks of the gallantry of Sergeant Barbee, who climbed one of the huge boulders in Devil's Den and recklessly fought until he fell severely wounded.

L. A. Daffan, being a private in the Fourth Texas, climbed and reclimbed those immense rocks in Devil's Den, followed the flag of the Fourth Texas on the side of Little Round Top, through the slaughter pen and saw it wave on the crest of Great Round Top, where the gallantry of the Texans festooned the mountain with garlands of unfading glory.

In this last charge on Great Round Top, R. H. Skinner, now living in Corsicana, was shot through the lungs, and Lieutenant Joseph Love mortally wounded.

W. D. Pritchard of Crockett, Tex., who is justly proud of his record as a member of Hood's Brigade, writes that he was sick when this great

battle was fought, but his neighbors, Colonel A. A. Aldrick and A. D. Oliphant, claim the distinction of having been engaged in that battle. Captain Joe Polley, who, his comrades say, was like the rest of Hood's Brigade, who were to Lee as the Tenth Legion to Caesar, tells us that Jack Southerland fought bravely through all that battle with the Texans, where their valor shed a halo of glory around the name of Texas which will shine when the works of art that deck that battlefield have faded.

When the future historian writes the history of this battle; when the mother at the fireside relates to her children how her ancestors fought under the stars and bars at Gettysburg; when the poet, enthused with the fire of inspiration, writes his stanzas for future generations; when the orator on the second day of July, every year for centuries, arouses his audiences with frenzied enthusiasm of what transpired at that battle they each must tell of our heroic Texans. How the plume-crested warrior Work, fearless of death with the First Texas, stormed the cannon crowned heights of Little Round Top, directly in front of him, capturing and retaining the only battery taken by the Confederates during the battle.

Posterity must be told how the Fourth Texas under the brave and lamented Colonel B. F. Carter, charged and recharged over hill and large boulders, through chasms, cleft rock and thorny bushes in Devil's Den, where the death dealing bullet of a determined and patriotic foe on their own soil resisted every foot of ground; how the Fourth Texas, unheeding the demon death in the shape of bullet, shell and grape, went to the base of Little Round Top, where Colonel Carter fell, driving the enemy before them like chaff before the whir'wind, killing Generals Zook, Vincent and Weed, Colonel Cross and Captain Hazlett, then going up the gorge of the mountain and assisting the Fifth Texas in the three most desperate charges in all history.

The orator, the poet, the historan, must tell how Colonel Powell, obeying General Hood's instructions saw the banner of the Fifth Texas, borne by the gallant Fitzgerald and stained with the life blood of the fearless Upton, go direct to Great Round Top, penetrate the gorge, drive the enemy from the side of the mountain and fight through the slaughter pen up the side of Great Round Top, where the blood of our brave Texans flowed in rivulets down the mountain side; where every Texan was a hero; where their gallantry erected an indestructible cenotaph to their memory; where the rising sun ever smiles in ecstacy over their renowned deeds; where the pale moon in her midnight wanderings sheds a halo of glory over the hallowed spot; where the night wind mourns their sad requiem among the rocks where they fought; where their glorious actions have made a page in history imperishable as the granite beneath their crumbling bones, as lasting as the coming and going of the rainbow, or the roaring billows of their sea girt home.

GIVE US PEACE.

The following verses are reproduced from the Galveton News of 1868:

To Rt. Rev. Joseph Ansteadt, one whose zeal and fidelity to his faith is characterized by Christian benevolence and the happiness and prosperity of his adopted people, these lines are respectfully inscribed by the author.

Explanatory: I once saw an old mantle clock, having for ornament a figure of a troubadour in a kneeling position, facing the dial of the clock and holding a guitar; in front was a scroll with musical notes. I copied the notes and referred them to a musical friend for explanation. He told me that in a cathedral in Germany was a massive book made of parchment—it was chained to the altar, and was made by a priest a long time ago. The last hymn in the book, "Dona Nobis Pacem," was sung by all in the closing service. The notes on the scroll were the same as in that book. How appropriately has the artist addressed Time, "Give Us Peace." Age after age, in all quarters of the world, all hearts will beat response.

Out of the incident I have woven the following lines.

George W. Grover.

Galveston, Texas, July, 1868.

Dona Nobis Pacem.

'Neath the shadow of yon rocky spur,
Whose receding heights, tip'd with snow
And sides deep mark'd with the pine and fir,
While round its base a stream doth flow—
A stream now so passive, smooth and clear,
To mirror plain, the distant view,
The old town and church with graveyard near,
'Neath the shadow, and sky of blue.

Not always thus is the stream so fair,
Nor earth nor sky repose so sweet;
Lightnings flash, and blinding storms are there,
Whose swelling waters in fury meet;
Nor has that village and church so old
Withstood the storms of man's felt ire;
Long, long ago—so the story is told,
War swept that vale with sword and fire.

In that old church, when kneeling in pray'r,
"Give us peace!" implored every tongue;
By priest, mothers, sires and children dear,
"Give us peace!" was the closing hymn sung.
Peace sent her white mantle o'er that vale,
Eyes glisten'd—joy and sorrow blend,
As each soldier told his simple tale
Of good deeds, or some comrade's end.

A priest who feared not the deadly fire,
But sought the dying on the plain,
And there knelt in supplicating prayer
For that peace, which to heaven gain,
That priest, when he heard the prayer they sung,
In that old church by friends so dear,
While incense floated, from censer swung,
Vow'd should be sung year after year.

Give us peace, the burden of his song,
Sat that priest with plumed pen in hand;
On full size parchment boards, thick and strong,
With precision each letter plan'd,
By patient toil, the ritual done;
Give us peace, the last hymn retained,
And massive binding, with cross and Son,
In silver pure their faith proclaimed.

A hundred years and more, onward fled,
Since that book, chained to floor of stone,
Age after age has consigned its dead
With sacred rites for spirits flown,
That book still opens with daily prayer,
Soul after soul—its blessings given,
When voices full joined by priest and choir,
"Give us peace," echo saints in heaven.

PEACE.

(By Mrs. Emma B. Shindler of Nacogdoches.)

Peace, O Peace, the dearest treasure
Of a country close united,
Give thy portion without measure,
While our solemn words are plighted.

Let no "North" nor "South" be spoken
With a thought or word of sneer;
Let the bread of peace be broken
With a heart and hand sincere.

Let all bitter feeling buried
Out of the lives of all that live;
Never more be resurrected,
For our hearts must wrongs forgive.

While we sing a song of gladness,
Let thee, white-winged goddess, Peace,
Every trace of former sadness
Banish from each comrade's face.

Tears have bathed the face of sorrow
For the "Lost Cause" and its heroes;
Smiles alone must greet the morrow
Of the past days of our woes.

Peace, sweet Peace, come in thy beauty,
Fill our hearts with Love's behest;
Show to us our friendship's duty
For the land we all love best.

MARGARET HADLEY FOSTER.

(Houston Post, January 15, 1911.)

One event that occurred in this month (which I feel sure all of you know, so I am telling no secrets) was the birth of the great Confederate leader, General Robert E. Lee, and for that reason we should love January. It was a magnificent gift to the human race—the child that was born on the 19th of January, 1807, for that child grew into manhood to show to the world what true manhood meant. He was strong to do his duty; gentle as a woman; true in all the relations of life, as son, husband and father; a true patriot, putting his country first when the time came to choose between serving her and serving himself; a firm friend as well as a magnanimous enemy, and a pure Christian, serving his God humbly, yet bravely before all men, yielding obedience to Him as member of His church on earth. What more could be said of any man?

When the centennial of General Lee's birthday came around January 19, 1907, I was fortunate enough to be in Washington, D. C., the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lewis and we attended the memorial service held in the grand ball room of the Willard Hotel, where we heard some fine things said of the great soldier. One of the speakers, Melville W. Fuller, then chief justice of the United States supreme court, said the time had come when every American should claim his share of the heritage of the great man, Robert E. Lee! Wasn't that a grand thing to say, and Justice Fuller was born in New England! Then Mr. Roosevelt, who was president of our country at the time, sent a note expressing his regret at not being able to attend the memorial service for "the greatest captain of his age!" Not "one of the greatest," but "the greatest!" I have always had a warm place in my heart for Mr. Roosevelt since that for he knew that his words would be read all over the country, yet he had the courage to say that!

General Sir Garnet Wolseley, a distinguished officer of the British army, who came over during the Civil War and was with the Confederate army in Virginia, also spoke of General Lee

as the greatest soldier of his day—of the time in which he lived. And today the feeling of respect for General Lee's pure and spotless character has won him a place in the hearts of the people of the Northern States, and only one man in the senate said a word against putting a statue to the great Confederate in the capitol at Washington. There it stands with the other great men of our country, clothed in the gray uniform, simple as the man himself, but reverenced by all fair-minded people for the glory won by the men who wore it.

I want all of you to read the following account of General Lee's surrender and I want the boys particularly to notice that General Lee was carefully dressed. So many boys think it manly to be careless about their clothes. They "don't want to be dudes. Oh, no! They are going to be men!" Yet General Lee was the manliest man of his day! Another thing. Boys very often think it is womanish to go to church, but General Lee went to church, was a member of it. I once heard a lady telling of going to a service in an Episcopal church in Richmond, Va., during the war, where she saw General Lee sitting in President Jefferson Davis' pew with President Davis, and in the chancel, assisting in the service, was General Leonidas Polk, who had put aside the service of the church of which he was a bishop, to enter the Confederate army. Wasn't that a distinguished trio? Yet there they were offering their prayers to the Father above and joining in the petition sent up for their poor country, torn and mangled by war. To me it is a beautiful thing to think of, and I hope that the boy who reads this will remember it and go to church, following the example set him by those great, manly men. Let us all honor them by trying to follow their example, not only in the world, but in the church. And let us make January and February our favorites among all the months, because they gave us the two greatest men of history—George Washington and Robert Lee.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE'S SURRENDER.

Account by Eye Witness of Closing Scene of War.

(From General George H. Sharpe's U. S. A. Decoration Day Address.)

I remember—and it was recalled to me tonight in conversation, when the name of General Grant came up in the course of conversation—the wonderful scene that transpired in that little place in Virginia on the 6th of April, 1865. It was late in the afternoon when it became known that General Lee had sent for Grant to surrender to him.

It was between 2 and 3 o'clock when we met in the little room in the house where the surrender of Lee's army took place. I know there is a belief that the surrender took place under an apple tree, where Grant and Lee met and exchanged a few words. The surrender took place in the left hand room of that old-fashioned double house. The house had a large piazza, which ran along the full length of it. It was one of those ordinary Virginia houses with a passageway running through the center of it. In that little room where the meeting took place sat two young men—one a great-grand-son of Chief Justice Marshall of the supreme court, reducing to writing the terms of the surrender on behalf of Robert E. Lee; the other a man with dusky countenance—a great nephew of that celebrated chief—Red Jacket—acting under General Grant. They two were reducing to writing the terms of the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia to the army of the Potomac. Gathered around the room were several officers, of whom I was one.

At some distance apart sat two men; one the most remarkable man of his day and generation. The larger and older of the two was the most striking in his appearance. His hair was white as the driven snow. There was not a speck upon his coat; not a spot upon those gauntlets that he wore, which were as bright and fair as a lady's glove. That was Robert E. Lee. The other was Ulysses S. Grant, whose appearance contrasted strangely with that of Lee; his boots were nearly covered with mud; one button of his coat—that is, the buttonhole was not where it should have been, it had clearly gone astray, and he wore no sword, while Lee was faultlessly and fully equipped. The conversation was not rapid by any means. Everybody felt the overpowering influence of the scene. Everyone present felt they were witnessing the proceedings between the two chief actors in one of the most remarkable transactions of this Nineteenth century. The words that passed between Grant and Lee were few. General Grant, endeavoring to apologize for not being fully equipped, and noticing the faultless appearance of Lee, while the secretaries were busy, said: "General Lee, I have no sword; I have been riding all night." And Lee with that coldness of manner and all the pride, almost haughtiness, which after all, became him wonderfully well, never made any reply but in a cold formal manner bowed. And General Grant, in the endeavor to take away the awkwardness of the scene, said: "I don't always wear a sword, because a sword is a very in-

convenient thing." That was a remarkable thing for him to say, considering that he was in the presence of one who was about to surrender his sword. Lee only bowed again. Another, trying to relieve the awkwardness of the occasion, inquired:

"General Lee, what became of the white horse you rode in Mexico? He might not be dead yet; he was not so old." General Lee bowed coldly, and replied: "I left him at the White House on the Pamunkey River, and I have not seen him since." There was one moment when there was a whispered conversation between Grant and Lee which nobody in the room heard.

The surrender took the form of correspondence. The letters were all signed in due form by the chief actors in the presence of each other. Finally, when the terms of the surrender had all been arranged, and the surrender made, Lee arose, cold and proud and bowed to every person in the room on our side. I remember each one of us thought he had been specially bowed to. And then he went out and passed down the little square in front of the house and bestrode that gray horse that carried him all over Virginia, and when he had gone away, we learned what that whispered conversation had been about. General Grant called his officers about him and said: "You can go to the Twenty-fourth, and you to the Fifth," and so on, naming the corps, "and ask every man who has three rations to turn over two of them. Go to the commissaries and go to the quartermasters," etc.; *"General Lee's army is on the point of starvation!" And 25,000 rations were carried to the Army of Northern Virginia.*

THAT PENSION OUTRAGE

General Pension Bill Carrying About $45,000,000 Passed House 212 to 62, Making a Total of Two Hundred Million Per Annum.

Washington, January 10, 1911.—The house of representatives today passed the Sulloway general pension bill, which grants pensions ranging from $12 to $36 a month to all soldiers who served ninety days in the United States army in the war between the States. The bill adds about $45,000,000 a year to the pension roll.

Speaker Cannon himself took the floor at the close of the debate and made an earnest plea for the passage of the bill. The bill was passed by 212 to 62.

The general scale of pensions fixed in the new bill, according to age is as follows:

Sixty-two years, $15 a month; 65 years, $20 a month; 70 years, $25 a month; 75 years, $36 a month.

It was declared by the advocates of the bill that 100 veterans are dying every twenty-four hours.

(*Houston Post.*)

The house of representatives at Washington, after a debate of forty minutes, passed the service pension law, which increases the pension cost by $45,000,000 a year and raises the total to approximately $200,000,000 *per annum.* The vote was 212 to 62 in favor of the bill. There was no roll call. The democratic leader, Champ Clark, advocated the passage of the bill, presumably upon the ground that to oppose the outrageous measure would entail the defeat of the democratic party two years hence.

And thus an opportunity was lost for the democratic minority to voice a protest against the pension scandal which disgraces the government of the United States.

It is strange that Mr. Clark could not see that if there were any political advantage in the bill the republicans must get it. It was a republican measure from the beginning, and if President Taft shows himself weak enough to approve it, it will go to the country as a republican measure reported by the republican chairman of a republican pension committee, enacted by a republican congress and approved by a republican president.

Had the democrats opposed the bill and substituted for it a bill making just as liberal provision for every genuine veteran who needs the government's aid, denying any benefits whatever to the fakers, the grafters and the deserters, and providing for the publication of the pension rolls in order that the unworthy in every community might be discovered, and then supported such a bill to a man, they would have emphasized to the country a correct attitude toward the veterans without increasing the pension expenditures a cent.

But the opportunity was lost, and now we see at a time when every consideration of the public weal demands retrenchment and economy—forty-six years after the close of the war—the pension outlay raised to nearly $200,000,000 annually, and democrats chiming in the disgraceful effort of the republican party to buy the votes of the ex-Union veterans.

We believe better of the veterans than do these men who so flagrantly sacrificed the public revenues to political exigencies. We believe every veteran who is honest and patriotic wants an honest pension roll. We do not believe the man who fought wants the names of poltroons,

grafters and fakers on the nation's honor roll, nor do we believe any honest veteran wants the money of the country thrown away without restriction, upon the hypothesis that the failure of congress to do it would mean the loss of his vote.

The discouraging feature of the situation is that there is no hope for pension reform even by a democratic house. That is clear enough when the democratic leader takes his stand for this outrageous despoiling of the public.

At the present time, the only apparent protection of the people lies in a veto by Mr. Taft. If he shows himself brave enough to veto the bill, he will have reached the highest point of presidential courage.

What room do they leave the South to "forget and forgive." Only a total of 600,000 men in all branches of the Confederate army during the war. War has been over forty-six years and today over one million Federals are drawing pensions for service in helping balance of the world smother that little army of 600,000 Confederates which General Sharp's report of "Surrender of General Lee" says "were starving" when found at Appomattox.

What a glorious record of wonderful renown the Union continues to pile up for our loved Confederacy and its little army of brave defenders.

THE SOUTH REFUSES TO FORGET.

Dedication Day at Galveston. First After Close of War.

The band played "Nearer My God to Thee," after which Lieutenant Commander Scott introduced

COMRADE F. CHARLES HUME,

the orator of the occasion, who made the following eloquent and touching address:

Comrades: If there be a time when the blighted fields lie stark and dead, there is also a time when they robe themselves in verdure. If there be a time for strife and despair and bleeding hearts, there is also a time for peace and hope and holy memories.

The winter is grim and cruel. The rains and snows combine into floods that gash the face of mother earth with ghastly wounds. The winds touch with torture even the everlasting mountains and leave them parched and bare and colorless. The elements contend together in frenzied fury to smite and desolate land and sea.

But, anon, the spring comes. It works miracles, even the miracle of resurrection. It transforms the frozen earth into a paradise of light and warmth and glory. It clothes the blasted tree with green and gold of leaf and flower, whereto steal the zephyrs with perpetual love songs. It touches with reviving breath the shriveled and bloodless vine, and lo, it becomes a living and beauteous thing, reaching out a thousand tendrils to the kisses of the sun. It whispers to the sleeping rose and is answered by instant bloom and fragrance.

At its bidding the new-born grasses unfold their tiny banners to the day, shading hill and vale and mountain side—divinely mindful not more of the homes of the living than of the graves of the dead. In these silent courts it anticipates even now the service we are here to render, and adorns with gifts of love many a narrow bed.

With us, too, the winter of passion has passed, and we would lend our poor aid to the sweet ministrations of spring.

Without bitterness to any, we and our people yield this hour to memories and blessings of those who thought and wrought and fought with us in the brave old days.

No year passes, nor shall any ever pass, without recurring tribute to them of praise and gratitude and tears—without the minstrel's song, now high and proud with martial strains, now low and broken with lamentations. And why? Because the great soul of

THE SOUTH REFUSES TO FORGET

the heroic, though unavailing, devotion of its sons. Because he who keeps the path of duty is grander than the throned monarch. Because he who gives fortune and life to preserve civil liberty, and to save his country from the sword and its homes from the fagot, has won the guerdon of undying remembrance.

We do not halt to enter upon the argument of justification. To ourselves it is not needed; to others it might be unwelcome. We are content to leave the issue to the unimpassioned judgment of those who shall review the record when we are dead.

It is enough to recall here that the men who, under rival banners and opposing chieftains, fought out that war to its tragic close sprang from a common parent stock. They alike inherited the love of liberty. The blood of their sires was spent in the same cause on the fields of the American revolution. Their kith and kin united in 1812 to tame the insolence and repel the aggressions of a foreign foe. Many of the participants had together advanced the American colors beyond the Rio Grande and gathered the honors of battle from the intrepid legions of Mexico.

For each side we may justly say a kind word.

Why should they have fought? The answer is not far to find, however much the question may be confused and darkened by words without wisdom. They fought because they were men endowed with human virtues and embarrassed by human infirmities; because, being a free and cultured race, they thought and felt, and had antagnostic and imperative convictions upon many questions inevitably arising out of their social and political conditions.

At variance as to the true interpretation of their governmental chart they drifted further and further apart as the years passed by, until at last they saw their country divided into hostile sections, each maintaining a political theory deemed vital to the perpetuity of their civil institutions. Then the hour being ripe the sword was drawn.

Hope and prophecy had said that it could never come to this; that this favored land could never be riven by bolts of civil strife. But "nature, as green as she looks, rests everywhere on dread foundations, were we further down, and Pan to whose music the nymphs dance, has a cry in him that can drive all men distracted."

Mutually stung by the sense of irreparable outrage and wrong,

THE SOULS OF MEN BECOME VOLCANOES

of passion bursting into flame.

The result shows that those who won in that war were profoundly in earnest as much so, certainly, were those who lost.

The man who tells you that the masses of the South were drawn into that struggle and kept to it by ambitious leaders, talks like a child and babbles but an idle story.

There is, perhaps, no parallel in history to the unanimity with which the Southern people devoted themselves to their cause. Instead of following their distinguished men into it, they led them; and whatever of glory or of blame history shall adjudge to the South it will be ascribed not to one, not to many, but to all.

If the truth were otherwise, then it were impossible that the Southern people should find their ideal of all that is noble in manhood and great in war in Robert E. Lee and of all that is exalted in patriotism and grand in misfortune in Jefferson Davis.

If the truth were otherwise, then the Southern people would not be worthy the respect of their brave adversaries.

If the men of the South had failed to defend their land against invasion and to press resistance to the last desperate extremity, they would not be entitled today to look honor in the face and say, "My brother."

It is true that you have no treasury but that of love from which to relieve the wants of the living, or embellish the graves of the dead. But that sufficeth.

And whatever betides, your names and the names of these your comrades shall not perish from the earth. You and they have written in letters of flame the record that can not fade.

When the last words had died on the lips of the orator and while the vast throng still stood uncovered, spellbound by Major Hume's eloquence, the band began in low, sweet tones that air which never grows old—"Way Down on Sewanee River." It was a bit of artistic work on the part of Prof. Berry, and its effect was magical. It was the blending of the art of the musician with that of the orator, the one taking up the thread where the other left off, and by soothing notes—the sweetest of all to Southern hearts—bringing the hearer back to earth again from whence he had been wafted by the eloquent tongue of the orator.

The ceremonies at the graves having thus come to such an appropriate close, the comrades dispersed in all directions and began the work of decorating the graves. This was continued until not a single grave marked with a flag remained uncovered with beautiful and fragrant flowers.

Then the bugle sounded the recall. The veterans assembled in front of the cemetery, and boarding the cars were soon brought back to the city.

BATTLE FLAGS OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

DR. JOHN O. SCOTT OF SHERMAN.

To attempt to narrate all the heroic acts which gave the Texans immortal fame, is a task endless as counting the glittering stars that stud the diadem of night, arduous as climbing the dizzy heights of the snow-clad Alps.

To tell in worthy language of the patriotic and noble women who gave the flags to the Texans, the brave acts, daring and reckless exploits, noble deeds and dying words of those who fell defending them, is a task beyond the capacity of mortal man. We, in our humble manner will try, that some of the names of the death-

less dead, and their patriotic acts may be known to the present and coming people.

In the year 1861, two young ladies and their mother made the long and arduous journey from their home in Marshall, Tex., to join their father in Virginia, who was commander of the first Texas regiment. The memory of the mother. Mrs. Wigfall, and the young ladies, Misses Louise and Fannie Wigfall, is as dear to the Texans, as their father was admired by them for his eloquence and loved for his many virtues.

The first flag that graced the ranks of the first Texas regiment was the handiwork of Mrs. Wigfall. Her daughter, Mrs. Louise Wigfall Wright, informs us that the large white star on that flag was the special work and pride of her mother. This beautiful silken sheet, striped with the blue, the white and the red, was presented to the regiment at the fair grounds, Richmond, Va., in 1861, when the dread tocsin of war sounded from Red River to the Rio Grande, when the clarion notes of the bugle called to arms the "rose and fair expectancy" of the state, the first offering of the Texan land.

On this memorable occasion, Jefferson Davis made the presentation speech in which it is related that he said, "We have seen the Texans in battle and we know that one Texan is equal to ten ordinary men."

This flaming signal of battle, renowned in dreadful war and reverenced in serene peace, was accepted from the distinguished president of the confederacy by Louis T. Wigfall, colonel of the first Texas, in behalf of the regiment, with the ever-to-be remembered words, "I will lead them where the battle's wreck lies the thickest and death's brief pang is quickest."

For conspicuous gallantry at Eltham's Landing, George Branard was appointed color bearer. At Gaine's Mill, Branard was with his regiment when it stormed the heights of Powhite Creek. The regiment was compelled to cross sharpened abatis in order to reach the battery on the summit of the fort.

Branard dexterously threw his flag over the abatis, and then crawled under and through the works, a shout that almost split the welkin greeted the color bearer, as he with a few others was seen standing on the summit of the works with the silken banner decked with the lone white start floating over them. This precious offering from queenly hands, was bravely borne by its color bearer, Branard, at Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Freemans Ford, Thorough Fare Gap, Second Manassas, and Boonsborough Gap.

During the journey to Sharpsburg, Branard was bare-footed. His feet becoming sore, he was ordered to the hospital by Major Dale, when the Lone Star flag was committed to the care of another.

At Sharpsburg much heroism was displayed by the Texan brigade, "whose achievements," says Hood, "have never been surpassed in the history of nations." Jackson complimented them "for their almost matchless display of daring and desperate valor." Lee has written that "the Texans fought grandly and bravely and the contest in the corn field and lane was the hottest ever witnessed on any battlefield."

In that ever-to-be remembered corn field, being overwhelmed by numbers, the first Texas to their great sorrow lost their flag. When the "fallen banner" was discovered by the enemy, eight dead and six wounded Texans were found around and over it. One of them was immortalized in death with this beloved standard of the Texans wrapped around his lifeless body as his winding-sheet.

Some day the people of this grand Lone Star empire state in gratitude for their heroism will erect a monument to their memory. Let the granite from the laughing waters of the Llano be its pedestal and the marble glistening with the spray of the Colorado be its shaft. May dew-eyed pity engrave on the crowning stone, "Here lie embalmed in everlasting glory the bodies of eight Texans who met death with the lone star flag in their hands."

S. T. Blessing of Dallas was near, when the flag went down. As he fell he saw the foe rush to gather the sacred silk from the burial pile. W. D. Prichard, a color bearer with the battle flag of the first Texas in his hands, was shot down almost dead with painful wounds. As he lay prostrated at the feet of the foe, bleeding and suffering the agony of death, he wept bitter tears, not for his wounds, but because the "flag by angel hands to valor given," all stained with the blood of brave ones, was trailing in the dust, a trophy to the foe.

With reverence and holy love for the memory of the heroes, we commit to the youth of Texas the sacred names of those who fell crowned with glory under the shadow of that lone star flag which is now in Washington City—Major Matt Dale, Lieut. James C. S. Thompson, Sergt. A. A. Congleton, Sergt. Stephen Carpenter, Sergt. J. C. Hollingsworth, Wm. Hollingsworth, Jacob Frank, William Zimmer, killed; John Hanson, William Leach, Peter Gillis, Chas. Kingsley, Joseph Ashbrook, Austin Jones, wounded.

On the tattered silk can yet be deciphered the words, Malvern Hill, Gaines Mill, Seven Pines, and Eltham's Landing. Blood stains are still visible. The bullet-holes and shell rents show that it went through the hurricane of

battle "where thick and heavy was the work of death."

After the battle, far in advance of any one, the dead body of Lieut. R. H. Gaston was found by the foe. In acknowledgement of his heroism, he was accorded an honorable burial by them with a head mark over his grave extolling his conspicuous gallantry; "Tears and love for the gray."

In the cornfields lie the crumbling bones of Texas' beloved heroes, Captain Cotton, Lieutenants Hoffman, Perry, Runnels, Waterhouse, Sandford, Drake, A. H. Baker, color bearer of the Fifth, and many others whose names, like shining stars on the milky baldric of the skies, glitter with perennial glory; whose heroic deeds the cherubim and the seraphim chant to rhythmic lays in angelic choirs; whose renowned exploits are carved on a monumental shaft made of the ruby, the emerald, and the sapphire.

After the battle of Sharpsburg another silk flag was presented to the first Texas regiment. It was a lone star flag like the one lost at Sharpsburg. We are informed by one of the color guard, Capt. Dave Bronaugh, that it was given to the regiment by Mrs. Davis, Wigfall and McKeen and was craped in mourning for the heroic dead of the brigade who fell at Sharpsburg.

Would that we were gifted with genius to speak in language adequate to the heroism of the Texans at Gettysburg who followed the flaunting folds of that gay banner, studded with a large white star, shining grandly and beautifully as the star of the morning. It was the star of Texas. It was the star of glory. It was the star of victory.

A little before the commencement of the battle, Gen. Hood, the idol of the Texans, with the beloved Robertson by his side, rode in front of the first Texas regiment. After making them a short speech, he arose majestically in his stirrups to the full height of his manhood, like Mars himself, and in a loud stentorian voice, which is still ringing in the ears of his invincible soldiery, gave the order, "Fix bayonets, my brave Texans; forward and take those heights."

Col. P. A. Work, commanding the first Texas, as heroic as Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi, pointing to Little Round Top in the distance, bristling with a huge ordnance of war, gave the order to his brave comrades: "Follow the Lone Star flag to the top of the mountain." On, right on, death's danger braving, through showers of shell, cannister and grape, that Texas flag, that lone star banner in the hands of George Branard, without waver or halt, steadily advanced to the mountain top, supported by the Texans, who encircled among the nations of the earth with a halo of immortal fame —the name of Texas.

After one-third of the Texans had been killed or wounded, the enemy driven and their battery captured, George A. Branard, the brave and daring color-bearer of the first Texas regiment, hoisted on the topmost summit the streaming banner of the victorious Texans. He held the post of glory and honor, like Jasper at Moultrie, until he fell almost dead from a shell wound on the head. As he lay by his flag his color guard, James Willis Watts, James Williams, Elias Newsome and David Bronaugh, were by his side to preserve the unblemished honor of the sacred colors and hoist them afresh, high up in the bright firmament above the mountain top, that friend and foe from a distance could see the lone star standard of our Texans shining with the effulgence of heavenly glory.

* * *

The fourth Texas flag was a gift to the regiment by Miss Louise Wigfall, now Mrs. Wright of Baltimore, president of the Daughters of the Confederacy for Maryland. This historic piece of faded silk, mutilated by ball and shell in deadful battle, years ago came into the possession of a brave soldier, gifted scholar and honorable gentleman, Val C. Giles of Austin, who with watchful care has preserved it to the present hour.

Gen. Hood, who was at that time colonel of the regiment, received the adored colors from the hands of Miss Louise Wigfall. Upon the spearhead of this precious treasure was printed in gilded letters, "Fear not, for I am with thee."

Chaplain Davis writes that when he saw the flag on review the last time, October 8, 1862, after the battle of Sharpsburg, nine ensigns had fallen under it on the field of battle. It had the scars of sixty-five balls and some shell marks.

This historic silken standard of the Texans was borne in triumph through the battles of Eltham's Landing, Seven Pines, Gaines' Farm, Freeman's Ford, Second Manassas, Boonsbrough Gap and Sharpsburg. On the 8th of October, 1862, this tattered, torn and mute witness of the heroism of the Texans was committed to the care of Captain Stephen H. Darden by the commander of the regiment, Col. Ben H. Carter, to be taken to Austin, Tex., to be delivered to Gov. Frank Lubbock. In a letter to the governor Col. Carter writes the following words, which are a lasting memorial to the exalted character of that heroic Texan:

"More than 500 of our command have fallen beneath its folds; an emblem of gallant and dauntless courage in the storm of battle, let it be preserved sacredly that the remnant of our little band may in future days gaze upon its blood-stained colors, recall to mind the suffering they endured in their country's cause, and their children be incited to renewed vigilance in the preservation of those liberties for which we contended."

There are many dead heroes connected with the history of that silken pennon of the fourth Texas that make it sublime—subject for the poet, the sculptor, the painter, and full of interest to those who love the recital of noble acts and the chivalric deeds of patriots, in defense of the honor and liberty of their country.

Lieut. Col. Bradfute Warwick, Col. Ben F. Carter, Edward M. Francis, the color bearer, and other brave officers and many privates, "the untitled heroes of the war," for individual acts of heroism deserve more than a passing mention from the pen of the historian.

We are informed by soldiers of the regiment that at Gaines' mill, or farm, Gen. Hood led the fourth Texas after the brave Col. John Marshall fell at the head of his regiment, crowned with glory.

We are informed that Ed. Francis was at his side with the flag of "the red field and the blue starry cross" which he, like Wolfe at Quebec, waved in glorious ecstacy on the battlements of the fort when victory crowned the supreme heroism of the Texans.

We are informed that some other regiment, as they fell back, repulsed under the destructive fire of the enemy's batteries, lost their battle flag. In the desperate charge of the Texans, Col. Warwick being among the foremost, picked up the lost bunting of stars and bars and hoisted it in gleeful triumph on the captured guns of the retreating foe. Amidst the deafening shouts of the conquering legions, in the joyful moment of success, with the flag in his grasp, bleeding from a death wound, like Dessiax in the supreme hour of victory at Marengo, he nobly fell to earth shrouded in glory's pall. At the battle of Second Manassas, after Ed. Francis was wounded, Col. William H. Sellers of Hood's staff, one of Texas' beloved heroes, with the Louise Wigfall flag of the fourth Texas in his hands, the words emblazoned on it, "Fear not, for I am with thee," shining like glittering diamonds on the diadem of eternity, side by side with Col. Carter, Townsend, Martin, Winkler, Hunter, Darden, Barziza, Bassett, Bilingsly and other brave Texans, hoisted that victorious banner over a United States battery, where, like the Spartan band at Thermopylae, none were left to tell the tale of the heroism of their comrades.

The lieutenant commanding, bleeding from many wounds, fired the last shot. The Texans, admiring his heroic action, withheld their fire until he attempted again to crawl up to a cannon to make one more desperate effort in the work of death.

Col. Carter sent the body of the brave federal artillery officer with sword, watch and pocket book inside the federal lines under a flag of truce—"Love and tears for the blue." For this act of courtesy to a brave and fallen foe Col. Carter was soothed in his dying hours by the dead officer's brother after he was captured at Gettysburg.

This battle, planned by Lee under the strategic eye of Stonewall Jackson, was a grand victory to the confederacy. Hood obeyed Longstreet's order like Marshall Ney at Friedland. When all seemed lost he was there in time with his Texans to rush headlong like a thunderbolt and break the enemy's center. It was a dear bought victory to the Texans, for it scattered the weeds of mourning all over the State for the loss of its first born. Clustered around the blood-stained body of the heroic Upton, "where the braviest love to die," rest crowned with the palm of victory, in the arms of death, on this "fame's eternal camping ground," the brave Thomas, Fawcett, Herndon, Johnson, Dean, Martin and hundreds of others, whose names, wreathed around in glory, all Texans hold sacred.

Here the gally attired zouave from the heights of the Hudson and the blue-trousered veteran of New England, lay cold in the embrace of death beside the gray-clad Texan from the verdure-clad fields of the Brazos or the flowery steppes of the Colorado.

On this field of fame, renowned in song and story for all time to come, beneath the laurel ever rejoicing to deck the victor's brow, the blushing wild rose with the morning's dew glistening on its fragrant petals, blooming over their almost hidden graves, whispers to the passer-by, "Forget me not, forget me not." When this, tattered ball-rent silken memorial of the glorious deeds of the Texans, the gift of a lovely Texan girl was sent home, Colonel Carter has written that "our general," meaning Hood, "gave us another flag."

Later on at Gettysburg this new ensign of liberty waved over brave men performing deeds of valor unparalleled in the history of the world. Edward M. Francis, with martial step advancing "on, on, no fear, no halt," carried that blue-crossed bunting of the fourth Texas—that new device of chivalry, lit with its dazzling stars from glory's land—in the dreadful storm

ed in having the flag carried by the regiment in the second battle of Manassas, where it won so much distinction.

At this battle the Texans came up to Jackson's relief at double quick. The famous Fifth New York Zouaves were opposing the Fifth Texas. While they in battle array were in front of the fearless Zouaves making ready for the onset, Captain John Smith Cleveland grandly standing out in front of the regiment, like the towering Ajax, pointing to the beautiful Lone Star flag waving majestically over the Texans, said, "Cling to it, boys, as you would to your sweethearts."

At one time when the fate of the battle was wavering, the color bearer, Onderdonk, being wounded and eight other color guards shot down with the flag in their hands, the gallant Upton, reckless of his life, seized the flag with his left hand, and with his drawn saber in his right exclaimed in a loud voice, "Come on, boys, follow me." With Bryan, Farmer, Roberdeau, McBride, Hill, Baber, Cleveland, Turner and many others by his side, he led the regiment to glory and victory. When the Fifth New York Zouaves were about being demolished, 243 killed on the spot, and victory was certain, the brave Upton, the hero of this battle, with this flag in his hand, pierced with a shot over his right eye, fell lifeless from his horse in the arms of his brave Adjutant, Campbell Wood.

Hunt Terrell, J. S. Miller, Leroy Mitchell were among the color guard who fell. When one of the color guard, J. K. P. Harris, a boy 15 years old, was wounded, his expiring words were, "I am shot through but I shall carry this flag until I die." Another ball from the enemy made his name and dying words "go sounding down the ages" imperishable on the scroll of fame. October 8, 1862, Col. J. B. Robertson sent this same Lone Star flag home to F. R. Lubbock, governor of Texas, with a letter from which we quote the following words from that great and good man:

"In sending this flag to your excellency, in addition to the evidence it bears, I will be excused for adding my testimony to the gallantry, bravery and chivalrous bearing of the regiment over which this flag has floated in the sanguinary battles of Virginia.

"In the name and in behalf of the Fifth regiment I send this flag to you to be deposited in the archives of the State with the hope that as the sight of it amidst the battle's furious storm has cheered and nerved us to bear it on to victory, so a view of it may nerve those who come after us to sustain with the same unfaltering devotion the liberty it symbolizes.

"Thou Lone Star flag, the pride and glory of the Texans, emblem of liberty to the oppressed, an asylum to the exile and comfort to the homeless; bright star planted on the azure blue beside the white and the red symbols of purity and love, in smiling peace, in bloody war, be ever first thou noble star."

Thou Lone Star flag, thou wert the sacred device of Houston, Travis, Fannin, Crockett, Sidney, Sherman, Johnston, Hood and a host of others in horrid battle and glorious death. Blessed flag of the Fifth Texas, we leave thee now to the keeping of thy patriotic custodian, William H. George whom Hood has declared to be the rightful owner.

A gifted and lovely lady of Houston, Mrs. Maud J. Young, presented the Fifth Texans a beautiful silk flag. At that great and grand battle of Gettysburg it had the honor to be designated by General Hood in his order to Colonel Powell as the flag to lead the Texans to the Round Tops, which loomed up in the distance in magnificent grandeur, "standing in serried rugged defiance, great round top with little round top leaning against it."

In this battle the gallant Fitzgerald was the hero who bore that silken banner, dear to all Texans, which should be sacredly preserved as it was the guiding star that lit the pathway of the Fifth Texas to the slaughter pen between the mountains, where every Texan was a hero, where the gallantry of the Texans encircled the mountains with festoons of unfading renown, where Colonel Powell at the lead with the Texans, like Jeff Davis at Beuna Vista, made those three desperate charges where the bones of one-third of the brave Texans lie embalmed in glory. Where the mountain dells still echo the words of the private soldier from the bleeding ranks of the Texans, "Let us charge them again." At Chickamauga this same Mrs. Young flag smiling with delight over the renowned deeds of the Texans was seen flaunting in the breeze like a thing of triumphant joy, when Hood with his Texans like Napoleon with the old guard at Austerlitz, broke the center, and the shouts of the Texans rent the welkin with huzzas of victory.

With bleeding wounds, the dauntless color bearer, William Hobson Clark, hoisted the ballrent silk on the ramparts of the fleeing foe. At the terrible and destructive battle of the Wilderness where the pale flag of death and despair waved from every pine tree, this blazing torch of liberty, this fiery beacon to the field of immortal fame, this loved banner of the Texans, saluted the skies and decorated their inner vaults with triumphant glory.

A an all night's march, as the rising sun crimson[illegible] the eastern skies with rosy hues,

with flying banners and the soul-stirring music of the "Bonny Blue Flag," the Texans under General Gregg, all jubilant, and ready for battle, were met by General Lee with the words, "My brave Texans, I know you can and will drive these people back; I can always depend on you in tight places; follow me, I will lead you."

Then it was that Martin, Harding, Watts, Mahle, Randall and others surrounding him, declared that the flags of the Texans knew not defeat; that they had never been hurled to the dust except to rise again; that if the enemy were not defeated like the 188 of the Alamo, there would be none of them left to tell the story of death; that war is our business, fighting our pastime, death or victory our battle-cry, the crown of laurel the gift to the victor, our guerdon, our glory; that if he would go back they would drive the enemy. "General Lee to the rear," was the shout of the entire troop of Texans. Clark, the color bearer of the Fifth Texas, was seriously wounded and many ensigns were wafted to glory with the radiant colors of the Fifth Texas.

The color bearer of the Fourth Texas, Lane Wilson, and Ensign Brown and Durfee met glory and death with garlands of victory and eternal renown under the blue cross of St. Andrew's glittering with radiant stars. The Texans did what they promised; fighting through fire and blood, they halted the exultant victors and drove them into their works, thus saving Lee's army from defeat. When Lee saw the blood-stained banners of the brave Texans, "decked in sad triumph for one-half of their number lying prostrate among the pines," then it was that Capt. W. E. Barry lying wounded from many wounds, near a battery, heard Lee say: "It is all sunshine now; the brave Texans have repulsed the enemy and cut them in two."

CAPTAIN W. T. HILL,

Company D, Fifth Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade.

Captain Wm. T. Hill, Maynard, Texas, was one of the noted officers of Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He was born Aug. 16, 1837, near Selma, Alabama, and removed with his parents to Walker county, Texas, when quite a child. He attended Austin College, at Huntsville, Texas, and graduated in class of 1858. Early in 1861 he entered the service of the Confederate States of America, as First Lieutenant of Company D, Fifth Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, and went direct to seat of war in Virginia. His Captain, R. M. Powell, soon became a field officer of the regiment, Hill thereby becoming Captain of the company.

Captain W. T. Hill remained faithfully at his post of duty throughout entire war. He was badly wounded at Gettysburg and the Wilderness, but each time soon returned to resume command of company or regiment as occasion demanded. He was in command of Fifth Texas Regiment when surrender came at Appomattox. In all the walks of life, whether military or civil, Captain Hill has ever proven an able officer, brave soldier, unexcelled citizen and sterling Christian gentleman.

Outside of serving in the State legislature, Captain Hill has avoided all political preferments and chose the more congenial pursuit of managing his own business—of which he has always had a sufficieney. Captain Hill is one of the honorable ex-presidents of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, and was one of the most zealous and active members of Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee, witnessing its dedication at Austin, Texas, Oct. 27, 1910.

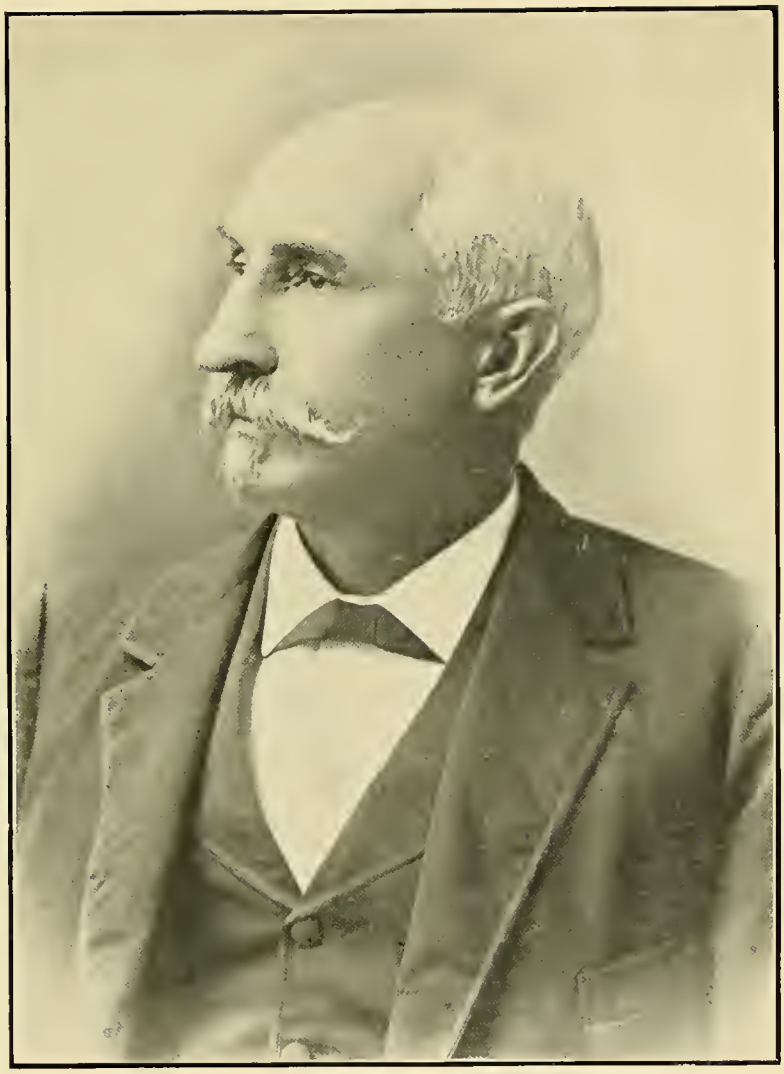
GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY

Those Who Were Killed in Battle and Died from Wounds Received in Battle. Those Who Died During or Since the War and Those Who Are Thought to Be Living.

Herewith is presented a complete list of the general officers of the Confederate Army, giving (1) the list of those who were killed in battle, (2) the list of those who died from wounds received in battle, (3) the list of those who died during or since the war, and (4) the list of those presumed to be living.

But one Lieutenant General is living, Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky, and not one of the six men who bore the full title of General is alive. Each of the lists here given is arranged in alphabetical order.

This simple catalogue of names recalls the history of one of the greatest armies that was ever organized, great because of the soldiers who composed it and great because of these



CAPT. W. T. HILL, MAYNARD, TEXAS

Company D., Fifth Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. Member Hood's Texas Brigade Monument Committee. Ex-President Hood's Texas Brigade Association. Commanded Fifth Texas Regiment at Appomattox.

men who captained it. It may well be called a roll of honor.

The list follows:—

KILLED IN BATTLE.

Adams, John, Tennessee, brigadier general, killed at Franklin, November 30, 1864.

Armistead, Louis M., Virginia, brigadier general, killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Ashby, Turner, Virginia, brigadier general, killed at Harrisonburg, Va., June 2, 1862.

Barksdale, William, Mississippi, brigadier general, killed at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.

Barteau, Francis S., Georgia, brigadier general, killed at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

Bee, Barnard E., South Carolina, brigadier general, killed at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

Branch, L. O'B., North Carolina, brigadier general, killed at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

Carter, John C., Tennessee, brigadier general, killed at Franklin, November 30, 1864.

Chambliss, J. R., Jr., Virginia, brigadier general, killed near Richmond, August 16, 1864.

Cleburne, Patrick R., Arkansas, major general, killed at Franklin, November 30, 1864.

Cobb, Thomas R. R., Georgia, brigadier general, killed at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

Dearing, James, Virginia, brigadier general, killed at High Bridge, Va., April 6, 1865.

Deshler, James, Alabama, brigadier general, killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.

Doles, George, Georgia, brigadier general, killed at Bethesda Church, Va., May 30, 1864.

Dunavant, John, South Carolina, brigadier general, killed at Vaughn Road, Va., October 1, 1864.

Garland, Samuel, Jr., Virginia, killed at South Mountain, Va., September 14, 1864.

Garnett, Richard A., Virginia, brigadier general, killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Garnett, Robert Selden, Virginia, brigadier general, killed at Rich Mountain or Craddock's Ford, July 13, 1861.

Girardey, J. B., Georgia, brigadier general, killed at Petersburg, August, 1864.

Gist, S. R., South Carolina, brigadier general, killed at Franklin, November 30, 1864.

Gladden, Adley H., Louisiana, brigadier general, killed at Shiloh, April 6, 1862.

Godwin, A. C., North Carolina, brigadier general, killed at Winchester, September 29, 1864.

Gordon, James B., North Carolina, brigadier general, killed at Yellow Tavern, 1864.

Gracie, Archibald, Alabama, brigadier general, killed at Petersburg, December 2, 1864.

Granberry, Hiram B., Texas, brigadier general, killed at Franklin, November 30, 1864.

Green, Martin E., Missouri, brigadier general, killed at Vicksburg, Miss., June 27, 1863.

Green, Thomas, Texas, brigadier general, killed at Bayou Pierre, La., April 12, 1864.

Gregg, Maxey, South Carolina, brigadier general, killed at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

Gregg, John, Texas, brigadier general, killed at Darbytown, August, 1864.

Griffith, Richard, Mississippi, brigadier general, killed at Savage Lion, June 29, 1862.

Hanson, Roger W., Kentucky, brigadier general, killed at Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862.

Hatton, Robert, Tennessee, brigadier general, killed at Seven Pines, May 31, 1862.

Helm, B. H., Kentucky, brigadier general, killed at Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.

Hill, Ambrose P., Virginia, brigadier general, killed at Petersburg, April, 1865.

Jenkins, Micah, South Carolina, brigadier general, killed at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

Jenkins, A. G., Virginia, brigadier general, killed at Cloyd's Mountain, Va., May 9, 1864.

Johnston, Albert Sidney, Texas, general, killed at Shiloh, April 6, 1862.

Jones, John M., Virginia, brigadier general, killed at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

Jones, William E., Virginia, brigadier general, killed at Piedmont, June 5, 1864.

Kelly, J. A., Alabama, brigadier general, killed near Franklin, Tenn., September 2, 1864.

Little, Henry, Missouri, brigadier general, killed at Iuka, Miss., September 19, 1862.

McCulloch, Ben, Texas, brigadier general, killed at Elk Horn, March 7, 1862.

McIntosh, James, Florida, brigadier general, killed at Pea Ridge, May 7, 1862.

Morgan, John H., Kentucky, brigadier general, killed at Greenville, Tenn., September 4, 1864.

Mouton, Alfred, Louisiana, brigadier general., killed at Mansfield, La., April 9, 1864.

Paxton, E. F., Virginia, brigadier general, killed at Chancellorville, May 3, 1863.

Pegram, John, Virginia, killed at Hatchers Run, February 5, 1865.

Perrin, Abner M., South Carolina, brigadier general, killed at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.

Polk, Leonidas, Louisiana, lieutenant general, killed at Pine Mountain, Ga., June 14, 1864.

Randall, Horace, Texas, brigadier general, killed at Jenkins' Run, Ark., April 30, 1864.

Raines, James E., Tennessee, brigadier general, killed at Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862.

Ramseur, Stephen D., North Carolina, Major general, killed at Winchester, October 19, 1864.

Rodes, Robert E., Alabama, major general, killed at Winchester, September 19, 1864.

Saunders, J. C. C., Alabama, brigadier general, killed at Petersburg, August 21, 1864.

Slack, W. Y., Missouri, brigadier general, killed at Pea Ridge, March 6, 1862.

Smith, Preston, Tennessee, brigadier general, killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.

Starke, W. E., Louisiana, brigadier general, killed at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

Stevens, C. H., South Carolina, brigadier general, killed at Atlanta, July 27, 1864.

Terrell, James B., Virginia, brigadier general, killed at the Wilderness, May 31, 1864.

Tilghman, Lloyd, Kentucky, brigadier general, killed at Baker's Creek, Miss., May 16, 1863.

Tracy, Edward D., Alabama, brigadier general, killed near Port Gibson, Miss., May 1, 1863.

Tyler, R. C., Tennessee, brigadier general, killed at Fort Tyler, Ga., near West Point, April 16, 1865, seven days after the surrender at Appomattox.

Walker, U. H. T., Georgia, brigadier general, killed near Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

Willis, Edward, Georgia, brigadier general, killed at Mechanesville, May 31, 1864.

Winder, Charles S., Maryland, brigadier general, killed at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862.

Zollicoffer, Felix R., Tennessee, brigadier general, killed at Mill Spring, or Fishing Creek, Ky., January 19, 1862.

DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED IN BATTLE.

Anderson, George B., North Carolina, brigadier general, died from wounds received at Sharpsburg, October 16, 1862.

Benton, Samuel, Mississippi, brigadier general, died of wounds received at Atlanta, July 28, 1864.

Daniel, Junius, North Carolina, brigadier general, died from wounds received at Spottsylvania, May 22, 1864.

Elliott, Stephen, Jr., South Carolina, brigadier general, died of wound received at Petersburg, May 21, 1864.

Jaekson, (Stonewall) Thomas J., Virginia, lieutenant general, died of wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 16, 1863.

Pender, William D., North Carolina, major general, died of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 18, 1863.

Pettigrew, James J., North Carolina, brigadier general, died of wounds received at Falling Waters, July 14, 1863.

Posey, Carnot, Mississippi, brigadier general, died of wounds received at Bristow Station, October 14, 1865.

Semmes, Paul J., Georgia, brigadier general, died of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 10, 1863.

Stafford, George A., Louisiana, died of wounds received at the Wilderness, May, 1864.

Stuart, J. E. B., Virginia, major general, died of wounds received at Yellow Tavern, May 12, 1864.

DIED DURING OR SINCE THE WAR.

Adams, Daniel W., Louisiana, died in New Orleans, June 14, 1872; brigadier general.

Allen, Henry W., Louisiana, died in the City of Mexico April 22, 1866, brigadier general.

Allen, W. W., Alabama, died at Sheffield, Ala., November 21, 1894, brigadier general.

Anderson, George T., Georgia, died at Anniston, Ala., April 4, 1901, brigadier general.

Anderson, Patton, Florida, died in Memphis, Tenn., summer of 1873, major general.

Anderson, Joseph R., Virginia, died at Isle of Shoals, N. H., September 7, 1892, brigadier general,

Anderson, Richard H., South Carolina, died June 26, 1879, lieutenant general.

Anderson, Robert H., Georgia, died February 8, 1888, brigadier general.

Anderson, Samuel R., Tennessee, died at Nashville, Tenn., January 2, 1863, brigadier general.

Archer, James J., Maryland, died October 24, 1864, brigadier general.

Baker, Alpheus, Alabama, died in Louisville, Ky., October 7, 1891, brigadier general.

Baldwin, William E., Mississippi, died February 19, 1864, brigadier general.

Barringer, Rufus, North Carolina, died at Charlotte, N. C., February 3, 1895.

Barton, Seth H., Virginia, died at Fredericksburg, Va., April 11, 1900, brigadier general.

Barry, John D., North Carolina, died ——, brigadier general.

Beale, Richard L. T., Virginia, died in Westmoreland County, Virginia, April 19, 1893, brigadier general.

Beall, W. N. R., Arkansas, died at McMinnville, Tenn., July 26, 1883, brigadier general.

Beaureguard, P. G. T., Louisiana, died in New Orleans February 20, 1893, general.

Bee, Hamilton P., Texas, died at San Antonio, Texas, October 3, 1897, brigadier general,.

Bell, Tyree H., Tennessee, died at New Orleans August 3, 1902, brigadier general.

Benning, Henry L., Georgia, died ———, brigadier general.

Blanchard, A. G., Louisiana, died at New Orleans June 25, 1891, brigadier general.

Bonham, Hilledge, South Carolina, died at White Sulphur Springs, N. C., August 27, 1890, brigadier general.

Bowen, John S., Missouri, died July 16, 1863, brigadier general.

Bragg, Braxton, Louisiana, died at Galveston, Texas, September 27, 1876, general.

Brandon, U. L., Mississippi, died in Wilkinson County, Mississippi, January 8, 1890, brigadier general.

Brantley, M. F., Mississippi, died at Winona, Miss., November 2, 1870, brigadier general.

Bratton, John, South Carolina, brigadier general, died at Winnsboro, S. C., February, 1898.

Breckinridge, John C., Kentucky, major general, died at Lexington, Ky., 1875.

Bernard, Theodore W., Florida, brigadier general, died at Tallahassee, June 20, 1882.

Brown, John C., Tennessee, major general, died at Boiling Spring, Tenn., August 17, 1889.

Bryan, Goode, Georgia.

Buford, A., Kentucky, brigadier general, died June 9, 1884.

Carroll, William H., Tennessee, brigadier general.

Chalmers, James R. Mississippi, brigadier general, died at Memphis, April 9, 1898.

Campbell, Alexander W., Tennessee, brigadier general, died at Jackson, Tenn., June 14, 1893.

Canty, James, Alabama, brigadier general.

Cheatham, B. T., Tennessee, major general, died at Nashville, September 4, 1886.

Chesnut, James, South Carolina, brigadier general died February 1, 1885.

Chilton, R. H., Virginia, brigadier general, died February 18, 1879, Columbus, Ga.

Clark, Charles, Mississippi, brigadier general, died in Mississippi, December, 1879.

Clark, John B., Jr., Missouri, brigadier general, died in Washington, D. C., September 7, 1903.

Clayton, H. D., Alabama, major general, died at Tuscaloosa, Ala., October 13, 1889.

Clingman, Thomas S., North Carolina, brigadier general, died at Morganton, N. C., November 30, 1897.

Cobb, Howell, Georgia, major general, died in New York City, October 9, 1868.

Cocke, Phillip St. George, Virginia, brigadier general, died in Fluvanna County, Virginia, December 21, 1861.

Colquitt, A. H., Georgia, brigadier general, died in Washington, D. C., March 26, 1894.

Colston, R. E., Virginia, brigadier general, died near Richmond, July 29, 1896.

Conner, James, South Carolina, brigadier general, died in Richmond, June 26, 1883.

Cook, Phillip, Georgia, brigadier general, died at Atlanta, May 22, 1894.

Cooke, John R., North Carolina, brigadier general, died in Richmond, April 9, 1891.

Cooper, Douglas H., Mississippi, brigadier general, died in Indian Territory, 1867.

Cooper, Samuel, Virginia, general, died in Alexandria County, Virginia, December 3, 1876.

Corse, M. D., Virginia, brigadier general, died at Alexandria, February 11, 1895.

Crittenden, George B., Kentucky, major general, died in Danville, Ky., November 27, 1880.

Davis, Joseph R., Mississippi, brigadier general, died at Biloxi, Miss., September 15, 1896.

Davis, M. G. M., Florida, brigadier general, died at Alexandria, Va., March 12, 1898.

Deas, Zach C., Alabama, brigadier general, died in New York City, March, 1882.

Debray, Xavier B., Texas, brigadier general, died in Austin, Texas, January 6, 1895.

Dibrell, George G., Tennessee, brigadier general, died at Sparta, Tenn., May 9, 1888.

Dockery, T. P., Arkansas, brigadier general, died in New York City, February 28, 1898.

Donelson, Daniel S., Tennessee, major general, died at Knoxville, April 17, 1863.

Drayton, Thomas F., South Carolina, brigadier general, died at Florence, S. C., February 18, 1891.

Dubose, Dudley M., Georgia, brigadier general, died 1883.

Duncan, Johnson K., Louisiana, brigadier general, died in Knoxville, December 18, 1862.

Early, Jubal A., Virginia, lieutenant general, died at Lynchburg, Va., March 2, 1894.

Echols, John, Virginia, brigadier general died at Staunton, Va., May 24, 1898.

Ector, M. D., Texas, brigadier general, died at Tyler, Texas, October 29, 1879.

Elzey, Arnold, Maryland, major general, died in Baltimore, February 21, 1871.

Evans, N. P., South Carolina, brigadier general, died November 30, 1868.

Ewell, Richard S., Virginia, lieutenant general, died at Spring Hill, Tenn., January 25, 1872.

Fagan, James F., Arkansas, major general, died ————.

Featherstone, K. S., Mississippi, brigadier

general, died at Holly Springs, Miss., May 29, 1891.

Fields, Charles W., Kentucky, major general, died in Washington City, April 9, 1892.

Finegan, Joseph, Florida, brigadier general, died at Sanford, Fla., October 29, 1885.

Floyd, John B., Virginia, brigadier general, died August 26, 1863.

Forney, John H., Alabama, major general, died at Jacksonville, Ala., September 13, 1902.

Forney, William H., Alabama, brigadier general, died at Jacksonville, Ala., January 16, 1894.

Forrest, Nathan H., Tennessee, lieutenant general, died at Memphis, October 29, 1877.

Fry D. B., Alabama, brigadier general, died in Richmond, February 5, 1891.

Foost, Daniel M., Missouri, brigadier general, died at St. Louis, October 30, 1900.

Gantt, E. W., Arkansas, brigadier general, died————.

Gardner, Franklin, Louisiana, brigadier general, Vermillionville, La., April 29, 1873.

Gardner, William M., Georgia, brigadier general, died in Memphis, June 16, 1904.

Gartrell, Lucius J., Georgia, brigadier general, died in Atlanta, April 7, 1891.

Gatlin, Richard C., North Carolina, brigadier general, died in Mount Nebo, Ark., September 9, 1896.

Gholson, F. J., Mississippi, brigadier general, died in Aberdeen, Miss., October 16, 1863.

Gibson, Randall Lee, Louisiana, brigadier general, died at Hot Springs, Ark., December 15, 1892.

Gilmer, J. F., South Carolina, major general, died December 1, 1883.

George, James Z., Mississippi, brigadier general (commanding State troops), died at Mississippi City, August 14, 1897.

Gordon, John B., Georgia, major general, died at Miama, Fla., January 9, 1904.

Gordon, B. Frank., Missouri, brigadier general, died ————.

Gorgas, Josiah, Alabama, brigadier general, died at Tuskaloosa, Ala., May 15, 1883.

Gray, Henry, Louisiana, brigadier general, died December 13, 1892.

Grayon, John B., Louisiana, brigadier general, died at Tallahassee, Fla., October 21, 1861.

Green, C., Missouri, brigadier general, died at Memphis, September 30, 1900.

Greer, Elkanah, Texas, brigadier general, died at Duvall's Bluff, Ark., March 25, 1877.

Grimes, Bryan, North Carolina, major general, died August 14, 1880.

Hagood, Johnson, South Carolina, brigadier general, died in South Carolina, January 4, 1898.

Hardeman, W. P., Texas, brigadier general, died at Austin, Texas, April 8, 1898.

Hardee, William J., Georgia, lieutenant general, died at Wytheville, Va., November 6, 1873.

Hampton, Wade, South Carolina, lieutenant general, died at Columbia, April 11, 1902..

Harris, N. H., Mississippi, brigadier general, died at Malvern, Worcester, England, August 22, 1900.

Harrison, Thomas, Texas, brigadier general, died at Waco, Texas, July 14, 1891.

Harries, J. M., Kentucky, brigadier general, died November 2, 1889.

Hawthorn, A. T., Arkansas, brigadier general, died at Dallas, Texas, May 31, 1899.

Hays, Harry T., Louisiana, major general, died at New Orleans, August 21, 1876.

Hebert, Louis, Louisiana, brigadier general, died in St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana, July 20, 1901.

Hebert, Paul O., Louisiana, brigadier general, died at New Orleans, August 30, 1880.

Heth, Henry, Virginia, major general, died in Washington, D. C., September 26, 1899.

Higgins, Edward, Louisiana, brigadier general, died ————.

Hill, Daniel H., North Carolina, major general, died September 25, 1889.

Hill, Benjamin J., Tennessee, brigadier general, died August 5, 1880.

Hindman, Thomas C., Arkansas, major general, died at Helena, Ark., September 28, 1868.

Hodge, George B., Kentucky, brigadier general, died ————.

Hogg, Joseph L., Texas, brigadier general, died May 16, 1862.

Holmes, T. H., North Carolina, brigadier general, died June 20, 1880.

Hood, John B., Texas, general with temporary rank, died in New Orleans, August 30, 1879.

Holtzclaw, J. T., Alabama, brigadier general, died at Montgomery, July 19, 1893.

Hugher, Benjamin, South Carolina, major general, died December 7, 1877.

Humes, W. Y. C., Tennessee, major general, died at Huntsville, Ala., September 12, 1883.

Humphries, Benjamin G., Mississippi, brigadier general, died in Leflore County, Mississippi, December 22, 1882.

Imboden, J. D., Virginia, brigadier general, died at Abingdon, Va., August 15, 1895.

Iverson, Alfred, Georgia, brigadier general, died Mareh 4, 1873.

Jackson, Alfred X. E., Tennessee, brigadier general, died at Jonesboro, Tenn., October 30, 1889.

Jackson, Henry R., Georgia, brigadier general, died at Savannah, May 23, 1898.

Jackson, John R., Georgia, brigadier general, died at Milledgeville, Ga., February 27, 1866.

Jackson, William H., Tennessee, brigadier general, died near Nashville, April 30, 1903.

Jackson, Wm. L., Virginia, brigadier general, died ———.

Jackman, Sidney D., Missouri, brigadier general, died ———.

Johnson, Bushrod R., Tennessee, major general, died at Miles Station, Ill., September 10 1880.

Johnson, Bradley T., Maryland, brigadier general, died at Rock Castle, Va., October 5, 1903.

Johnson, Edward, Virginia, major general, died February 22, 1873.

Johnson, Adam R., Kentucky, brigadier general, lives at Burnet, Texas.

Johnston, Joseph E., Virginia, general, died in Washington, D. C., March 21, 1891.

Jones, David R., Georgia, major general, died in Richmond, January 19, 1863.

Jones, John R., Virginia, brigadier general, died at Harrisonburg, Va., April 1 1901.

Jones, Samuel, Virginia, major general, died Washington, D. C., August 1, 1887.

Jordan, Thomas, Virginia, brigadier general, died New York City, November 27, 1895.

Kemper, James L., Virginia, major general, died Orange, Va., April 7, 1895.

Kenndy, John D., South Carolina, brigadier general, died at Camden, S. C., April 14, 1896.

Kershaw, J. B., South Carolina, major general, died Camden, S. C., April 13, 1894.

Lawton, A. R., Georgia, brigadier general, died Clifton Springs, N. Y., July 2, 1896.

Leadbetter, Danville, Alabama, brigadier general, died ———.

Lee, Robert E., Virginia, general, died Lexington, Va., October 12, 1870.

Lee, W. H. F., Virginia, major general, died Ravensworth, Va., October 15, 1891.

Letters, William G., North Carolina, brigadier general, died Goldsboro, N. C., January 8, 1901.

Lewis, Joseph H., Kentucky, brigadier general, died Frankfort, Ky., July 6, 1904.

Liddell, St. John R., Louisiana, brigadier general, died in New Orleans, ———.

Lenenthorpe, Collet, North Carolina, brigadier general, died December 1, 1889.

Lewis, S. M., Missouri, brigadier general, died ———.

Lily, R. D., Virginia, brigadier general, died at Staunton, Va., November 12, 1886.

Long, A. S., Virginia, brigadier general, died at Charlottesville, April 29, 1891.

Longstreet, James, Alabama, lieutenant general, died Gainesville, 1904.

Loring, N. N., Florida, major general, died in New York City, December 31, 1886.

Lovell, Mansfield, Maryland, major general, died in New York City, June 10, 1884.

Lowrey, M. P., Mississippi, brigadier general, died Middleton, Tenn., February 27, 1885.

Mackall, W. W., Maryland, brigadier general, died at Langley, Fairfax County, Va., August 19, 1891.

McRea, William, North Carolina, brigadier general, died ———.

Magruder, John Bankhead, Virginia, major general, died February 19, 1871.

Mahone, William, Virginia, major general, died Washington, D. C., October 9, 1895.

Major, J. P., Missouri, brigadier general, died May 8, 1877.

Maney, George, Tennessee, brigadier general, died Washington, February 9, 1901.

Manigault, A. M., South Carolina, brigadier general, died August 6, 1886.

Marmaduke John S., Missouri, major general,, died at Jefferson City, Mo., December 28, 1887.

Marshall, Humphrey, Kentucky, brigadier general, died March 28, 1872.

Martin, James G., North Carolina, brigadier general, died at Asheville, N. C., October 4, 1878.

Maury, Dabney H., Virginia, major general, died at Peoria, Ill., January 11, 1900.

Maxey, Samuel Bell, Texas, major general, died at Eureka Springs, August 16, 1895.

McCowan, John P., Tennessee, major general, died January 22, 1879.

McCulloch, Henry E., Texas, brigadier general, died March 12, 1895.

McGowan, Samuel, South Carolina, brigadier general, died at Asheville, N. C., August 9, 1897.

McLaws, Lafayette, Georgia, major general, died at Savannah, Ga., July 22, 1897.

McNair, E., Arkansas, brigadier general died at Hattiesburg, Miss., November 13, 1902.

Nelson, Allison, Texas, brigadier general, died ———.

O'Neill, E. A., Alabama, brigadier general, died at Florence, Ala., November 5, 1890.

Palmer, Joseph B., Tennessee, brigadier general, died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., November 4, 1896.

Parsons, M. M., Missouri, brigadier general, died at Comargo, Mexico, August 17, 1865.

Page, Richard L., Virginia, brigadier general (and commander in Confederate navy), died at Hagerstown, Md., August 9, 1901.

Payne, William H., Virginia, brigadier general, died in Washington, March 22, 1904.

Pemberton, John C., Virginia, lieutetnant general, died at Pennland, July 13, 1881.

Pendleton, W. N., Virginia, brigadier general, died at Lexington, Va., January 15, 1883.

Perry, E. A., Florida, brigadier general, died died at Washington, D. C., April 2, 1891.

Perry, W. F., Alabama, brigadier general, died at Bowling Green, Ky., December 18, 1901.

Pickett, George E., Virginia, major general, died at Norfolk, Va., July 29, 1875.

Pike, Albert, Arkansas, brigadier general, died at Washington, D. C., April 2, 1891.

Pillow, Gideon J., Tennessee, brigadier general, died in Lee County, Arkansas, October 8, 1878.

Polk, Lucius E., Arkansas, brigadier general, died at Columbia, Tenn., December 5, 1892.

Preston, John S., South Carolina, brigadier general, died May 1, 1881.

Preston, William, Kentucky, major general, died at Lexington, Ky., September 21, 1887.

Price, Sterling, Missouri, major general, died September 29, 1867.

Quarles, William A., Tennessee, brigadier general, died in Tennessee, January, 1894.

Rains, Gabriel J., North Carolina, brigadier general, died in Aiken, S. C., September 7, 1887.

Randolph, George W., Virginia, brigadier general, died ———.

Reynolds, A. W., brigadier general, died May 26, 1876.

Ransom, Robert J., North Carolina, major general, died at New Orleans, January 14, 1892.

Reynolds, D. H., Arkansas, brigadier general, died at Lake Village, Ark., March 14, 1902.

Ripley, Roswell S., South Carolina, brigadier general, died in New York City, March 29, 1887.

Richardson, R. N., Tennessee, acting brigadier general, died ———.

Roane, John Selden, Arkansas, brigadier general, died at Pine Bluff, Ark., April 7, 1867.

Roddey, Philip D., Alabama, brigadier general, died in London, England, August, 1897.

Ross, L. S., Texas, brigadier general, died at College Station, Texas, January 3, 1888.

Ruggles, Daniel, Virginia, brigadier general, died at Fredericksburg, Va., June 1, 1897.

Rust, Albert, Arkansas, brigadier general, died ———.

Scales, Alfred M., North Carolina, brigadier general, died February 9, 1892.

Scott, Thomas L., Louisiana, brigadier general, died ———.

Sears, C. W., Mississippi, brigadier general, died at Oxford, Miss., February 15, 1891.

Shelly, Joseph O., Missouri, brigadier general, died near Kansas City, Mo., February 13, 1897.

Shoup, Francis A., Florida, brigadier general, died at Columbia, Tenn., September 22, 1896.

Sibley, H. H., Louisiana, brigadier general, died at Frederick, Va., August 23, 1886.

Slaughter, J. E., Virginia, brigadier general, died in the City of Mexico January 1, 1901.

Smith, E. Kirby, general (temporary rank), died at Suwanee, Fla., March 28, 1893.

Smith, Gustavus W., Kentucky, major general, died New York City June 24, 1896.

Smith, James Argyle, Mississippi, brigadier general, died at Jackson, Miss., December 6, 1901.

Smith, M. L., Florida, major general, died July 29, 1866.

Smith, William, Virginia, major general, died at Warrenton, Va., May 18, 1887.

Smith, William D., Georgia, brigadier general, died at Charleston, S. C., October 4, 1862.

Sorrell, G. Moxley, Georgia, brigadier general, died near Roanoke, August 10, 1901.

Steele, William, Texas, brigadier general, died at San Antonio, January 12, 1885.

Steuart, George H., Maryland, brigadier general, died ———.

Stevens, Walter H., Virginia, brigadier general, died at Vera Cruz, Mexico, November 12, 1867.

Stevenson, Carter L., Virginia, major general, died August 15, 1888.

St. John, Isaac M., Georgia, brigadier general, died April 7, 1880.

Stovall, Marcellus A., Georgia, brigadier general, died at Augusta, Ga., August 7, 1865.

Talliaferro, William B., Virginia, major general, died in Gloucester County, Virginia, February 27, 1898.

Taylor, Richard, Louisiana, lieutenant general, died in New York City, April 12, 1897.

Taylor, Thomas H., Kentucky, brigadier general, died in Louisville April 12, 1901.

Terry, William, Virginia, brigadier general, died near Wytheville, Va., September 12, 1888.

Terry, William R., Virginia, brigadier general, died in Richmond March 28, 1897.

Thomas, Edward L., Georgia, brigadier general, died in Oklahoma Territory March 8, 1898.

Thompson, M. Jeff ,Missouri, brigadier gen-

eral, commanding Missouri State troops, died at St. Joseph, Mo., March 5, 1876.

Toombs, Robert, Georgia, brigadier general, died at Washington, Ga., December 15, 1885.

Toom, Thomas F., North Carolina, brigadier general, died at Raleigh, N. C., February 19, 1902.

Trapier, James H., South Carolina, brigadier general, died January 2, 1866.

Trimble, Isaac, Maryland, major general, died in Baltimore January 2, 1888.

Tucker, N. F., Mississippi, brigadier general, died at Okolona, Miss., September 15, 1881.

Twiggs, David R., Georgia, major general, died July 15, 1862.

Vance, Robert B., North Carolina, brigadier general, died near Asheville, N. C., October 28, 1899.

Van Dorn, Earle, Mississippi, major general, died at Spring Hill, Tenn., March 8, 1863.

Vaughn, John C., Tennessee, brigadier general, died at Thomasville, Ga., September 10, 1875.

Vaughana, A. J., Tennessee, brigadier general, died at Indianapolis October 1, 1899.

Walker, James A., Virginia, brigadier general, died ————.

Walker, John G., Missouri, major general, died at Washington, D. C., July 20, 1903.

Walker, L. M., Tennessee, brigadier general, died 1863.

Walker, Leroy Pope, Alabama, brigadier general, died at Huntsville, Ala., August 22, 1884.

Walker, R. Lindsay, Virginia, brigadier general, died at Richmond, Va., June 7, 1890.

Walker, W. S., Florida, brigadier general, died at Atlanta, Ga., June 7, 1899.

Walthall, Edward C., Mississippi, major general, died at Washington, D. C., April 21, 1898.

Wallace, W. H. South Carolina, brigadier general, died at Union, S. C., March 21, 1901.

Waite, Stand, Indian Territory, brigadier general, died August, 1876.

Weisiger, D. A., Virginia, brigadier general, died at Richmond, Va., February 23, 1899.

Wharton, John A., major general, died in Houston, Texas, April 6, 1865.

Waul, T. N., Texas, brigadier general, died at Greenville, Texas, July, 1903.

Wayne, Henry C., Georgia (declined appointment of brigadier general in C. S. A. and was adjutant and inspector general of State of Georgia with rank of major general), died March 15, 1883.

Whitfield, John W., Texas, brigadier general, died March 15, 1883.

Whiting, W. H. C., Mississippi, major general, died at Governor's Island, N. Y., March 10, 1865.

Wickham, W. C., Virginia, brigadier general, died at Richmond, Va., July 23, 1888.

Wilcox, Cadmus, Tennessee, major general, died at Washington, D. C., December 2, 1890.

Wigfall, Louis T., Texas, brigadier general, died February 21, 1874.

Williams, John S., Kentucky, brigadier general, died at Mount Sterling, Ky., August 17, 1898.

Wilson, Claudius, Georgia, brigadier general, died November 24, 1863.

Winder, John H., Maryland, brigadier general, died at Florence, S. C., February 6, 1865.

Wise, Henry A., Virginia, brigadier general, died at Richmond, Va., September 10, 1876.

Withers, Jones M., Alabama, major general, died March 13, 1890.

Wofford, William T., Georgia, brigadier general, died ———.

Wood, S. A. M., Alabama, brigadier general, died ——.

Wright, A. R., Georgia, major general, died December 21, 1872.

Young, P. M. B., Georgia, major general, died in New York City July 6, 1896.

York, Zebulon, Louisiana, brigadier general, died at Natchez, Miss., August 5, 1900.

Young, W. H., Texas, brigadier general, died at San Antonio, Texas, November 28, 1901.

GENERAL OFFICERS SUPPOSED TO BE LIVING WITH THEIR PLACE OF RESIDENCE WHERE KNOWN.

Alexander, Edward P., Georgia, brigadier general, Ammondale, S. C.

Armstrong, Frank C., Tennessee, brigadier general, Washington, D. C.

Baker, Lawrence S., North Carolina, brigadier general, Suffolk, Va.

Bate, William B., Tennessee, major general, Nashville, Tenn., dead.

Battle, Collen A., Alabama, brigadier general, Troy, Ala.

Bowles, Pinckney B., Alabama, brigadier general.

Brent, Joseph L., Maryland, brigadier general, Baltimore.

Buckner, Simon Bolivar, Kentucky, lieutenant general, Rio, Ky.

Bullock, Robert, Florida, brigadier general, Ocala, Fla.

Butler, M. C., South Carolina, major general, Washington, D. C., dead.

Cabell, W. L., Virginia, brigadier general, Dallas, Texas.

Capers, Ellison, South Carolina, brigadier general.

Churchill, Thomas J., Arkansas, major general, Little Rock, Ark.

Cockrell, Francis M., Missouri, brigadier general, Warrensburg, Mo.

Cosby, George B., Kentucky, brigadier general, Sacramento, Cal.

Cox, William R., North Carolina, brigadier general, Raleigh, N. C.

Crews, C. C., Georgia, brigadier general.

Cumming, Alfred, Georgia, brigadier general.

Daniel, Junius, North Carolina, brigadier general.

Duke, Basil W., Kentucky, brigadier general, Louisville, Ky.

Evans, Clement A., Georgia, brigadier general, Atlanta, Ga.

Ferguson, S. W., Mississippi, brigadier general, Greenville, Miss.

Finley, J. J., Florida, brigadier general, Quincy, Fla.

Frazier, J. W., Mississippi, brigadier general, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

French, S. G., Mississippi, major general, Trenton, N. J., dead.

Gano, Richard M., Texas, brigadier general, Dallas, Texas.

Gordon, George W., Tennessee, brigadier general, Memphis, Tenn.

Gordon, Frank B., Missouri, brigadier general.

Govan, D. C., Mississippi, brigadier general, Memphis, Tenn.

Harrison, James E., Texas, brigadier general, dead.

Hoke, Robert S., North Carolina, major general, Raleigh, N. C.

Hunton, Eppa, Virginia, brigadier general, Richmond, Va.

Johnston, Robert D., North Carolina, brigadier general.

Johnston, George D., Alabama, brigadier general, Tuscaloosa, Ala., dead.

King, W. H., Texas, brigadier general, dead.

Kirkland, W. W., North Carolina, brigadier general.

Lagnee, Julius, Virginia, brigadier general, eral, Alexandria, Va.

Lane, James H., North Carolina, brigadier general, Auburn, Ala.

Lane, Walter P., Texas, brigadier general, Marshall, Texas, dead.

Lane, E. N., Alabama, brigadier general, Barton, Fla.

Lee, Edward G., Virginia, brigadier general.

Lee, Fitzhugh, Virginia, major general, Richmond, Va., dead.

Lee, G. W. C., Virginia, major general, Revensworth, Va.

Lee, Stephen D., South Carolina, lieutenant general, Columbus, Miss, dead.

Lewis, L. M., Missouri, brigadier general.

Lomax, L. S., Virgina, major general, Washington D. C.

Logan, T. N., South Carolina, brigadier general, Richmond, Va.

Lowry, Robert, Mississippi, brigadier general, Jackson, Miss.

Lyon, H. B., Kentucky brigadier general.

Mabry, H. P., Texas, brigadier general, dead.

Martin, W. F., Mississippi, major general.

McLay, R. P., Missouri, brigadier general

McCausland, John V., Virginia, brigadier general, Point Pleasant, W. Va.,

McComb, William, Tennessee, brigadier general, Gordonsville, Va.

McRea, Dandrige, Arkansas, brigadier general.

Mercer, Hugh W., Georgia, brigadier general.

Miller, William, Florida, brigadier general, Point Washington, Fla.

Moore, J. C., Texas, brigadier general, dead.

Moore, P. T., Virginia, brigadier general.

Moodey, Young M., Alabama, brigadier general.

Morgan, John T., Alabama, brigadier general, Selma, Ala., dead.

Munford, Thomas T., acting brigadier general, Lynchburg, Va.

Nichols, Francis T., Louisiana, brigadier general, Baton Rouge, La.

Peck, U. R., Louisiana, brigadier general.

Pearce, N. B., Arkansas, brigadier general.

Pettus, E. W., Alabama, brigadier general, Selma, Ala., dead.

Polignac, C. J., France, major general, Paris, France.

Pryor, Roger A., Virginia, brigadier general, New York City, dead.

Ransom, Matt W., North Carolina, brigadier general.

Robertson, Beverly H., Virginia, brigadier general, Washington, D. C.

Robertson, Jerome B., Texas, brigadier general, dead.

Robertson, Felix H., Texas, brigadier general, Waco, Texas.

Roberts, N. P. North Carolina, brigadier general.

Rosser, Thomas S., Texas, major general, Charlottesville, Va., dead.

Sharp, Jacob H., Mississippi, brigadier general, Columbus, Miss.

Shelley, Charles N., Alabama, brigadier general Birmingham, Ala., dead.

Simms, James P., Georgia, brigadier general.

Smith, Thomas B., Tennessee, brigadier general, Nashville, Tenn.

Stark, Peter B., Mississippi, brigadier general.

Stewart, A. P., Tennessee, lieutenant general, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Tappan, James C., Arkansas, brigadier general, Helena, Ark.

Thomas, Bryan M., Georgia, brigadier general, Rome, Ga.

Thomas, Allen, Louisiana, brigadier general.

Walker, Henry H., Virginia, brigadier general.

Wharton, G. C., Virginia, brigadier general.

Waterhouse, R., Texas, brigadier general, dead.

Wheeler, Joseph, Georgia, major general, dead.

Wright, Marcus J., Tennessee, brigadier general, Washington, D. C.

Above list was prepared in 1904 by General Marcus J. Wright of Washington. It is possible that of all the general officers of the Confederacy not twenty are living at this date.

THERE IS NO LOST CAUSE.

(By Dr. Thomas Dunn English, New Jersey.)

Lost! Wherefore lost? That is not lost forever,
Which yields to numbers on the field of blood;
For truth has many fields for her endeavor—
Seas in their ebb can wait the hur of flood.

Worn out by contest with a myriad foemen,
If champions grow exhausted and despair,
What then—if on some cloudy day the gnomon
Points not the hour—the dial still is there.

The clouds will pass—the skies, not always shrouded,
Will gleam with glory, though today they lower,
And then the dial, never more enshrouded,
Will mark, and plainly mark, the triumph hour.

Lost! Wherefore lost? 'Tis not because in battle
Its friends were routed by o'er thronging foes,
Not mid the cannon's roar and musket's rattle,
Truth only deals its most effective blows.

No cause is lost, that, in itself has merit,
Because its champions to brute-force succumb—
The sons, with pride, the father's wrongs inherit,
And they will speak—it's only brutes are dumb.

The surest weapon is not gun or sabre,
Cannon, nor rifle, when for truth we fight;
A few fit words surpass the idiot's jabber,
Tongue, pen and press are potent for the right.

Lost! What is lost? The lives, the gold, the labor
Of thousands, given for four long, weary years!
The story goes from neighbor unto neighbor,
From sire to son, but is not told with tears.

It is not told with shame, nor heard with terror,
How, for a principle, a people fought;
Not in the cause, there lay the evident error,
But in the mode by which the end was sought.

Ballots as weapons are than bullets surer,
As will be proven ere the strife is done;
Truth, by discussion, finds her throne securer—
The council closes what the sword begun.

Lost! Never lost! A cause when those who love it,
Laugh at misfortune, and reverse defy,
Loses no hope when falsehood sits above it,
It may be wounded, but it can not die.

But yesterday the Austrian ruled in Venice:
Today, he sullen fires his parting gun,
Appeal to reason, and abandon menace;
Time, firmness, patience and the cause is won.

CHARGE OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE AT WILDERNESS.

"LEE TO THE REAR."

(By John R. Thompson.)

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May,
Broke through the wilderness cool and grey,
While perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Songs without words."

Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note,
And Nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the East—
Little by little did morning reveal
Two long glittering lines of steel;

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see,
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the rebels their ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes on the salient wave
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood
to regain!

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared—
Yet a deadlier fire on the columns poured—
Slaughter infernal rode with despair,
Furies twain, through the murky air.

Not far off in the saddle there sat,
A grey-bearded man in a black slouched hat;
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful he kept his eye
On the bold rebel brigade close by—
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at
ease,
While the tempest of wrath toppled over the
trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead!

The grand old grey-beard rode to the space
Where death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouched hat—
A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"
This, was what he seemed to say;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigade thus made reply—

"We'll go forward, but you must go back"—
And they moved not an inch in the perilous
track:
"Go to the rear, and we'll send them to h—l!"
And the sound of the battle was lost in their
yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea
Bursting the dikes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky,
Streamed o'er a field of ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year—
Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest
Where the dead of a terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed, and the cannon are
dumb,
And Fate, with his pitiless hand has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the
world;

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides;
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The grey-bearded man in the black slouched
hat.

SURRENDER OF ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, APRIL 10, 1865.

"Human virtue and human endurance ought to be equal to human calamity."—Words of Robert E. Lee in a letter to his wife advising her of his surrender.

Have we wept till our eyes were dim with tears,
Have we borne the sorrows of four long years,
Only to meet this sight?
O merciful God, can it really be
This downfall awaits our gallant Lee,
And the cause we counted right?

Have we known this bitter, bitter pain,
Have all our dear ones died in vain?
Has God forsaken quite?
Is this the answer to every prayer,
This anguish of deep, untold despair,
This spirit-seathing blight?

Heart-broken we kneel on the bloody sod,
We hide from the wrath of our angry God,
Who bows us in the dust.
We heed not the sneer of the insolent foe,
But that Thou, O God! should forsake us so—
In whom was our only trust!

Even strong men weep! the men who stand
Fast in defense of our native land,
Those gallant hearts and brave;
They wept not the souls who, fighting, fell—
For the hero's death became them well—
And they feared not the hero's grave.

They have marched through long and stormy nights,
They have borne the brunt of a hundred fights,
And their courage never failed;
Hunger, and cold, and summer heat,
They have felt on the march and the long retreat,
Yet their brave hearts never quailed.

Now, all these hardships seem real bliss
Compared with the grief of a scene like this,
This speechless, wordless woe;
That Lee, at the head of his faithful band,
The flower and pride of our Southern Land,
Must yield to the hated foe!

The conquered foe of a hundred fields,
The foe that conquering, the laurel yields,
Lee's sad, stern brow to grace:
For he, with the pain of defeat in his heart,
Will bear in history the nobler part,
And fill the loftier place!

Scatter the dust on each bowed head—
Happy, thrice happy, the honored dead,
Who sleep their last, long sleep;
For we who live in the coming years
Beholding days with phantom fears—
What can we do but weep?

CHARGE OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE AT THE WILDERNESS.

(To the dead and the living of Hood's Texas Brigade the following poem descriptive of the Battle of the Wilderness, on May 6, 1864, is dedicated by W. M. Coldwell, attorney-at-law, El Paso, Texas.)

Though past them float the wrecks of war,
As Hill's proud line gives way,
And famed battalions, ground to dust,
Drift by their set array;
Though o'er them burst the hungry shell
And gap the steadfast line,
And hissings of the bullets drown
The sighings of the pine;
The majesty of mighty deeds
Crowns every warrior's brow—
Transfigured by the dauntless years
A halo folds them now.

And Lee, against the stream of Rout,
Intense though tranquil comes;
His simplest word can kindle hearts
More than appealing drums.
For his the eye that stays Defeat
And awes impatient Fate—
The simplest, grandest gentleman
That ever propped a state.
When Hope deserts and Duty stays
In Ruin's crushing hour,
The champion reeling in the lists,
Draws from his wounds new power.

The wave of his compelling arm
More than his word reveals,
For words are feeble messengers
For thoughts a hero feels.
"You never failed your country yet,
Beat back the foe's advance."
He arms for battle every heart,
As steel point arms the lance,
And one stern cheer, a herald, speeds
The sound-stunned forest through,
And stays the broken bands in gray
The shouting hordes in blue.

For Gregg has turned to challenge War,
The eager, flashing face,
Where valor's deep and serried lines
Leave doubt no lurking place.
Though bough and bush and tufted grass,
Reach hungry hands to claim
The unrecked toll that warriors pay
Who tread the paths of Fame,
Swift as the Falcon's downward swoop,
Sure as the Glacier's flow,
They break from Death's opposing grasp
To greet that shaken foe.

Behind them faints a stricken South
And waves a proud appeal
As from the rim of every sky
Expectant vultures wheel;
Beside them march the mighty shades
Of comrades long since slain,
Who leave Valhalla's bending lords
To charge with them again,
Before them flies in new dismay
A pale and shrieking host
Of foemen dead when former fields
Struck dumb the Northern boast.

The North gives way before their charge,
As in the Seas of Snow,
Before the iceberg's sure advance
Gives way the rended floe.
And once again that conquering cheer
Dumbs battle's thunder tone,
And Southern banners wave at Eve
Where Morning saw them shown.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 9.

General Lee's Farewell Address to His Army.

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia,
April 10, 1865.

"After four years of ardous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

"I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

"By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessings and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

"R. E. LEE."

GEN. JOHN B. GORDON'S TRIBUTE.

"Whether the Southern people, under their changed conditions, may ever hope to witness another civilization which shall equal that which began with their Washington and ended with their Lee, it is certainly true that devotion to their glorious past is not only the surest guarantee of future progress and the holiest bond of unity, but is also the strongest claim that they can present to the confidence and respect of all sections of the Union.

"GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON."

THE LAND OF MEMORIES.

BY MOINA.

(Rev. A. J. Ryan.)

A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without liberty. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow and it wins the sympathy of the heart and history. Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity—the triumphs of might are transient, they pass away and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations.

Yes! give me a land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes! give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just;
Yes! give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed on the future the form of the past;
Yes! give me the land that hath legend and lays
That tell of the memories of long vanished days;
Yes! give me a land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong;
Yes! give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes! give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There's a grandeur in graves—there's glory in gloom—
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of Right!

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY "LATIENNE."

From the broad and calm Potomac,
To the Rio Grande's waves,
Have the brave and noble fallen—
And the earth is strewn with graves;
In the vale and on the hillside,
Through the woods and by the stream,
Has the martial pageant faded,
Like the vision of a dream.

Charge of Hood's Texas Brigade at the Wilderness

The Fight in Hampton Roads

IN MEMORIAM

The Warrior's Banner Ascends in Flight,
To Greet the Warrior's Soul;
Though Dark the Night, the Stars are Bright
And Heaven is its Goal.

Where the reveille resounded
And the stirring call "to arms!"
Nod the downy heads of clover
To the wind's mesmeric charms;
Where the heels of trampling squadrons
Beat to dust the mountain pass,
Hang the dew-drops' fragile crystal,
From the slender stems of grass.

Where the shock of meeting armies
Roused the air in raging waves,
And with sad and hollow groanings,
Echoed earth's deep, hidden caves;
Where the cries of crushed and dying
Pierced the elemental strife,
Where lay death in sickening horror
'Neath the maddened rush of life.

Quiet reigns now sweet and pensive,
All is hushed in dreamless rest,
And the pitying arms of Nature
Hold our heroes on her breast;
Shield them well, oh tender mother,
While the morn and evening breath
Whispers us, the sad survivors
Of their victory in death.

What though no stately column,
Their cherished names may raise,
To dim the eyes, and move the lips
With gratitude and praise—
The blue sky—hung with bannered clouds,
Their solemn dome shall be,
All heaven's choiring winds shall chant
The anthem of the free.

The spring with vine-leafed arms shall clasp,
Their hillocked resting places;
And summer roses droop above,
With flushed and dewy faces;
Fair daisies rayed, and crowned, shall spring
Like stars from out their dust,
And look to kindred stars on high,
With eyes of patient trust.

And vainly shall the witlings' lips
Assail with envious dart,
The fame of our heroic dead
Whose strongholds is the heart—
The Nation's heart not wholly crushed,
Though each throb be in pain,
For life and hope will still survive
Where love and faith remain.

Houston, Texas, Feb. 1, 1911.

My Dear Comrades:—

Our reunion at Austin, Oct. 26th and 27th, 1910, ordered minutes of reunion and monument dedication printed. Your President had long ago decided that there was much ought to be in print about Hood's Texas Brigade, and at this juncture he determined that such an event as dedication of our magnificent monument, and the glorious reunion we held at Austin ought to be commemorated by such a souvenir edition, of all details, as would make it a historical epoch never to be forgotten. This book is the outcome of his determination. Much care has been taken to follow monument, rolls and history from inception to completion. Organization of Hood's Texas Brigade has been made an instructive feature, and the constancy with which reunions have been kept up for forty years an evidence of the fidelity of surviving comrades. Enough State and Confederate history has been added to bring us to where the war began, and to where battles and reports of battles can be found in many histories as well as in publications and records from the War Department at Washington. A grand and sacred feature is the publication of our partial casualty list, which on account of attention given it and the further opportunity given all comrades to correct it, will save the names of many of our dear comrades from obscurity and more correctly establish list of our killed and wounded.

Owing to small number of this edition, book will cost fully $5 per copy to produce it, and it is very necessary to guard against loss in delivery to comrades. Each established address of every known living comrade of Hood's Texas Brigade will be sent a copy FREE. Secretary Goree has been instructed to send a postal card to every address he has on file and a copy of this book will be sent to every member who replies. Also it is earnestly requested that every one acknowledge receipt of book without delay —in order that I may know who received his book.

Great effort has been taken to avoid any kind of method in arrangement of this volume. It is intended that reader be not wearied with sameness, but be permitted to stumble on the unexpected at every step. The collection for scrap-book features makes book wonderfully valuable as a Hood's Texas Brigade text-book, and while so many speeches as have been included could not possibly avoid a degree of sameness and repetition, still it is matter that would not be stale were it written on every

page. All in all, I have eased my conscience as to a duty owed my dead and living comrades and feel sure this book will not only fill a long-felt want, but that as time rolls on it will become a treasure to all seeking for information as to one of the best fighting brigades in either army.

Comrades, nearly half a century has passed since the first shot was fired at Sumpter. The report of that shot echoed and re-echoed throughout every confine of the United States and caused the whole civilized world to take notice. Millions of people were startled as never before. It was not necessary to call for volunteers to defend the principles of the South. You left farm and workshop, office and store, home and loved ones, to go to the front and defend your beloved Dixie Land. Countless battles were lost and won. Beloved comrades who at morn answered "here," at eventide had responded to roll call elsewhere. Long and weary marches, battles fierce and bloody marked the years from 1861 to 1865. After the most gallant fight the world ever beheld, with the grandest record ever made by soldiers on this earth, few of you were left to return to your homes. Your wonderful valor and noble courage, your unselfish common sacrifice for country, home and God, cemented you as comrades in the indissoluble bonds of life and death communion, and an abiding faith in the justice of the cause you had on so many battlefields shown your willingness to die to win. Hood's Texas Brigade Association was instituted to perpetuate the remembrance of that cause for which you sacrificed so much and to preserve untarnished the honor you maintained throughout the whole great struggle for a principle that will never die.

We have gathered at our annual reunion for nearly forty years and recounted the anecdotes, incidents and events of the war. The fortieth annual reunion is close at hand—more so because we have so much to accomplish before that date. June 28th and 29th, 1911, we meet at Cameron, Texas, where you may be able to grasp the hand of a comrade whom you have not seen since perchance on picket duty long years ago. Cameron is especially accessible to all Texas, its well known hospitality will be doubly extended to the survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade, and we earnestly hope our fortieth reunion will be one of the largest and best we have ever had.

Faithfully your comrade,

F. B. CHILTON,

President Hood's Texas Brigade Association.

THE PASSING OF FIFTY YEARS

Has Wrought Wonderful Changes. The South's Power and Influence.

The mission of this book has been accomplished—it was three-fold: First, to show that the South was right all the way through; second, to prove by every act, voice and pen that Hood's Texas Brigade did their duty to the bitter end; third, that first principles were maintained from beginning to end—and the cause for which the Confederacy struggled was never lost. Discordant and fiendish elements were striving to dismember the Union and it would have destroyed itself in a few years had the un-Civil war never began. Kansas and its John Brown committed the overt act when the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry was attacked—and the "first gun at Sumpter" was only a natural consequence to their hellish intentions. The Abolition party had no better side or saving clause. It was all as bad as bad could be and there was no hope, ever, for a stable Federal government. The "Great War" has proved a saviour to the Union. Today it stands impregnable and irresistible in the eyes of the whole world. The living heroes of the South of fifty years ago have become the masters of the situation fifty years later. The purity of the prineiples that then actuated the Southern soldier have become recognized and the justice of his contention has been upheld by the highest tribunals in the land, and the events of today clearly show what great changes can be effected by time. Our own loved chieftain stands erect, in full Confederate uniform, in the capitol of the Union at Washington, and a Confederate soldier presides over the Supreme Court of the United States of America, while one flag floats over one country, and one, happy, prosperous, contented people.

As the last lines of this book are penned, it is with pride and pleasure the following editorial from *The Houston Post* is made its closing utterance. *The author began its historical feature with Lincoln's election fifty years ago,* and through its leaves many speakers have told much of what the South had done to build up and make glorious the whole of the Union. Excerpt from *New York World* and editorial thereon by *Houston Post,* as follows below, tells in glowing words how mighty the South and its defenders in time of war have become in days of peace. God grant that the good work may go on until as one people, one flag and one country, we become the cynosure of all eyes—both Heavenly and Earthly.

THE SOUTH AND THE REPUBLIC.

(Houston, Texas, Saturday, Dec. 24, 1910.)

On Tuesday last, noting the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the ordinance of secession by the South Carolina convention, *The New York World* said:

"Such a war might be supposed to leave behind wounds that even time could not heal, but time has wonderful curative qualities. All the war disabilities have been removed. Today a Confederate soldier is the Chief Justice of the United States. The statue of the great chieftain, General Robert E. Lee, of the Southern armies, wearing the uniform of the Confederacy, stands in the capitol of the United States. *It may be that the next president of the United States will be a man born south of Mason and Dixon's line. The house that was divided against itself is no longer divided.*

"This day marks the beginning of a long series of semi-centennials. They will revive no animosities, create no ill-feeling. *The Republic is 'one and inseparable.'*"

The Post applauds the sentiment. The South went into the war in good faith; it accepted its results in like spirit. The almost forty-six years which have elapsed since the capitulation of Appomattox have been crowded with great events which testify richly of Southern devotion to the Republic. A vast work of restoration and rehabilitation has been achieved in patience and self-reliance; great problems have been undertaken in good faith and in God's own time will be solved in the spirit of justice and righteousness. Our statesmen, from the time they re-entered the historic bodies from which they withdrew, have exemplified the best ideals and virtues of our civilization, and in all that has tended to strengthen the Republic at the foundations, as well as perfect the fabric erected upon them, they have left no room for doubt of their patriotism.

The presence of Southern men at the head of great industries in the North, at the head of vast financial institutions, at the head of great railroad systems, all prove to unprejudiced minds the sterling character of Southern manhood. The simplicity of the Southern government record Southern devotion to the ideals which led to the foundation of the Republic. The creation of vast material wealth in the South which has been achieved through the patient toil and mutual friendliness and co-operation of two races, participated in by thousands of people of Northern birth and aided extensively by Northern capital, reveal a singleness of aim and purpose that has done much to obliterate the prejudices and passions which led to the great conflict.

We feel that we can say to all the world without boasting that in all the activities of civilization—social, political, industrial, educational—the South has made good, and her people are looking hopefully toward a future of richer achievements.

We look with pride upon our distinguished son—once a boy in gray—presiding over the highest court in the land; we contemplate with pride the silent figure of our great chieftan, Gen. Robert Edward Lee, Confederate uniform and all, in the capitol; we rejoice that a spirit of fraternity spreads to every boundary of the Republic and that we exact in rich profusion the good wishes, the confidence and respect of all our fellow citizens of the North.

All these we accept as an augury of the still better times to be, when other generations contemplating the majesty of the Republic will pay a tribute to the States of the Confederacy for their splendid part in the work of achievement.

—*Houston Post.*

When marble wears away, and monuments are dust,
The deeds that guard our soldiers' clay will still fulfill their trust.

BRAVE DEEDS---BRAVE FRUITS.

By W. Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina.

The record should be made of each brave deed
That brings us Pride and Freedom as its fruits,
So that while tending on the vigorous shoots,
Our children may perpetuate the seed;
And, naught forgetting of the glorious Past,
Lay good foundations in the Future's womb,
So when the hardy sire succumbs at last,
The emulous son may still defend his tomb.

Thus chronicled, the mighty deed begets
Still mightier; and the column, soaring high,
Speaks his tones that the brave son ne'er forgets!
He, too, will conquer—will not fear to die!
Heading the fight, will man the breach and prove
His valor not unworthy of his love.

The storm has drifted far the wreck,
The main-sails shattered, sweep the deck,
Our flag is furled in glory—
Aye, comrades, lift the fallen yards,
Stand firm—the helm holds yet rewards—
Your faith shall write its story.

THE END.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE:—The compiler of this volume desires to express his thanks to the many sources from which he has obtained much valuable matter.

The following of battles in regular sequence, reports of engagements by commanding officers, all War Department record matter—and much historical data—has been omitted because all can be found in "History of Hood's Texas Brigade," by J. B. Polley (Official Historian), Floresville, Texas. And all comrades and others are advised to procure a copy of said history.

The author is greatly indebted to the splendid printing and publishing house of Rein & Sons Co., of Houston, for every possible effort to expedite the speedy publication of this book, in order to please himself and his aged comrades—none of whom could wait long to receive it. He also owes said publishers many thanks for the able manner in which every feature of the book has been displayed and executed.

F. B. CHILTON.

Announcement

THE FORTIETH ANNUAL REUNION OF

Hood's Texas Brigade Association

WILL BE HELD AT CAMERON, TEXAS, JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH AND TWENTY-NINTH NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN

LET EVERY COMRADE
ATTEND

Officers Hood's Texas Brigade Association

CAPT. F. B. CHILTON, President, Houston, Texas
GEN. W. R. HAMBY, Vice-President, Austin, Texas
CAPT. W. T. HILL, Vice-President, Maynard, Texas
CAPT. W. H. GASTON, Vice-President, Dallas, Texas
REV. J. W. STEVENS, Chaplain, Houston Heights, Texas
DR. L. D. HILL, Surgeon, Austin, Texas
E. K. GOREE, Secretary, Huntsville, Texas

NOTICE OF SECOND VOLUME TO BE ISSUED AT ONCE

When this volume was ready for press it was found necessary to withdraw nearly 200 pages of matter that would have swelled the book beyond a convenient size, and same will be used in second volume, to be issued immediately after Fortieth Reunion at Cameron, Texas, June 28 and 29, 1911. The entire minutes and proceedings of that reunion, together with all speeches and reunion incidents, as well as all editorials from State press on this book, the Cameron reunion, Hood's Texas Brigade and the glorious cause we once represented will appear in full in second volume. The author has been proud to make mention of many comrades in this first book and his regrets have been many that every survivor was not represented.

He pleads with *every* comrade to write his own recollections as to every incident connected with himself, his comrades and the brigade, and send a good portrait of himself for closing book. All you will have to do is to provide plate for portrait; any good engraver gives first-class plate for $4. Or if you send a good photograph, the writer will attend to the plate for you. The using of plate and such matter as you send will cost you nothing, and you will receive a copy of book *free of charge, postage paid.* This will give you both volumes *free,* and together we will have done all we can do in leaving behind us a most perfect history of Hood's Texas Brigade.

It is earnestly hoped that each and every survivor will feel it his duty to not only write all he knows, but to have his portrait in book as well. There is not an honest and true comrade but is worthy to have not only his life, but his face as well, handed down through history, and in these last days of Confederate soldiers, it is meet that the present may see and read and the future may know of your glorious deeds. When you read this book your mind will be refreshed and I trust your patriotism rekindled to the extent that many articles on battles, incidents and personal history will be sent me. I want something from or about every member living or dead, and a portrait in book of every comrade.

Particularly is it regretted that the list of survivors, furnished by Secretary for publication, has been found (after going to press) to be so imperfect. Many names of our most prominent comrades have been omitted. Be glad you are living to be able to correct all errors for following edition, or second volume. Let all determine to make the next book a perfect finish as to full history of our noble command. Some of the illustrations in present book are fine and valuable. They were made from rare paintings by the *Star Engraving Company, of Houston,* and are works of art. In the next book there will be several illustrations, that are now being prepared, that will please much.

Let every comrade of Hood's Brigade feel individually responsible to do his utmost to help the next volume through his own efforts.

F. B. Chilton.

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Our worthy Secretary, during his short administration, has done his best to perfect a complete roll of survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade. On pages 132, 133, 134 and 135 of this book there is a list, and by adding the following names it is believed list is as near perfect and accurate as we will ever be able to obtain. It is an object and purpose that has baffled every Secretary for forty years.

FIRST TEXAS REGIMENT.

Felix W. Bryan	Company A	First Texas	Dallas, Texas
A. D. Olliphant	Company E	First Texas	Andersonville, S. C.
D. B. Grigsby	Company G	First Texas	Elkhart, Texas
J. B. Bolton	Company H	First Texas	Jacksonville, Texas
J. W. Norford	Company I	First Texas	Osceola, Texas
J. J. Hall	Company K	First Texas	Streetman, Texas
O. F. Hail	Company K	First Texas	San Angelo, Texas
W. L. Derden	Company K	First Texas	Corsicana, Texas
George B. Lundy	Company M	First Texas	Crockett, Texas

FOURTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

W. S. Johnson	Company A	Fourth Texas	Austin, Texas
Capt. W. C. Walsh	Company B	Fourth Texas	Austin, Texas
S. F. Stone	Company B	Fourth Texas	Austin, Texas
John C. Bonner	Company B	Fourth Texas	Austin, Texas
J. F. McGehee	Company B	Fourth Texas	San Marcos, Texas
W. L. Bailey	Company C	Fourth Texas	Houston, Texas
J. W. Baker	Company D	Fourth Texas	Red Rock, Texas
Ed R. Crockett	Company F	Fourth Texas	Austin, Texas
J. C. Quick	Company F	Fourth Texas	Henly, Texas
J. B. Corwin	Company F	Fourth Texas	Paint Rock, Texas
J. L. Nix	Company G	Fourth Texas	Barksdale, Texas
R. S. Miller	Company I	Fourth Texas	Lufkin, Texas
John Pickett	Company I	Fourth Texas	Corsicana, Texas
T. J. McNeily	Company K	Fourth Texas	Ennis, Texas

FIFTH TEXAS REGIMENT.

J. T. Delaney	Company E	Fifth Texas	Temple, Texas
J. A. Huffman	Company G	Fifth Texas	Cameron, Texas
H. C. Jackson	Company G	Fifth Texas	Corn Hill, Texas
Willis G. Blue	Company I	Fifth Texas	Confederate Home, Austin, Tex.
G. W. Clampitt	Company I	Fifth Texas	El Campo, Texas
O. P. Barton	Company I	Fifth Texas	Somerville, Texas
R. A. Ashley	Company K	Fifth Texas	Rockdale, Texas
Sam C. Hiram	Company K	Fifth Texas	Creek, Texas

Above completes a list of 335 names, some of whom may be dead, though all are vouched for either by letter or by comrades who profess to be posted. It is also believed that some post-offices may be wrong, but all in all, it is the best that can be done. It is again urged that at the Cameron reunion all mistakes be corrected, that next edition of this book may be free of errors.

It is also regretted that names of Miss Sarah Maude Cox, of Tyler, and David Bronaugh, of Whitewright, Texas, were omitted in monument list of paid subscribers, and their names are hereby added. A wonderful feature of said list is that not a single subscription remains unpaid.

F. B. C.

Houston, Texas, February 8th, 1911.

LRS/Mr'76

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